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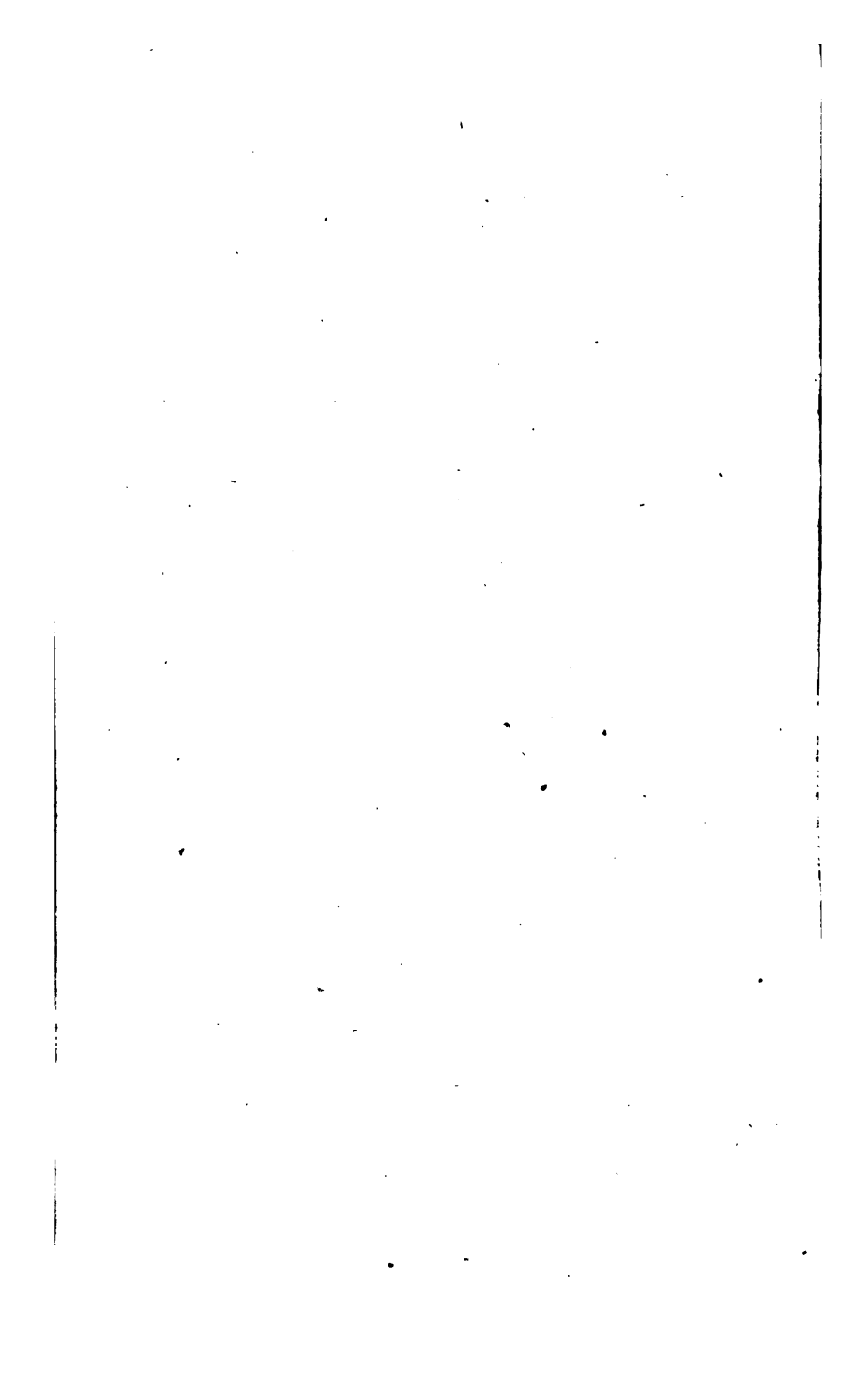
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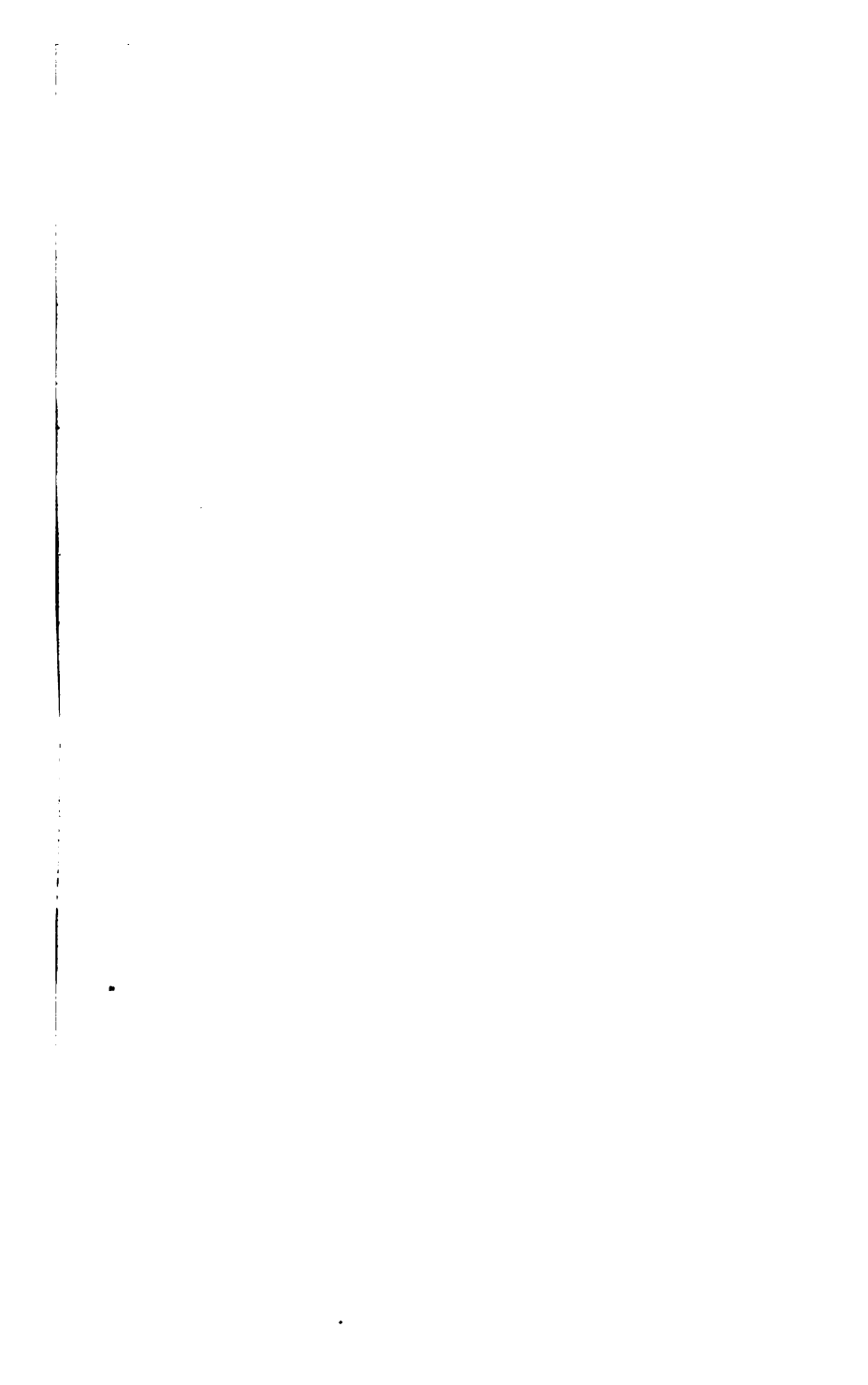
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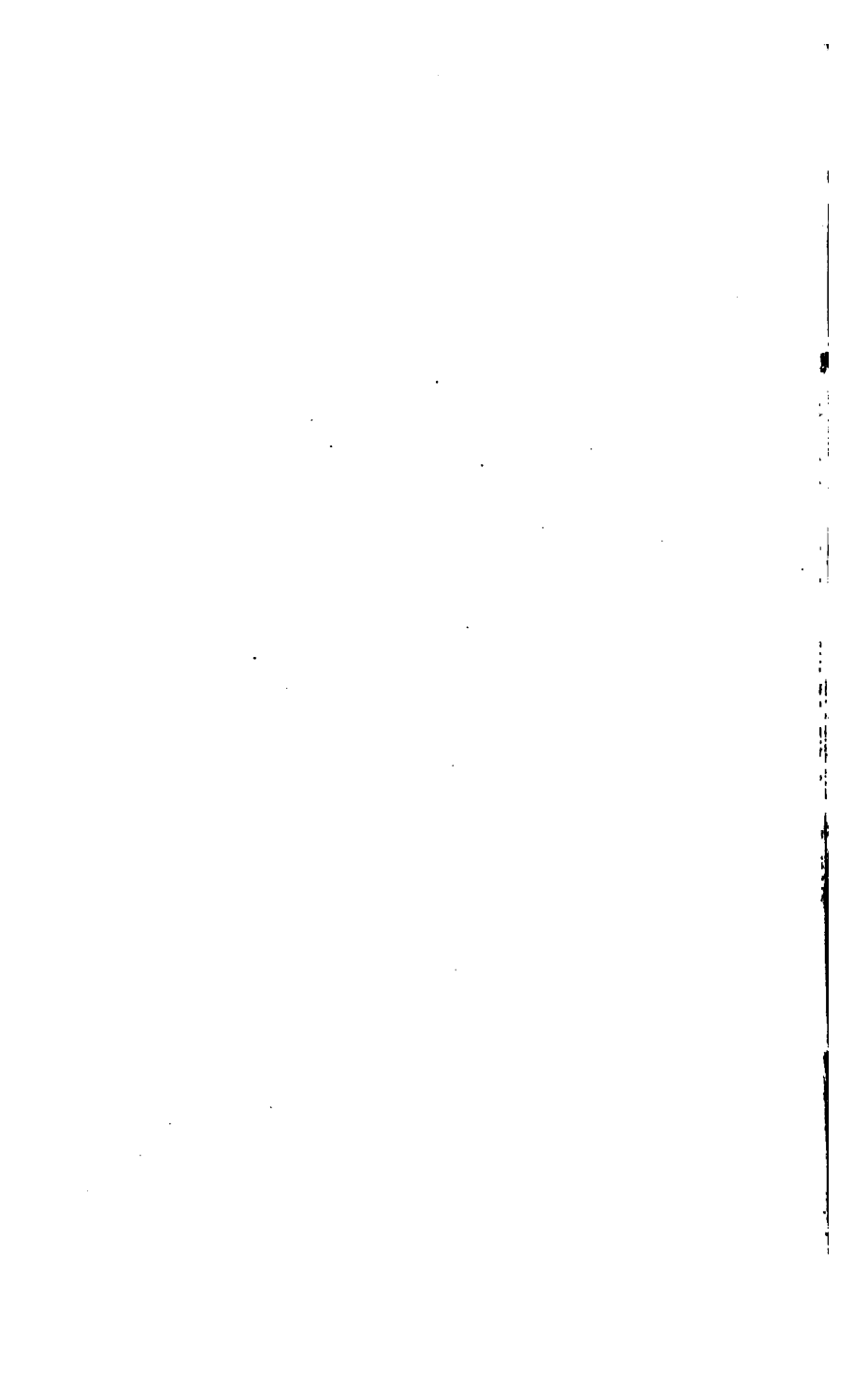
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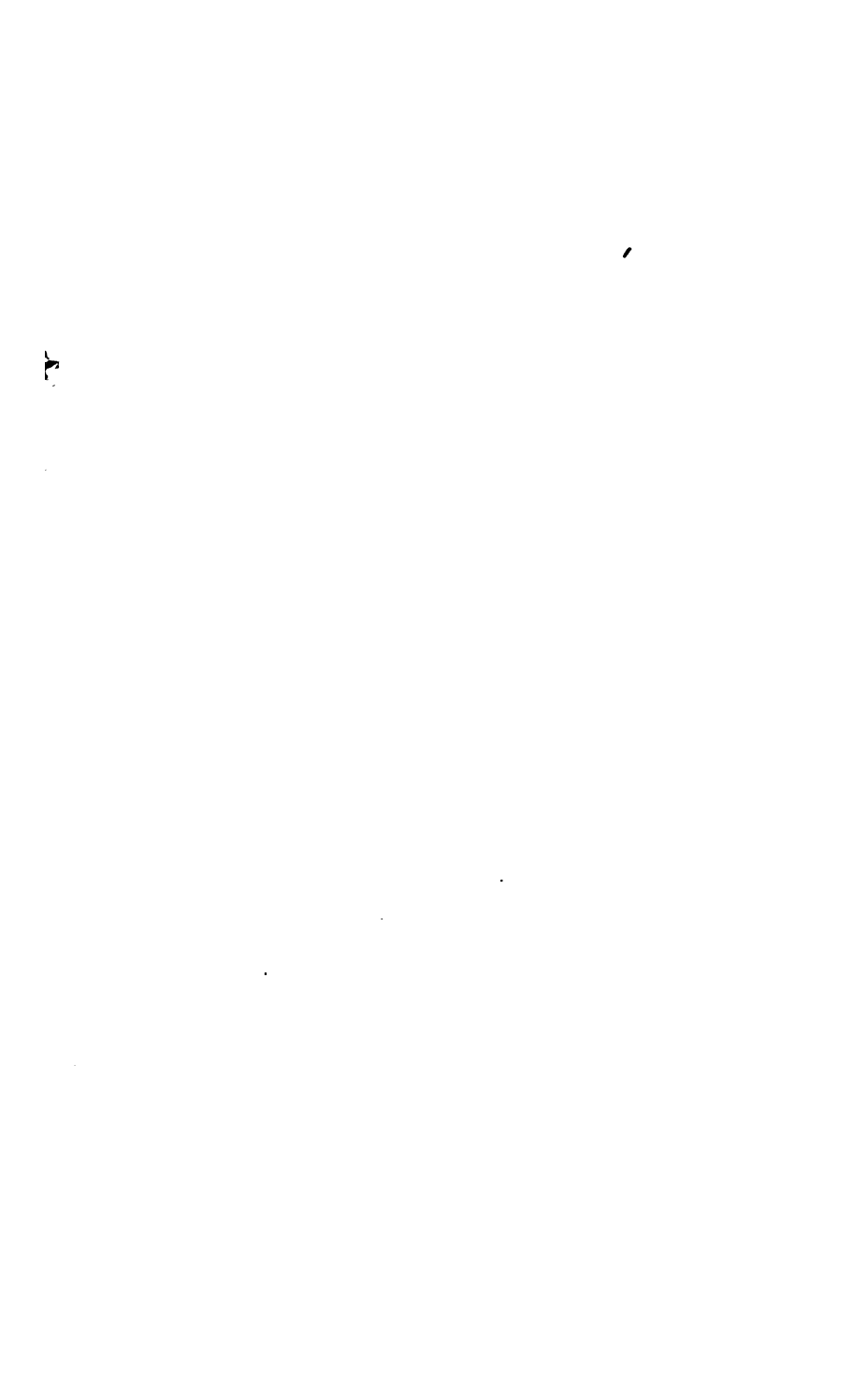


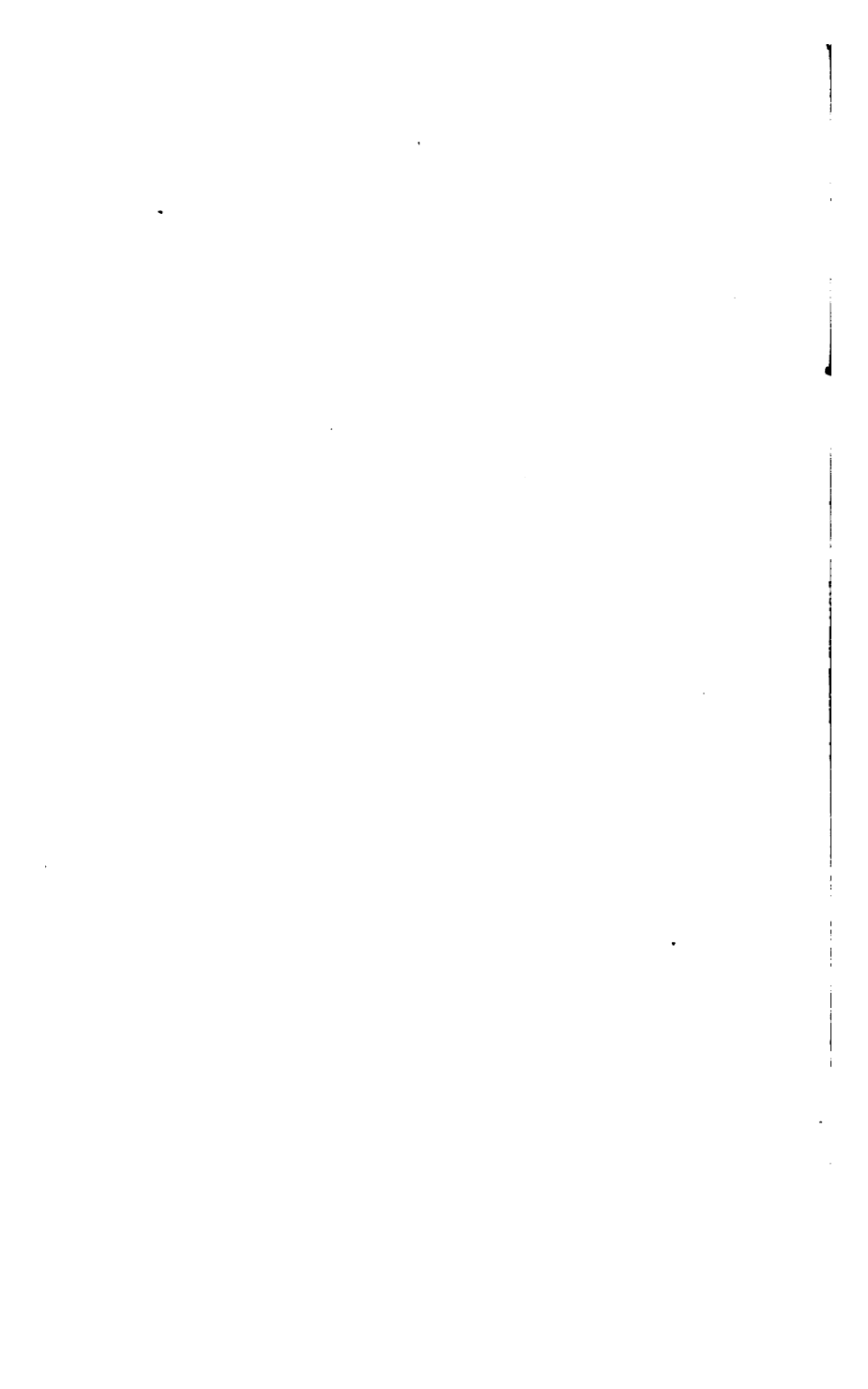
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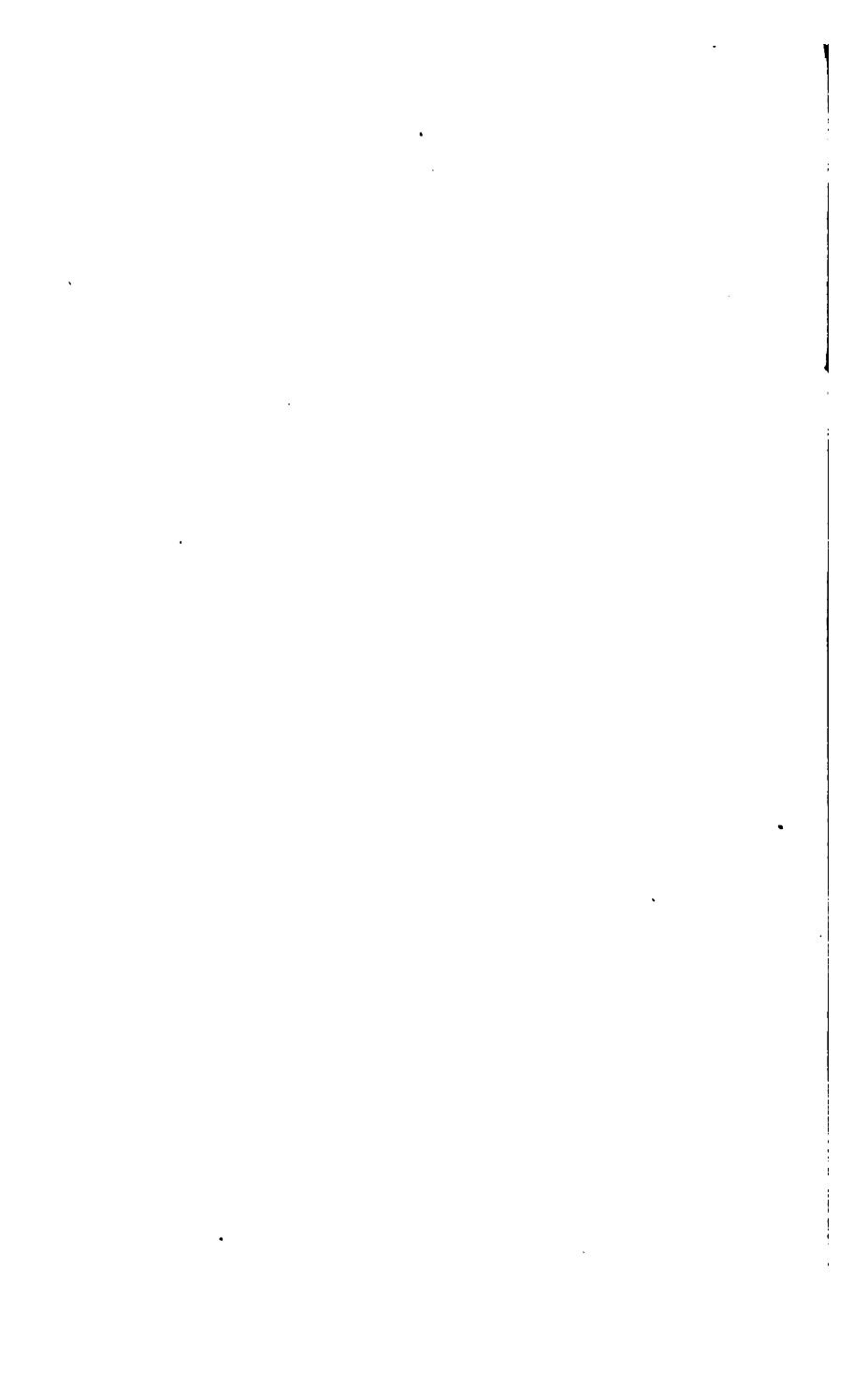




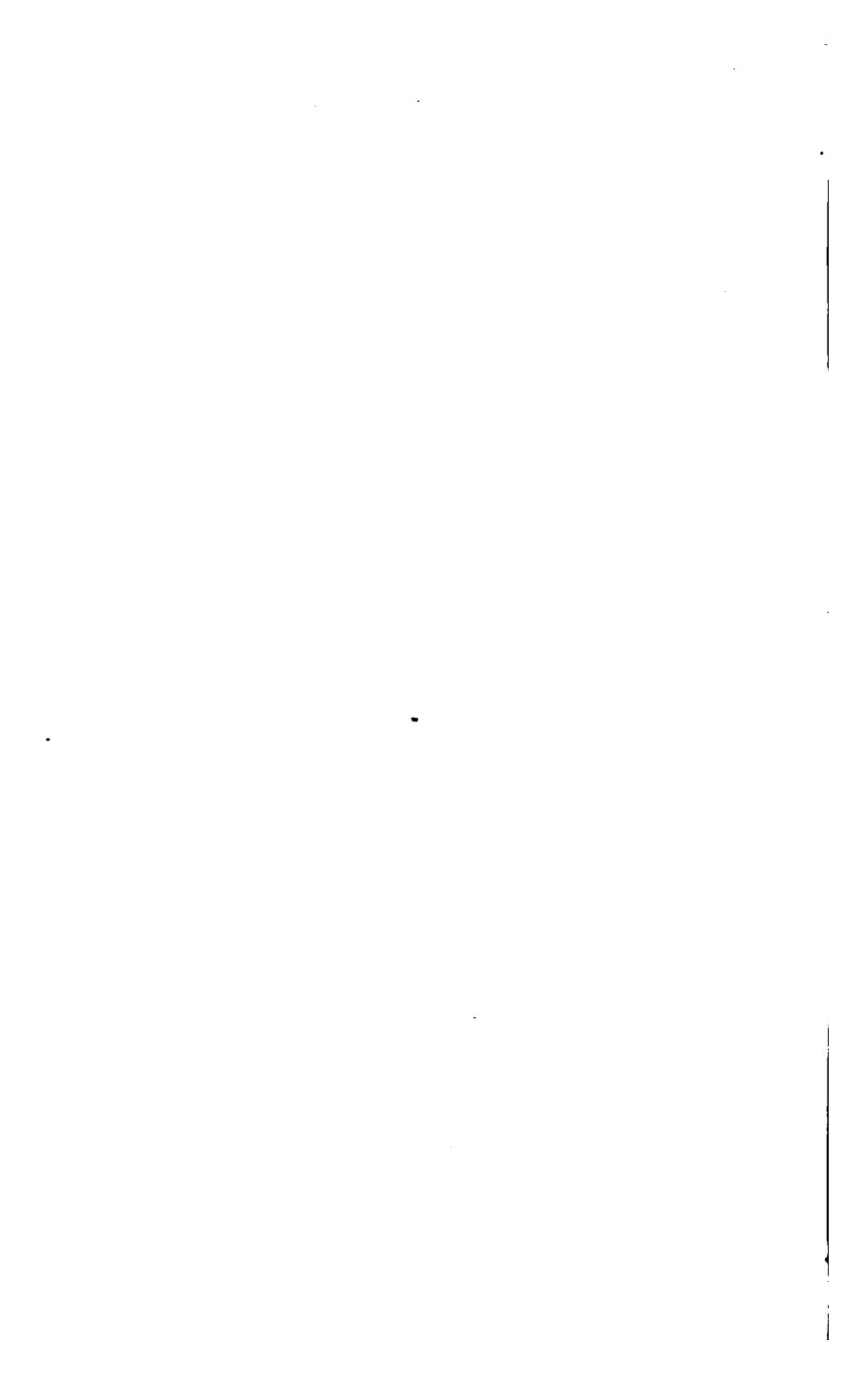








Cleanings from Pious Authors.

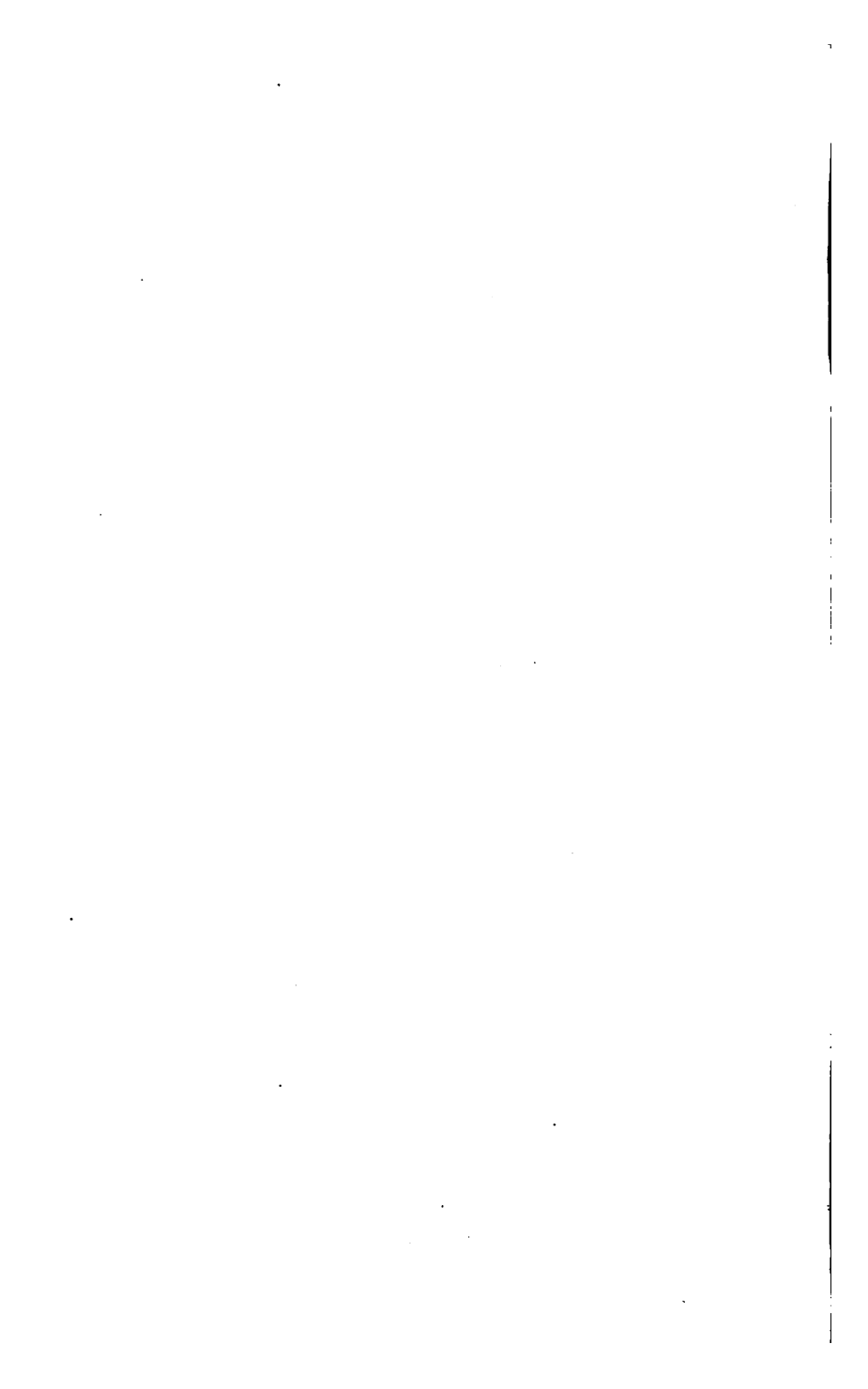


Cleanings from Pious Authors:



COMPRISING

The Wheatshaf, Fruits and Flowers,
Garden, and Shrubbery.



GLEANINGS

FROM

PIOUS AUTHORS:

COMPRISING

*The Wheat-sheaf, Fruits and Flowers,
Garden, and Shrubbery.*

WITH A BRIEF NOTICE

OF

THE FORMER PUBLICATIONS OF THESE VOLUMES,

BY

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

A New Edition.

Philadelphia:

HENRY LONGSTRETH.

NO. 347 MARKET ST.

1855.

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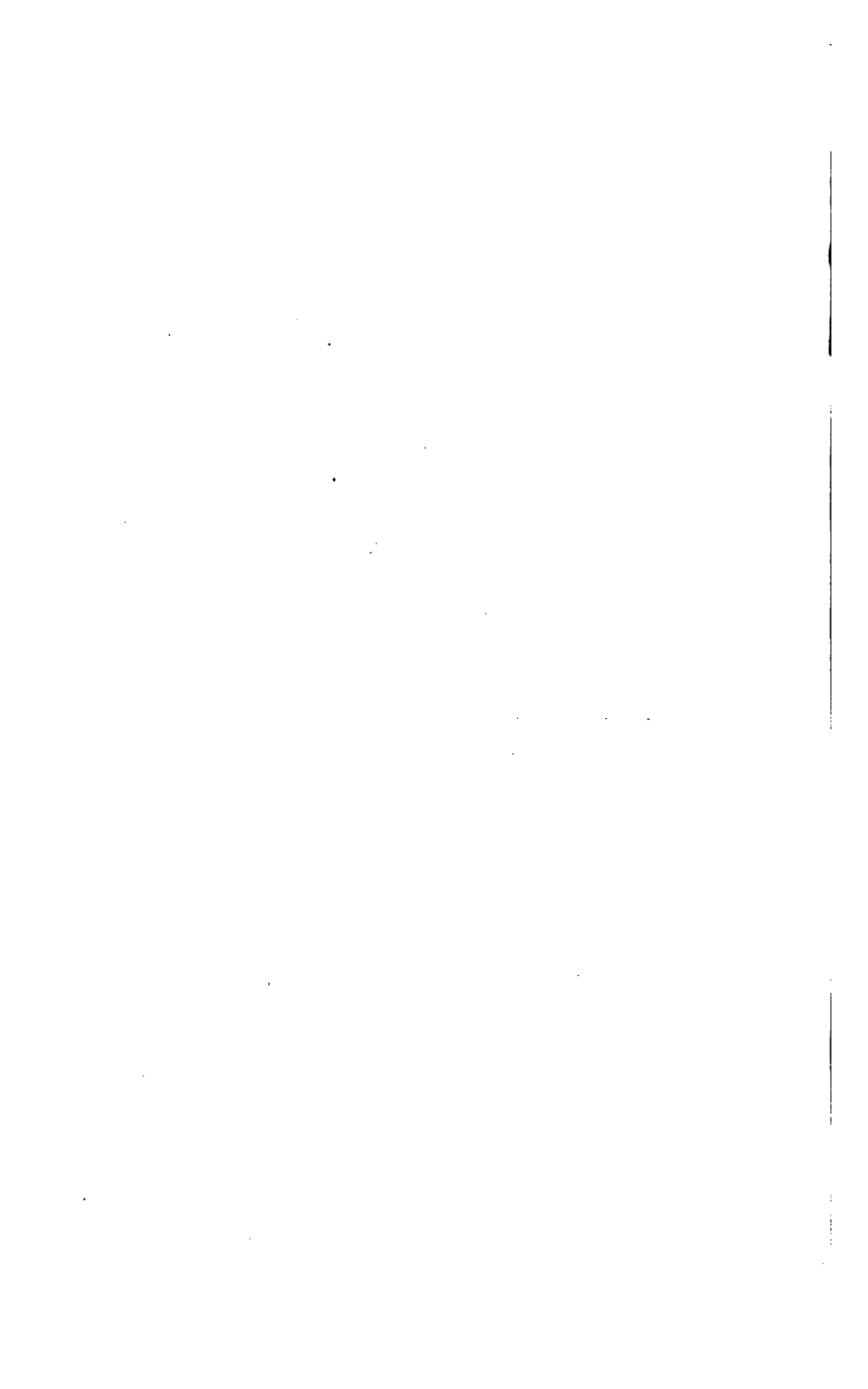
"Cleanings from Pious Authors,"

AFTER READING THE FOUR VOLUMES OF
WHICH THE WORK IS COMPOSED.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men," was the song of the angels at the birth of our Saviour. To promote these blessed objects appears to have been the simple and sincere purpose of the Editor of this volume; in the compilation of which so much of delicate taste and sound judgment has been exercised, that it may perhaps be said, (and as the writer of this paragraph himself believes,) that on no page of its diversified and delightful contents can the eye of a candid inquirer even casually alight, without finding something worthy to be read, and remembered too.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

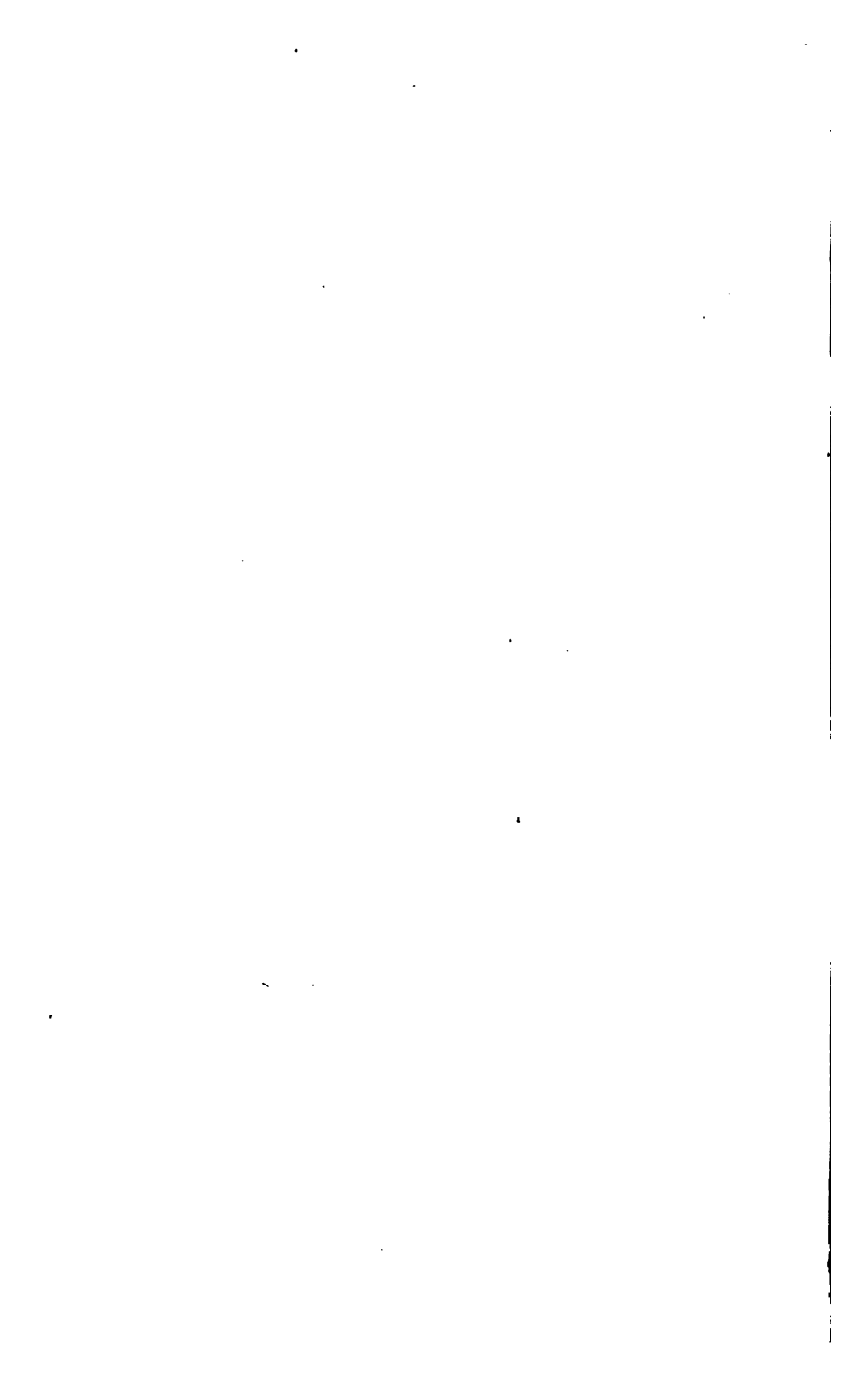
THE MOUNT, NEAR SHEFFIELD,
November 22d, 1845.



Preface.

The small volumes now blended, were severally compiled in succession, and extended beyond the original purpose, in consequence of the reception they met with from the public. But for this, a more systematic arrangement might have been observed, especially as regards the affixing of some of the authors' names; an attempt for the most part early abandoned, from the great difficulty of discovering many of them.

If the thus gathering together of the results of much Christian experience be rendered useful to the community, it will be cause of gladness. "How much precious truth," says a recent writer, "has been written, and published, by holy saints, and servants of God, which the world, that neither knoweth or careth for truth, has consigned to oblivion and contempt; but which, at the lapse of even hundreds of years from its first publication, is in some unexpected way, made to pierce and melt the heart of some poor wanderer from the true fold, and be the means of guiding it to the arms of the good Shepherd of Israel!"



The Wheat-Sheaf.

"BLESSED are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."—Thus our blessed Saviour opened his sermon on the mount; and from his example we may be assured, that humility is the richest garb that the soul can wear. By this is to be understood, not an abject poorness of spirit, that would stoop to do a mean thing; but such an humble sense of human nature, as sets the heart and affections right towards God, and gives us every temper that is tender and affectionate towards our fellow creatures. This is the soil of all virtues, where everything that is good and lovely grows.

True religion will show its influence in every part of our conduct; it is like the sap of a living tree, which penetrates the most distant boughs.

The table of a good economist is always attended with neatness, plenty, and cheerfulness. When we have provided enough to maintain us, in the order suitable to our character, we ought to be proportionately hospitable; but the more we live within decent bounds, the more of our fortune may be converted to noble uses.

What are the pomp and majesty of an earthly court, the magnificence of palaces and crowded theatres, to one who has in view the glories of heaven, the triumphs of the saints and the ineffable delights of the angelic world? What are feasts, sports, plays, and all the vanities of sensual pleasures and delights, to him who stedfastly fixes his eye on celestial bliss and everlasting transports of joy?

He that is his own appraiser will be mistaken in the value.

Afflictions, if we make a discreet use of them, are messengers of love from heaven to invite us thither.

Household affairs ought insensibly to slide along, and represent a still current without noise or waves.

In the morning say to thyself, What shall I do this day which God has given me? How shall I employ it to his glory? In the evening consider within thyself, and recollect, What have I done this day, and how have I spent it?

Religion naturally tends to all that is great, worthy, friendly, generous, and noble: and the true spirit of it, not only composes, but cheers the soul. Though it banishes all levity of behaviour, all vicious and dissolute mirth, yet in exchange it fills the mind with a perpetual serenity and uninterrupted pleasure. The contemplation of divine mercy and power, and the exercise of virtue, are in their own nature so far from

excluding all gladness of heart, that they are the principal and constant sources of it.

It was the practice of Vespasian, the Roman emperor, to call himself to an account every night for the actions of the past day; and as often as he let slip one day without doing good, he entered upon his diary this memorial:

“I have lost a day.”

Count that day lost, whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

We read in the Scriptures, that Boaz, in the midst of riches, was laborious, diligent in husbandry, plain, without luxury, delicacy, sloth or pride. How affable, how obliging and kind to his servants! “The Lord be with you,” says he to his reapers; and they answered him, “The Lord bless thee.” This was the beautiful language of religious antiquity; but how little known in our days!

The sweetest revenge is to do good to our enemies.

Nothing can be more proper for a creature that borders upon eternity, and is hasting continually to his final audit, than daily to slip away from the circle of amusements, and frequently to relinquish the hurry of business, in order to consider and adjust the “things that belong to his eternal peace.”

One of the most deceitful bubbles that ever danced before the eye of human vanity, is wealth. It glitters

at a distance, and appears replete with all the requisites essential to earthly felicity; it attracts the attention of numbers from every other object, and kindles in the breasts of its votaries an inextinguishable thirst to acquire it. By weak minds it is considered as the *summum bonum* of sublunary blessings; and therefore, in the attainment of it, such think to exclude every want, to enjoy every satisfaction.

Keep no company with a man who is given to detraction; to hear him patiently is to partake of his guilt, and prompt him to a continuance in that vice which all good men shun him for.

The more thou art elevated in life, or ranked among the great and affluent, the more it becomes thee to be circumspect in all thy actions; God's all-seeing eye is upon thee, and men observe thy failings. The more thou art increased in wealth, the more shouldst thou sink in self-abasement, and rise in gratitude and benevolence.

One advantage gained by calamities is, to know how to sympathise with others in the like troubles.

Did those whom heaven has blessed with affluence but visit the secret recesses of poverty, those dreary abodes of sorrow, where infantile weakness and the decrepitude of age languish under the pressure of affliction, without a friend to help, or an eye to pity, how painful would be their feelings till they had rendered them joyful by diffusing comfort to the wretched! Did they but behold a numerous family

of little innocents, surrounding the knees of an afflicted mother, and crying for bread, how strong would be their sympathy! Did they but behold the mother, pale and emaciated with want, expressive anguish painted on her countenance, while endeavouring to silence her children's clamours with the bare sustenance of words, what tender emotions it would raise in their breasts!

Sincerity signifies a simplicity of mind and manners, in our conversation and carriage one towards another; singleness of heart, discovering itself in a constant plainness and honest openness of behaviour, free from all insidious devices, and little tricks and fetches of craft and cunning: from all false appearances, and deceitful disguises of ourselves in word or action; or yet more plainly, it is to speak as we think, and do what we pretend and profess, to perform and make good what we promise; and, in a word, really to be what we would seem and appear to be.

Frugality is good if liberality be joined with it. The first is leaving off superfluous expenses; the last bestowing them to the benefit of others that need. The first without the last begins covetousness; the last without the first begins prodigality: both together make an excellent temper.

What would it profit a man, if by the secret and dark mysteries of trade he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Would the heaps of his dishonest wealth administer consolation in a dying hour? Would

these alleviate his horrors in the views of a certain and swiftly approaching dissolution? No!

That to be great is to be happy, is one of those errors which have almost at all ages prevailed among the generality of mankind. But that to be good is to be happy, is a secret reserved for the wise and virtuous few, who are the grace and ornament of themselves, their friends, and their country.

Of him to "whom much is given, much shall be required." Those to whom God has granted superior faculties, and more extensive capacities, and made eminent in quickness of intuition and accuracy of distinction, will certainly be regarded as culpable in his eye, for defects and deviations which, in souls less exalted and enlightened, may be guiltless. But surely none can think without horror on that man's condition, who has been more wicked in proportion as he has had more means of excelling in virtue, and used the light imparted from heaven only to embellish folly, and to palliate crimes.

Perhaps nothing affords greater encouragement to serious minds, than to find that men of like passions, placed in the same dangerous circumstances, and surrounded with equal trials and temptations, have, by the assistance of Divine grace, bravely conquered the difficulties of the Christian life, and run with patience the race set before them.

The humble address which the prodigal made to his father, (in the excellent parable given us by our

Saviour,) the father's return to it, and the manner of his reception into favour, is exceedingly expressive of the becoming penitence of the one and the mercy of the other: "I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son, make me therefore as one of thy hired servants." The tender parent compassionates his distress, takes the prodigal in his arms, owns him for his son, orders the fatted calf to be killed, and rebukes the envy of the elder brother with, "This my son was dead, but is alive again; was lost, but is found." Oh! the height and the depth of the goodness and mercy of God! Look unto him all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved!

Who would not heartily engage in all the exercises of a pious life, be "stedfast, unmoveable, and always abounding in the work of the Lord," when he sees what dull sensuality, what poor views, what gross enjoyments they are left to, who seek for happiness in other ways?

It is the sense of cold, hunger, thirst, and nakedness, that supplies the poor beggar at your door with penitent expressions and arguments; he needs not the help of a friend or book to furnish him. So, if we know ourselves, and feel our condition, and set God before us as our God, able and ready to help us, he whose gift the true spirit of supplication is, understands the language of even sighs and tears, and "groanings which cannot be uttered."

The grave, to which we are all hastening, ought to

be an early lesson of serious instruction, sounding the alarm in the ears of every youth; seeing it is frequently opened to receive its victims in the very bloom of life, and before the years draw nigh in which, in the course of nature, they can take no pleasure. Boast not, therefore, thyself of to-morrow, since thou knowest not what a day may bring forth; but rather let the example of others teach thee the absolute necessity of improving the present moments, and duly to reflect upon the imminent danger of delay.

It is not in our power to command wealth, or wisdom, or authority, whereby we may assist our fellow-creatures; but a sympathetic temper may be fully approved in the sight of God without these; and the poor man who hath nothing to give, and no means of helping others, may yet bear in his bosom a heart as truly tender, as thoroughly disposed to show mercy, and as acceptable in this respect before God, as he who, in a more exalted station, enjoys the power as well as the heart.

If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit; so, if youth be trifled away without improvement, riper years will be contemptible, and old age miserable.

Let us not fail frequently to reflect upon the greatness and number of our own faults, and the vast need we have of allowance, both from God and man, considering how hard it would go with us, if men could see all the inmost thoughts of our hearts, or knew all the secret actions of our lives; and if God was to

judge us with severity according to them. Let us first cast the beam out of our own eye, before we pretend to remove the mote from our brother's.

Modesty always sits gracefully upon youth; it covers a multitude of faults, and doubles the lustre of every virtue which it seems to hide; the perfections of men being like those flowers which appear more beautiful when their leaves are a little contracted and folded up, than when they are full blown, and display themselves, without any reserve, to view.

Graceful in youth is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. Let not ease and indulgence contract your affections, and wrap you up in selfish enjoyment. Accustom yourselves to think of the distress of human life, of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan.

Submit your minds to early impressions of reverence for sacred things. Let no wantonness of youthful spirits, no compliance with the intemperate mirth of others, ever betray you into profane sallies: besides the guilt which is thereby incurred, nothing gives a more odious appearance of petulance and presumption to youth than the affectation of treating religion with levity; instead of being an evidence of superior understanding, it discovers a pert and shallow mind, which, vain of the first smatterings of knowledge, presumes to make light of what the best of mankind revere.

In order to render yourselves amiable in society,

correct every appearance of harshness in behaviour. Let that courtesy distinguish your demeanour which springs not so much from studied politeness, as from a mild and gentle heart.

Bad as the world is, respect is always paid to virtue. In the usual course of human affairs it will be found that a plain understanding, joined to acknowledged worth, contributes more to prosperity than the brightest parts without probity or honour.

It should be an indispensable rule in life, to limit our expenses to our present condition; and whatever may be our expectations, to live within the compass of what we actually possess.

If the principles of the Christian religion were well rooted in the hearts of all mankind, what excellent fruit would they produce! There would be no more wars, no rumours of wars; kingdom would not rise against kingdom, nor nation against nation; but all princes would be at peace with their neighbours, and their subjects at unity amongst themselves, striving only which should serve God best, and do most good in the world.

He whose wishes, respecting the possessions of this world, are the most reasonable and bounded, is likely to lead the safest, and, for that reason, the most desirable life. By aspiring too high, we frequently miss the happiness which, by a less ambitious aim, we might have gained. High happiness on earth is rather a

picture which the imagination forms, than a reality which man is allowed to possess.

When in conversation you claim no kind of pre-eminence, but instead of pretending to teach, are willing to learn; instead of courting applause are ready to confer it; instead of proudly directing, are content quietly to follow the current of discourse; everybody will be delighted with your deportment, will listen with attention, and even with deference, to one who has thus learned that the noblest improvement of superior knowledge is superior humility.

Of all charities, that of employing the poor is the most charitable; it is, in a manner, to double the obligation by lessening it, it being more grateful to any man to put him in a capacity of relieving himself, than to make him a pensioner to others; and it is turning a bounty into a reward.

In doing benevolent things, there is, both as to the time and the manner, a propriety which gives value even to the least; the manner in particular has a marvellous effect. A charitable action, gracefully done, is twice done. To some people one would be willing to owe almost everything, so handsomely do they confer kindness; while from others a favour, for the opposite reason, is a load.

The humble tribute of obedience from a sincere heart is more acceptable to the sovereign Lord of the universe than the most pompous display of ceremonial worship. The mental aspirations of an humble heart

are as intelligible to the sacred ear as the loudest acclamations of vocal prayer.

When thou discoverest any faults in others, make the right use of them, which is, to correct and amend the like failures in thyself.

Temperance has those particular advantages above all other means of preserving health, that it may be practised by all ranks and conditions at any season, or in any place; it is a kind of regimen which every man may observe without interruption to business, expense of money, or loss of time.

How guarded should we be when we speak to the unhappy, whose sorrow and dejection are apt to dispose the heart to interpret into an unkind and bitter sense, every expression that does not breathe the greatest gentleness and affection.

A dutiful and affectionate attention from children, to the wants and infirmities of aged and helpless parents, is enjoined by the laws of God, and indispensably required; and were any one so lost to a sense of filial obligation as to perform it with reluctance, they cannot expect the esteem of worthy people in the world, or, what is infinitely of greater moment, the favour of heaven. Condescending, respectful behaviour, is also due from young persons of both sexes to their teachers; and though it be not equally obligatory with the above, a voluntary observance of it is not only pleasing to those who have the care and trou-

ble of their education, but is ever graceful in youth, and reflects lasting credit on all in the practice of it.

What can be more amiable and exemplary in the mistress of a family, than to see her wisely and readily supplying all the wants of those who depend on her assistance; discharging with steadiness and equity her several domestic claims; diffusing, by every word she speaks, and everything she does, a spirit of moderation and decency in all around her; and through all her conduct, and on all occasions, giving practical lessons, and affording proofs of frugality without parsimony, and generosity without extravagance?

Affluence gives its possessors no more licence to spend in wanton profusion than to become miserable misers. To sport away wealth extravagantly, or to hoard it unprofitably, is repugnant to the dictates of reason, and, we may believe, equally offensive to the munificent Giver of all good. The surplus of our wealth might be nobly employed in acts of real charity; the widow, the orphan, the oppressed, the afflicted, who silently shed their tears, and spend their cheerless days in obscurity and sorrow, have a just claim upon our bounty, while the dispensing of it may be an acceptable oblation to the universal parent and friend of mankind.

He who, with talents capable of being employed in the service of others, sits down with views that centre solely in himself, and neglects to employ them further than his own necessities require, is guilty of a breach of trust, for which he must one day be accountable.

A nimble tongue often trips.

Young persons should, above all things, beware of beginnings, and by no means parley with temptations; their greatest security is in flight, and in the study to avoid all occasions of evil; for the cockatrice, which may be easily crushed in the egg, if suffered to hatch and grow up, will prove a deadly serpent, hard to be destroyed.

View the groves in autumn, and observe the constant succession of falling leaves: in like manner the generations of men silently drop from the stage of life, and are blended with the dust.

The most beautiful flowers soon fade, and droop, and die: this is also the case with man; his days are uncertain as the passing breeze. This hour he glows in the blush of health and vigour; but the next he may be counted with the number no more known on earth.

There is nothing which, in seasons of affliction, or at the painful evening of life, can afford so much comfort to the soul as a steady belief of its future existence in a happier state: it alleviates the keenest of human woes, and illumines the dark "valley of the shadow of death."

When we take a final adieu of those we most love, there is nothing so consolatory as the belief that they are only going before us to happiness, and that we shall meet again in a better country, never more to be separated.

He that sees ever so accurately into the motives of other people's actions, may possibly be, in a great measure, ignorant of his own.

It is the best and safest rule to walk by, to be severe and rigid in judging ourselves, and to be very meek and charitable to our brother.

Love operates stronger than fear in producing uniform obedience.

TO THE RICH.—Your fortune, perhaps, has removed you from the necessity of labouring for your bread; you have been politely educated, you have no trade or employment to take up your time, and so are left to be disordered by corrupt passions and pleasures. Whilst poor people are at hard labour, whilst your servants are drudging in the meanest offices of life, you, oppressed with idleness and indulgence, are relieving yourself with foolish and improper books, feeding and delighting a disordered mind with romantic nonsense and poetic follies. If this be the effect of riches and fortune, only to expose people to the power of disordered passions, and give them time to corrupt their hearts with madness and folly, well might our blessed Lord say, "Woe unto you that are rich!"

How little do we know what to wish for!—how often is the gratification of our desires attended with mortifying reflections! and how frequently are the very disappointments at which we murmur, productive of happy consequences!

Who does not know, that a man may give all his goods to feed the poor, and yet want charity? But will any one therefore conclude, that another may keep all his goods to himself, and yet have charity.

For a man to say, he is lowly in heart, whilst he is seeking the ornaments, dignities and show of life, is the same absurdity as for a man to say, he is of a meek and forgiving spirit, whilst he is seeking and revenging quarrels.

No circumstances of life can hinder us from being examples of piety and goodness, and making our lives a lesson of instruction to all that are about us; and he that lives an exemplary life, though his state be ever so poor and mean, is largely contributing to the salvation of others, and proving himself the best follower of his Lord and Master.

A man that has his head and his heart taken up with worldly concerns, can no more love God with all his soul and with all his strength, than a man with his eyes upon the ground, can be looking towards heaven with all the strength of his sight.

Joy and sorrow constantly attend on our pursuits; but are uncertain in the periods of their visitations. The royal Psalmist has declared, that it was good for him that he was afflicted; and Solomon has also borne his testimony, that it was better to go to the house of mourning than of feasting.

Were there no sin in pampering ourselves with our

riches, our Saviour had not said, "Wo unto you that are rich, for ye have received your consolation."

Had a delight in the splendour and greatness of this life been an innocent delight for people of birth and fortune, our Saviour had never said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Had worldly mirth, and the noisy joys of splendour and equipage, been any part of the happiness of Christians, our Saviour had never said, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

In that unaffected civility which springs from a well-regulated and gentle mind, there is a charm more powerful than in all the studied manners of the most finished courtier.

He that is taught to live upon little, owes more to his father's wisdom, than he that has a great deal left him, to his father's care.

They that soar too high often fall hard, which makes a low and level dwelling preferable.

He that would be master of his own, must not be bound for another.

When covetousness once gets possession of the heart, it will let no good principle flourish near it.

By the unhappy excesses of irregular pleasures in youth, how many amiable dispositions are corrupted or

destroyed! How many rising capacities and powers are suppressed! How many flattering hopes of parents and friends are totally extinguished! Who but must drop a tear over human nature, when he beholds that morning, which arose so bright, overcast with such untimely darkness, and the youth cut off by his vices at the beginning of his course; or sunk for the whole of it into insignificancy and contempt? These, O sinful pleasure! are thy trophies.

A good man may seek, by fair industry, to render his circumstances easy and plentiful: he may bestow a considerable portion of his time and attention on the successful management of his worldly interests; all this is within the limits of that allowable use of the world, to which religion gives its sanction. But, to a wise and good man, the world is only a secondary object; he remembers there is an eternity beyond it; his care is, not merely to amass and possess, but to use his possessions well, as one who is an accountable being—he is not a slave, either to the hopes or the fears of the world—he would rather forfeit any present advantage, than obtain it at the expense of violating the divine law, or neglecting his duty. This is using the world like a good man; this is living in it as a subject of the Almighty, a member of the great community of mankind. To such a man riches are a blessing; he may enjoy them, but he will use them with liberality. They open a wide field to the exertions of his virtue, and allow it to shine with diffusive lustre.

Those persons who are most engaged in active la-

bours for the benefit of others, will find peculiar need for frequent retirement. In their closets, they must draw down from the fountain of love, by faith and prayer, *that* spiritual strength, and *those* heavenly graces, which alone can enable them to labour *perseveringly*, as well as *patiently*, for Christ's sake. The present times, which are so happily characterized by religious exertion, render this duty highly needful. It is no uncommon thing to hear excellent persons complain, that their whole time is nearly divided between their avocations and the claims of multiplying societies; thus leaving little or no leisure for the important duty of *Christian retirement*. Hence spirituality of mind is much injured, from the constant bustle in which some benevolent persons live. They have frequent cause to join in the lamentation of the spouse in the Canticles: "They made me a keeper of vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept;"—but it never was the design of infinite wisdom that one duty should extirpate another. As everything is beautiful in its season, so there is a time for everything. The art of doing much, consists in giving to every duty its proper place, time, and quantity.

It is highly important to young persons to be careful in the choice of friends and companions: this choice is too frequently made without thought, or is determined by some casual connexions; and yet, very often, the whole of their future life may be influenced by it. The circumstances which chiefly attract the liking and the friendship of youth, are vivacity, good humour, an engaging manner, and a cheerful and easy temper; qualities amiable in themselves, and useful

and valuable in their places. But these are not all the qualities requisite to form an intimate companion or friend ; something more is still to be looked for :— a sound understanding, a steady mind, a firm attachment to good principles, to virtue, and honour.

To give a reproof with discretion, so as to make it acceptable, well becomes both the reprover and the reprovèd.

Our intercourse with our neighbours cannot be conducted with comfort and cordiality, without discretion as well as sincerity.

He who has seen the glory of the Lord in Christ Jesus, will be sensible of his own unworthiness.

He that covets not to love God still more and more, never loves him enough. Much of this divine exercise is not sufficient to him who would stop there, as if he were satisfied.

The man who refers himself wholly to God is enabled thereby to do many good deeds ; and rendering faithfully all honour to him, it is incredible what wonders God works by that man's means.

The spirit of a good man does not strive to undertake much, or to make a great noise and show, but in all plainness and sincerity he labours to do well what he undertakes, and that purely for the love of God.

Be not fond of thyself, and thou wilt not take up easily an ill-will to others.

Our opinion concerning ourselves and our neighbours, agreeable to the rule and temper of Christianity, is generally nearer the truth, when we sink our idea of self rather below what seems to us to be our due, and when we raise the idea of our neighbour a little above what appears to belong to them, for they doubtless have some virtues and good qualities unknown to us, and it is certain we have some secret failings which do not usually come within our own notice.

(Pride.)—Survey the things that raise your pride; consider how vain they are. Is it silver and gold? The dust of the earth! perishing treasures! poor comforters in an hour of inward distress, of sickness or death! Is it beauty, and youth, and strength? What withering flowers are all these! what gay and dying vanities, that are wasting hourly, and may be blasted with an east wind! Is it honour and fame among men? What an empty thing is the breath of mortals! how subject to change! How unjust and feeble a foundation for pride! It is sometimes given to the worst of men without due merit; and even when it is best merited, and most justly given, it is but a sound that vanishes into empty air. Is it high birth that makes you proud and scornful? This is the honour of your ancestors more than your own, and perhaps it was not raised at first upon virtue or true merit; then it is a worthless thing indeed. Is it your wisdom and knowledge that puffs you up with conceit? It is a

sign you want one large branch of it; that is, the knowledge of yourself, for that would make you humble.—WATTS.

The busy or the pleasant scenes of this temporal life, are ever calling away our thoughts from eternal things: they conceal from us the spiritual world, and close our eyes to God, and things divine and heavenly. If the eye of the soul were but open to invisible things, what lively Christians should we be! But either the winds of worldly cares rock us to sleep, or the charms of worldly pleasures soothe us into deceitful slumbers. We are too ready to indulge in earthly delights, and while we dream of pleasure in the creatures, we lose, or at least abate, our delights in God. Even the lawful satisfactions of flesh and sense, and the enticing objects round about us, may attach our hearts so fast to them as to draw us down into a bed of carnal ease, till we fall asleep in spiritual security, and forget that we are made for heaven, and that our hope and our home is on high.—WATTS.

—Oh what a blessed change does the converting grace of Christ make in the soul of a son or daughter of Adam! It is like the beauty and pleasure which the rising morning diffuses over the face of the earth after a night of storm and darkness: it is so much of heaven let into all the chambers of the soul: it is then only that we begin to know ourselves aright, and know God in his most awful and most lovely manifestations: it is in this light we see the hateful evil of every sin, the beauty of holiness, the worth of the gospel of Christ and of his salvation. It is a light that carries

divine heat and life with it: renews all the powers of the spirit, and introduces holiness, hope, and joy, in the room of folly and guilt, sin, darkness, and sorrow.
—WATTS.

JUDGE HALE.—“There was remarkably conspicuous in him what Hooker designated with such beauty, ‘*the behaviour*’ of humility; one in itself of the most indubitable tokens of piety, and often best expressed by speaking *sparingly* of God and divine things.”

“When I would,” says one, “possess nothing *through self-love*, everything was given me without going after it.” Oh, happy dying of the grain of wheat, which makes it produce a hundred-fold!

How strait is the gate which leads to a life in God! How little, and stript of everything, one must be to pass through it, it being nothing else but death to ourselves! But when passed through it, what enlargement do we find!

If all things went well even with good men in this life, they would be building tabernacles here, and set up their rest and hopes on this side *Jordan*, as the *Reubenites* did in the country of *Bashan*, when they found it rich and fruitful. God Almighty, therefore, in mercy makes this world unpleasing to good men by affliction, that they may set the less value upon it, and fix their hopes and desires and endeavours for that city which is above. This is the voice of the rod and of Him that hath appointed it, which every wise man ought to hear and answer with all obedience, sub-

mission, and thankfulness; and when affliction has wrought this effect, its business is in a good measure ended; and for the most part it is thereupon eased or removed.—HALE.

PRAYER.—“Thou canst not get before the presence of the Lord of heaven, but with thy spirit and soul; and unless thy prayer be the drawing near of thy spirit to him, thy prayer is a provocation, and not a service; unprofitable and useless for thee, and unaccepted and not regarded by God.”—HALE.

PRAYER.—Prayer is not a smooth expression, or well-contrived form of words: not the product of a ready memory, or of a rich invention exerting itself in the performance. These may draw a neat picture, but still the life is wanting.—It is not the gilded paper and good writing of a petition that prevails with a king, but the moving sense of it.

In the school of Christ, the first lesson of all is, *self-denial and humility*; yea, it is written above the door, as the rule of entry or admission, “*Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart.*”

How much vigour and vehemence doth affliction add to prayer! The deeper the Psalmist sinks, in so much louder accents doth he cry to God, “*Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O, Lord.*”—(Psalm xxx. 1.)

The night may be dark and the wind high, but with the heavenly pilot on board we shall be brought in safety to the shore. And, oh! what a pleasing land

ing will it be; not among foreigners and strangers, but among dear friends who have preceded us to the blessed country. And there shall be no night there!

There can be no situation so distressing or dangerous, in which faith will not fetch in comfort from God, by fervent prayer. We are apt to show our troubles too much to ourselves, aggravating and poring upon them, which does us no service, whereas by showing them to God, we might cast the cares upon him who careth for us, and thereby ease ourselves.

Many weak Christians perplex themselves with questions and doubts about their election, whether they are of the house of Israel or not. Let them continue earnest in prayer for mercy and grace; throw themselves by faith at the feet of Christ, and say, "If I perish, I will perish here;" and then that matter will by degrees clear itself. If we cannot reason down our unbelief, let us pray it down. A fervent, affectionate "Lord, help me" will help us over many discouragements, which seem ready to overwhelm us. "*O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come!*"—Psalm lxxv. 2.

A female distinguished for her piety as well as by her eminent station in life, being engaged in her youth to seek earnestly after the knowledge of divine things, was introduced to a pious man; he spoke not a word for some time, when she briefly told him her difficulties about prayer. He presently replied, it was because she sought that without which she had within; adding, "Accustom yourself to seek God in your heart, and

you will find him." Having said these words he left her: they operated like the stroke of a dart which pierced her heart asunder. "I felt," said she, "at this instant a wound very deep, smitten with the love of God; a wound so delightful that I desired it never to be cured. These words brought into my heart what I had been seeking so many years; or rather they made me discover what was there, and which I did not enjoy for want of knowing it. Oh, my Lord! thou wast in my heart, and demanded only the turning of my mind inward to make me feel thy presence. Oh, infinite Goodness! Thou wast so near, and I ran hither and thither seeking thee, and yet found thee not. My life was a burden to me, and my happiness was within myself. I was poor in the midst of riches, and ready to perish with hunger, near a table plentifully spread, and a continual feast. Oh, Beauty, ancient and new! why have I known thee so late? Alas! I sought thee where thou wast not, and did not seek thee where thou wast. It was for want of understanding these words of thy gospel, 'The kingdom of God cometh not with observation: neither shall they say, Lo, here, or lo, there: for behold, the kingdom of God is within you.' This, I now experienced, since thou became my King, and my heart thy kingdom, where thou reigned as sovereign and did all thy will."

JUDGE HALE IN SICKNESS.—"It is true it is a popular theme that every man hath in his mouth, from Solomon—'*all is vanity*;' and yet those things that notionally and verbally we call so, we pursue as our greatest happiness; as if those expressions of ours were not our meaning, but a design to discourage

others from the prosecution of that which we would alone enjoy. And thus, one man pursues honour and great place and authority, and prides himself much in the acquiescence, and in the retinues, observances, distances, and addresses that wait upon such preferment. Another pursues after wealth, and makes it the whole business of his thoughts and life, and when he hath gotten it, blesseth himself with the rich man:—‘*Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; eat, drink, and be merry.*’ Others pursue the gratification of their senses and sensual appetite, rare pictures, and stately houses and gardens, luxurious diet, pleasant wines, choice meats and fruit, fine flowers, amorous and wanton company, and the fruition of unlawful lusts. And in these they place their *happiness*, and spend the flower and strength of their souls and bodies; exhaust their supplies, and consume their time that will one day be wanted, but never recalled. And these for the most part are the business of the generality of mankind. But when the approaches of death come, nay, when a strong disease, a burning fever, or a violent ague drinks up the blood, and consumes the spirits, and wastes the flesh, and contracts the sinews, and casts languishing and dimness upon the eye, nausea and loathing upon the stomach, pain and distemper upon the whole body—these conditions do undeceive the man and render all those things that men make their business and their happiness as nauseous and insipid as the most unacceptable thing in the world.”

I was meditating yesterday upon death, till I was amazed that it is almost the only subject which is never

treated of in conversation further than as a mere uninteresting fact. Were any number of persons intending to embark for a distant, unknown country, of whom some might be called to-morrow, and all must be called soon, would they not, whenever they met as friends and fellow-travellers, be inquiring amongst themselves how each was provided for the journey; what accounts each had heard of the place; the terms of reception; what interest and hopes each had secured, what treasures remitted, what protection ensured; and would they not excite each other to despatch what was yet possible to be done, and might to-morrow be irretrievably too late?—I think it would sit pleasingly on the mind, when a friend was vanished out of this visible world, to have such conversations to reflect upon! What astonishing scenes are now opened to the minds of many with whom, a few months ago, we used familiarly and triflingly to converse; with whom we have wasted many an inestimable hour! what clear views have they now of those great and important truths, for which the foolish bustle of this world leaves scarcely any place in the immortal mind!—TALBOT.

Self-abasement, self-examination, and prayer, are the best preservatives for all who have entered on a religious life, and are especially becoming in incipient Christians.—MORE.

How truly animating, when the Christian is adding grace to grace, strength to strength, beauty to beauty, joy to joy! Our Lord hath said, "To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly." Progress is delightful, whether it be in nature or in

grace. It is pleasant to see a fine edifice rise from the foundation to the top-stone, to see the outline of some grand picture accurately filled up and finished, to see the progress of vegetable life, from the first starting of the germ to the full maturity of the plant; but how much more delightful is it to observe the prosperity of souls, and to note their proficiency! When the mind expands, and the Holy Spirit is poured into all its powers, to rouse its energies, and quicken its graces, then how truly pleasing to observe the symptoms of approaching maturity, when the prepared soul must burst its prison walls, and rise to the full enjoyment of heavenly felicity.—DENNANT.

To a woman who has been properly instructed, and who has a knowledge of her own concerns, it is a source of peculiar satisfaction to know, that what she requires of her domestics is consistent with the obligations they are under to her. And the mistress who treats them with mildness and suitable attention, is generally much better served than she who treats them with harshness and severity. Their love and attachment create a desire to please, and their mutual interests contribute very much to the quietude and happiness of all around them.—ANON.

O! how sweet is love! how pleasant is its nature! how takingly does it behave itself in every condition, upon every occasion, to every person, and about everything! How tenderly, how readily doth it help and serve the meanest! How patiently, how meekly doth it bear all things, either from God or man, how unexpectedly soever they come, or how hard soever they seem!

How doth it believe ! how doth it hope ! How doth it excuse ! how doth it cover over that which seemeth not to be excusable, and not fit to be covered ! How kind is it even in its interpretations and charges concerning miscarriages ! It never overchargeth ; it never grates upon the spirit of him whom it reprehends ; it never hardens ; it never provokes ; but carrieth a meltingness and power of conviction with it.

This is the nature of God. This, in the vessels, capacitated to receive and bring it forth in its glory, the power of enmity is not able to stand against, but falls before, and is overcome by.—PENNINGTON.

He is an accomptant who can cast up correctly the sum of his own errors.—DILLWYN.

Habitual reflection on the uncertainty of time, tends greatly to fortify the mind against the snares both of prosperity and adversity.—IBID.

Permanent rest is not to be expected on the road, but at the end of the journey.—IBID.

It is better to pass by an offence, than to invite its repetition by resentment.—IBID.

In marriage, mental accomplishments should be preferred to those which are exterior.—IBID.

Without a conflict there is no conquest, and without a conquest no crown.—IBID.

He who truly desires a blessing on his afflictions, is always the better for them.—IBID.

There is no condition of human life so high, as to be beyond the reach of the arrows of affliction.—IBID.

Promises made in time of affliction require a better memory than people commonly possess.—IBID.

It may afford some encouragement to a mind in distress to remember, that the narrowest part of a defile is often nearest the open field.—IBID.

Those who are careful to avoid offending others, are not apt to take offence themselves.—IBID.

A man can hardly do a greater service to his neighbour, than to instruct and encourage him in the performance of his duties. Those who delay setting out, merely because the road is difficult, or that they cannot see to the end of the journey, are in danger of being belated.—IBID.

A kind attention to strangers is very grateful to them, and generally commended; yet few who have not been in that situation themselves are sufficiently sensible of its difficulties; and of those who have been, too many, when at home, are negligent in that respect.—IBID.

A literary correspondence should be considered as the private conversation of the parties, in which many things pass which they would not choose to express,

if they were aware that those to whom their letters are often shown, were within hearing.—IBID.

We easily believe what we wish ; but we have a wonderful facility in raising doubts against those duties which thwart our inclinations.—IBID.

Those who are the most susceptible of sympathy for the afflictions of others, are not the most apt to complain of their own.—IBID.

He that can truly say, he knows not any one against whom he has the least degree of enmity, is a citizen of the world, and justly entitled to an universal passport.—IBID.

If thou observe any one in the habit of passing high encomiums on others, take especial care that thou dost not in any wise offend that person.—IBID.

A vessel at the commencement of its voyage may be in good condition, and full freighted : it may be navigated by skilful hands, and weather many storms : yet, for want of proper attention to the compass, quadrant, and plummet, be run aground, even at the mouth of the port.—IBID.

Can more be said of instrumental music than that, as an aid to devotion, it is alluring and enlivening to the affections? *i. e.* as long as they are excitable by outward means ; but, as it has full as great an effect on the passions, and is quite as much employed in enticing and betraying the unwary into folly and

wretchedness, it seems most safe for beings travelling through the dangers and difficulties of a probationary state, rather to avoid it on account of its abuse, than to indulge in it for the sake of its suppositious advantages.—IBID.

The master of a vessel may make a pretty respectable figure on deck, with a leading gale and small sea ; but the time for trying his courage and competency for command, is in violent head-winds and midnight storms, when one error in management or direction may be fatal to ship and cargo. The mere theory of navigation makes but a poor seaman.—IBID.

Those afflictions which have their proper effect on us, and humble us into true resignation, are like storms which drive rightly-directed vessels towards their designed ports.—IBID.

It is wisely ordered, that neither nations nor individuals can deteriorate each other without injuring themselves, nor promote the welfare of others without partaking of the benefit conferred.—IBID.

One watch set right, will do to try many by ; and on the other hand, one that goes wrong may be the means of misleading a whole neighbourhood.—IBID.

On the decease of beloved friends, how apt are we to ruminate rather on our loss than on their gain ! and to mourn over their deserted bodies ; (like school-boys seeking a bird's nest, and disappointed at finding it empty ;) not considering the dangers their late inhabit-

ants have escaped ; and that, at the very instant we are indulging ourselves in unavailing lamentation on their account, they may be exercised in melodious responses, or feeding upon the most delicious fruits of the King's garden.—IBID.

If we believe, that in a future state, all the party distinctions by which we are known one from another here, will be obliterated, we may reasonably infer, that those who are best prepared for it, are most inclined to regard mankind as one family ; and, on the contrary, that those who, in support of their several parties, employ themselves in devising or executing schemes by which the peace and harmony of the world are laid waste, are not in the way of being either prepared themselves, or instrumental in preparing others for future blessedness.—IBID.

If we were as patient in waiting for the instruction of wisdom, as we are earnest to take sure steps in the prosecution of our worldly affairs, we might soon become acquainted with her lore, and proficient in her school.—IBID.

The words of our Saviour, "If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight," must signify, to every unprejudiced mind, the same as if he had said, "As my kingdom is not of this world, therefore my servants do not fight."—IBID.

The biographer of Bishop Usher says: "The year before this learned and holy primate and archbishop

died, I went to him, and earnestly desired him to give me in writing his apprehensions concerning justification and sanctification by Christ; of which he would willingly have excused himself, by declaring his intention of not writing any more; adding, that if he did write, it should not exceed above a sheet or two. He, coming to town some time after, was pleased to give me a visit at my house, where I failed not to challenge the benefit of the promise he had made me. He replied, that he had not writ, and yet he could not charge himself with any breach of promise; 'for (said he) I did begin to write; but when I came to write of sanctification, that is, of the new creature, which God formeth by his Spirit in every soul that he doth truly regenerate, I found so little of it wrought in myself, that I could speak of it only as parrots, by rote, and without the knowledge and understanding of what I might have expressed, and therefore I durst not presume to proceed any further upon it:' and when I seemed to be amazed to hear such a humble confession from so great and experienced a Christian, he added: 'I must tell you, we do not well understand what sanctification and the new creature are—it is no less than for a man to be brought into an entire resignation of his will to the will of God, and to live in the offering up of his soul continually in the flames of divine love, as a whole burnt offering to Christ: and how little (says he) are many of those who profess Christianity, experimentally acquainted with this work on their soul!' By this discourse I conceived he had very excellently and clearly discovered to me that part of sanctification of which he was unwilling to write."

GOD PRUNETH THE VINE OF OUR AFFECTIONS.—A vine, which is one of the most fruitful of trees, (made use of by God to compare the Christian unto,) if it be left to its natural growth, unregarded and unpruned, shoots forth into many superfluous branches and stems, and spendeth its most generous strength *that way*, and so becometh weak and fruitless.—If God should leave the best Christian to the vicious exorbitancies of his own heart and affections, and not curb and prune them, and retrench the extravagancy of his desires, his strength would be spent on that which profiteth not, and he would soon grow barren and useless. There is need that, both by his returning grace he reduce and limit our desires; and that, by the sharp knife of affliction, he cut short and check their excrescences.—When mine heart doth irregularly run after vanity, let the smart of thine hand correct my wanderings, and tame the wildness of my affections. It is better I should bleed by thy pruning-hook, than be cut down by the axe as withered and fruitless, and cast into the burning!—*Spiritual Bee, (supposed by PENN.)*

How often do we find such whom God hath beleaguered with an affliction, or planted his battery against by a disease, whom he seemed to have marked out for death, make covenants and promises for a future reformation, and of putting away their sin: whom yet, when he withdraws his terrors, and puts up his arrows, those ties do no more bind than the withes did Samson; but they arise, and go out, and do as at other times. While their backs smart under the rod, and they sit on the brink of the grave, their spirits stoop, their passions are broken, and the heat of them

assuaged; their thoughts are humbled to sobriety. Then, to be liberal of promises is an easy bounty; but when the storm is over, and they return to their former freedom and delight, in sensible converses, then are they restrained in performance, and rescind former engagements. The sighs of their sick bed, which they turned into penitent groans, are now vanished into air, and forgotten: the sad reflections on their former vanities, the serious recollection of their ways which they were reduced to, when the flesh sat uneasy upon them, and dwelt in sorrow, are now as little thought upon as the dolorous accents of their grief. When they are newly come out of the furnace, while the smell of fire is yet on them, they are scrupulous and tender. But it is as those who come out of a hot stove, that shrink from cold air at first, but by degrees are brought to their former hardness of temper. If the *soul* be not changed, though there may for a while some *religious colour* appear in the man's face, he will at last return to his former habit.—IBID.

Never was a heart harder than Pharaoh's; and yet, upon the repetition of every plague, how *couchant* is the lion!—how doth he frown and crouch to the power which his stubbornness increased! At length he suddenly gives the Israelites a dismissal, and, as it were, thrusts them forth,—“*Arise up, get you forth from among us.*” Yet no sooner were they gone, but the storm of his passion had a reflux, being only diverted by that judgment; and he makes after them, with the whole power of his country, to fetch them back again. Lord, let never my holy resolutions go away with my afflictions, nor my health dispense with the vows of my

sickness! Let immunity from evil never render *me* such a stranger to what I was in distress, that I should recoil from my promises and disown them.—IBID.

SOLID WORTH CONTRASTED WITH SPECIOUS PIETY.—I have sometimes seen a blazing comet, much outshining other stars, and attracting the eyes of men to behold it with wonder; which yet, by its decay (of light) and vanishing awhile after, hath appeared to have no true place among the stars, but in the lower regions. How many, in our days, have been seen and gazed on with admiration, who have shined with glorious beams, who yet, by their *fall*, have at length discovered themselves to have been exhalations only, gilded with rays and counterfeiting stars, by an exceeding splendour! for often doth the hypocrite outgo the saint in appearance, as much as he comes short of him in reality. Many have had a shining zeal in those exercises of religion that lie open to the view, and so have gotten and kept up a high esteem and credit; but not trading on a solid stock, but taking up their saintships all upon trust, no wonder they prove bankrupts at last. The foolish virgins made a great blaze with their lamps; which yet, by their going out, appeared to want *oil*.—IBID.

PRAYER.—Let us contemplate *prayer* in its journey between earth and heaven, as Jacob did the angels ascending and descending. It ascendeth, then lightly, mounted on the wings of faith; but it comes ever laden down again upon our heads. It goeth up, it may be, in a shower of tears, and descendeth in a shower of blessings. It is wafted into heaven with groans; (for

these have a force to open heaven's gates; and that prayer flies swiftly that is carried on the wings of a groan;) but those sighs return laden with comforts, like the southern winds in Egypt, whose wings are charged with the sweet odours of spices. They go out weeping, but never come weeping back; but where the spring and seed-time is wet, the harvest is clear and joyful. *They that sow in tears reap in joy.*—IBID.

TO REPROVE WITH DISCRETION.—An indiscreet reproof hath usually a double ill effect: first, in that, by the fault of the manager, (as a good story may be quite spoiled in the relating,) the action in itself good, is rendered for the present irksome and tedious: and next, in that it leaveth a prejudice behind, which is very disadvantageous at the like future occasion. A good stock of prudence and caution is in no duty more requisite than in this, of *Christian reproof*: which requires an exact observation of circumstances, time, manner, and persons, in order to a wise management of it. As I desire never to act that tacit part as a flatterer, with silence, seemingly to soothe and cherish him that deserves reproof, and by a friendly cruelty to betray him into security; so I think it both more safe and more wise to tarry on the shore, rather than launch forth, when I know the wind will be contrary, and beat me back again.—IBID

Whene'er you would an erring friend reprove,
 Let gentle caution show the motive's love.
 Do not begin with rashness to exclaim,
 But rather hint the fault before you blame.

'Tis not enough your admonition's just ;
Prudence must guide it, or the labour's lost.
Friends should allure, and charm us into sense :
Harsh counsels less reform than give offence.

True Christian love is of an enlarged, disinterested nature. It loves all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Party spirit is confined within the limits of a sect ; but Christian love oversteps the narrow boundary, and can recognize a brother in each humble believer, who practically exemplifies the holy doctrines of the Gospel.

When we love our own party *exclusively*, or persons only of our own peculiar train of thinking, we love *ourselves* in them. We see our own image, and admire it. But when we love those who differ from us in non-essentials, *because* we discover in them the humility, meekness, purity, patience, and benevolence of the Redeemer, *then* our love is truly Christian. It is Christ in them whom we love. How little of this enlarged affection, on pure Christian principles, do we discover in the professing world. We hear much about it, but see little of it. It is highly extolled, but little cultivated.

As love is the surest evidence of faith ; so obedience is the truest test of love.

Poets are more dangerous than prose writers, when their principles are bad. Do not be ashamed of having never read the fashionable poem of the day. A Christ-

ian has no time, and should have no inclination, for any reading that has no real tendency for improvement.

In trying to be kind, attentive, and compliant to the habits of worldly people, there may be a danger of strengthening them in evil, and of injuring our own consistency as Christians.

There are four evils, which mark the degenerate state of professing Christians in general:—their love of the world—their love of ease—their fear of man—their distrust of Providence. The primitive believers were just the reverse of all this. They despised the world, and its flattering allurements; they took up the cross, and denied themselves; they boldly confessed Christ, and suffered for his sake; they trusted God for all things, and so took joyfully the spoiling of their goods. And what was the blessed fruit? They abounded in consolation; they grew in grace; they shone as lights in the world; they felt joy and peace in believing.

Society is pleasant—yet it becomes a snare if it lead us from our secret chamber by its incessant attractions, and thus makes us strangers to our God and our own hearts.

It is often better to pray for those who are mistaken, than to dispute with them.

Prejudices may often be more easily undermined than stormed.

The farther the experienced Christian advances in his earthly pilgrimage, the more he learns how needful to his safety is watchfulness and prayer.

The world, and the things of the world, press upon us at all points. Our daily avocations, yea, our most lawful enjoyments, have need to be narrowly watched, lest they insensibly steal upon our affections, and draw away our hearts from God. True Christians must come out and be separate from the world, in its principles, spirit, and practice; for it is unequivocally declared, "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his."

"Shall I eat of this delicacy, while a poor man wants his dinner?" inquired the pious Leighton, who thought people in general much too expensive and curious in the preparation of their meals, and wished this domestic profusion were turned into a channel of distribution to the poor. Everything beyond the mere necessities of life he termed the overflowings of a full cup, which ought not to run to waste, but descend into the poor man's platter.—LEIGHTON.

Being told of a person who had changed his profession, all he said was, "Is he more meek, more dead to the world? If so, he has made a happy change."—IBID.

Our Saviour tells us expressly, that man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth. (Luke xii. 15.) Think you, great and rich

persons live more content? Believe it not. If they will deal fairly, they can tell you the contrary, that there is nothing but a show in them; and that great estates and places have great griefs and cares attending them, as shadows are proportioned to their bodies.—
IBID.

Better to be in the midst, between the two pointed rocks of deep penury and high prosperity, than to be on the sharps of either.—IBID.

Philip Henry used to say, that many Scripture parables and similitudes are taken from the common actions of this life, that when our hands are employed about them, our hearts may the more easily pass through them to divine and heavenly things. He has been heard often to blame those whose irregular zeal, in the profession of religion, makes them neglect their proper business, and let the house drop through, the affairs of which the good will order with discretion. He would tell sometimes, how a pious woman was convinced of this her fault, by means of an intelligent, godly neighbour, who, coming into the house, and finding the woman, far in the day, in her closet, and the house sadly neglected, he said, "What! is there no fear of God in this house?" which much startled and affected the good woman, who overheard him. He would often say, "Everything is beautiful in its season; and that is the wisdom of the prudent, so to order the duties of their general callings as Christians, and those of their particular callings in the world, as that they may not clash or interfere. It is observable,

from Ecclesiastes vii. 16, that there may be over-doing in well-doing."—PHILIP HENRY

There is a mean, if we could hit it, between foolhardiness and faint-heartedness.—IBID.

In those things where all the people of God are agreed, I will spend my zeal; and wherein they differ, I will endeavour to walk according to the light which God hath given me, and charitably believe that others do so too.—IBID.

No one knows how much good he may do by dispersing books of piety, which may have a tendency to make men wiser and better. It was a noble action of some good men, who, a little while ago, were at the charge of printing thirty thousand of the "Alarm to the Unconverted," written by Joseph Alleine, to be given away to such as would promise to read it.—COTTON MATHER.

A man of no great fortune has been known to give away, without much trouble, nearly a thousand books of piety every year, for many years together. Who can tell but that, with the expense of less than a shilling, you may "convert a sinner from the error of his ways, and save a soul from death?"—IBID.

I see in this world two heaps, of human happiness and misery. Now, if I can take the smallest bit from one heap, and add to the other, I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child has dropped a half-penny, and if, by giving it another, I can wipe away its tears, I

feel I have done something ; I should be glad, indeed, to do greater things, but I will not neglect this.—
NEWTON.

If an angel were sent to find the most perfect man, he would probably not find him composing a body of divinity ; but perhaps a cripple in a poor-house, whom the parish wish dead, and humbled before God, with far lower thoughts of himself than others have of him.—
—IBID.

When a Christian goes into the world because he sees it his *call*, yet, while he feels it also his *cross*, it will not hurt him.—IBID.

If two angels were sent from heaven to execute a divine command, one to conduct an empire, and the other to sweep a street in it, they would feel no inclination to change employments.—IBID.

A Christian should never plead spirituality for being a sloven. If he be a shoe-cleaner, he should be the best in the parish.—IBID.

We are surprised at the fall of a famous professor ; but, in the sight of God, he was gone before ; it is only *we* that have now first discovered it. “He that despiseth small things shall fall by little and little.”—
IBID.

There are critical times of danger. After great services, honours, and consolations, we should stand upon our guard. Noah, Lot, David, Solomon, fell in

these circumstances. Satan is a footpad: a footpad will not attack a man in going to the bank, but in returning with his pocket full of money.—IBID.

When we first enter into the divine life, we propose to grow *rich*: God's plan is to make us feel poor.—IBID.

God deals with us as we do with our children: he first *speaks*, then gives a gentle *stroke*, at last a *blow*.—IBID.

There is the same difference between people now as there was between the Egyptians and Israel of old. Multitudes are buried alive under a cloud of thick darkness; but all the Lord's people have light in their dwellings. Ah! how many great and fair houses are there without the heavenly inhabitant! It might be written upon their doors, "*God is not here*;" and when you go in you may be sure of it, for there is neither *peace* nor *truth* within the walls.—IBID.

In Cicero and Plato, and such other writers, I meet with many things wittily said, and things that have a manifest tendency to move the passions; but in none of them do I find these words, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—AUGUSTIN.

The high and the low, the young and the old, the busy and the idle, alike shun acquaintance with God, as if his very name brought uneasiness, and disturbed

our comfort and repose. If we mention God to the young, we too often seem to be troubling them with what they had rather forget in such early days: while the aged dislike to be reminded of their misfortune, that their time on earth is drawing near to an end. If we mention God to the gay and happy, we appear to be interfering with their pleasures. If we mention him to the great and to the learned, they will intimate that such subjects belong rather to a humbler class and station. But the poor and laborious, on their part, refer us to those who have more information and more leisure. Thus a large portion of mankind, in all classes, strive to keep God out of their thoughts, and to live, so far as in them lies, without him in the world. Yes, without him, who, as the apostle says, *"is not far from any one of us: for in him we live, and move, and have our being."* Why should they act so strangely and unreasonably, if they believed that acquaintance with God would give them peace?—
SUMNER.

In any adversity that happens to us in this world, we ought to consider, that misery and afflictions are not less natural than snow and hail, storm and tempest; and it were as reasonable to hope for a year without winter, as for a life without trouble. Life (how sweet soever it seems) is a draught mingled with bitter ingredients: some drink deeper than others before they come at them; but if they do not swim at the top for youth to taste them, it is ten to one but old age will find them thick in the bottom. And it is the employment of faith and patience, and the work of wisdom and virtue, to teach us to drink the sweet part

down with pleasure and thankfulness, and to swallow the bitter without making faces.—How.

Amongst great numbers of men which are accounted rich, there are few that really are so. I take him to be the only rich man that lives upon what he has, owes nothing, and is contented. For there is no determinate sum of money, nor quantity of estate, that can denote a man rich; since no man is truly rich that has not so much as perfectly satiates his desire of having more; for the desire of more is want, and want is poverty.—IBID.

There can be no friendship where there is no freedom. Friendship loves a free air, and will not be penned up in strait and narrow inclosures. It will speak freely, and act so too; and take nothing ill where no ill is meant; nay, where it is, it will easily forgive, and forget too, upon small acknowledgments.—PENN.

A true friend unbosoms freely, advises justly, assists readily, adventures boldly, takes all patiently, defends courageously, and continues a friend unchangeably. These being the qualities of a friend, we are to find them before we choose one.—IBID.

Be not easily acquainted; lest, finding reason to cool, thou makest an enemy instead of a good neighbour. Be reserved, but not sour; grave, but not formal; bold, but not rash; humble, but not servile; patient, not insensible; constant, not obstinate; cheer-

ful, not light; rather sweet than familiar; familiar than intimate; and intimate with very few, and upon very good grounds.—IBID.

Amuse not thyself with the numerous opinions of the world; nor value thyself upon verbal orthodoxy, philosophy, or thy skill in tongues, or knowledge of the fathers; (too much the business and vanity of the world;) but in this rejoice, "That thou knowest God, that is the Lord, who exerciseth loving-kindness, and judgment, and righteousness in the earth."—IBID.

Force may subdue, but love gains; and he that forgives first, wins the laurel.—IBID.

Love is the hardest lesson in Christianity; but, for that reason, it should be most our care to learn it. "*Difficilis quæ pulchra.*"—IBID.

I find all sorts of people agree, whatsoever were their animosities, when humbled by the approaches of death. Then they forgive, then they pray for, and love one another; which shows us, that it is not our reason, but our passion, that makes and holds up the feuds that reign among men in their health and fullness. They, therefore, that live nearest to that state in which they should die, must certainly live the best.—IBID.

"He that lives in love lives in God," says the beloved disciple: and, to be sure, a man can live nowhere better.—IBID.

Love is above all; and when it prevails in us all, we shall all be lovely, and in love with God, and one with another.—IBID.

The humble, meek, merciful, just, pious, and devout souls, are everywhere of one religion; and when death has taken off the mask, they will know one another, though the diverse liveries they wear here make them strangers.—IBID.

Even in this world the righteous have the better of it; for they use the world without rebuke, because they do not abuse it: they see and bless the hand that feeds, and clothes, and preserves them. And as, by beholding him in all his gifts, they do not adore them, but *Him*: so the sweetness of his blessings that gives them, is an advantage such have upon those who see him not. Besides, in their increase they are not lifted up, nor in their adversities are they cast down. And why? Because they are moderated in the one, and comforted in the other by his divine presence. In short, heaven is the throne, and the earth but the footstool of that man that hath self under foot. And those that know that station will not easily be moved. Such learn to number their days, that they may not be surprised with their dissolution; and to redeem their time, because the days are evil; remembering that they are stewards, and must deliver up their accounts to an impartial judge. Therefore, not to self, but to him they live, and in him die, and are blessed with them that die in the Lord.—IBID.

Let us all dwell in our only centre, where we may

continually meet, and be but one! We are very near, though we see not each other: whereas, people who are in the same house and chamber, may live at a great distance, as to a true fellowship. God unites and brings together the most remote points of distance with regard to those hearts that are united in him!—CAMBRAY.

Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted. (Luke xiv. 11.) Since we are so fond of being exalted, let us seek it where it is to be found, and where its existence will be eternal. Let us aspire to true greatness, which is only to be found by abasing ourselves in this world. God confounds the proud; in this life he sends him many cross accidents, and in the end, will humble him for ever. But the humble, who desires to live in obscurity, shall be respected, because he never desired to be so; and an everlasting glory shall be the reward of his contempt of a false glory.—IBID.

It may be affirmed without any apprehension of error, that the greater the degree in which any man is a Christian, the less will be his wish to be called a lord; and that, when he attains to the “fulness of the stature” of a Christian man, *no* wish will remain.—DYMOND.

The smiles of the world are always more pernicious to the soul than its frowns. Its smiles, like a soporific draught, soothe the soul into carnal security, whilst its frowns drive us to God.—CHARLES.

However agreeable and edifying the conversation of Christian friends, yet we must deny ourselves therein, if it encroaches too much on the time (usually) dedicated to meditation and private prayer; or we shall, in the end, be great losers. This is the life and soul of every other duty; and when it is neglected, the soul must be stupid, barren, and sapless. None but God can always satisfy; and here only we are out of danger of excess; and the more we converse with him, the better fitted we are to converse with our fellow-creatures. When we have received out of his fulness, we have wherewith to communicate to others: otherwise we have nothing but emptiness; and when emptiness meets with emptiness, there can be no edification.—
IBID.

I find, daily, that I may as well endeavour to take up the waters of the ocean with my pen, as to comprehend, spiritually, in the smallest degree, any of the “deep things of God,” without His teaching who “searcheth all things.”—IBID.

When the Lord appears to our souls in divine truths, he teaches us more in one quarter of an hour, than ten thousand years’ study without his teaching. None can teach like Him.—IBID.

It is not our own ease and comfort, but our *usefulness*, that we should always have in view.—IBID.

The fairest prospect often ends in a gloom, and the darkest frequently brightens daily more and more.—
IBID.

We are never nearer to God than when we are lowest in our own estimation; and never more pleasing to him than when we abhor ourselves, and repent in dust and ashes.—IBID.

A true sense of our unworthiness makes every blessing great and precious.—IBID.

There is nothing worth living for, but to advance the Lord's work.—IBID.

A Christian who has not the savour of godliness, and to whom the gospel is not daily the savour of life unto life, is like salt which has lost its saltiness. He is good for nothing. He may be acute and extensive in his knowledge of divine things; he may be able to talk well on every point; he may have the form of godliness, without the salt which our Saviour exhorts us to have in ourselves: he is but a corpus mortuum, a dead body without spiritual life.—IBID.

When an unexpected cloud gathers and darkens the heavens above, let us joyfully expect from it a shower of rich blessings; and when the blessings are come the cloud will disperse, and the sun will shine brighter than ever.—IBID.

To be tossed by the waves of the world, without the refreshing gales of the Spirit, is misery indeed.—IBID.

Though God may bring us into the wilderness, yet, if he speak comfortably to us, the wilderness will be turned into a paradise.—IBID.

If the road is rough, let us not complain; for it leads to a glorious rest, which nothing shall disturb.—
IBID.

What do they not lose, who are strangers to serious meditation on the wonders and beauties of created nature? How gloriously the God of creation shines in his works! Not a tree, nor leaf, nor flower; not a bird, nor insect, but proclaims in glowing language, “God made me!”—RICHMOND.

Oh! how precious ought every hour to be, when each may be the last!—IBID.

Travellers, as they pass through the country, usually stop to inquire whose are the splendid mansions which they discover among the woods and plains around them. The families, title, fortune, or character of the respective owners engage much attention. Perhaps their houses are exhibited to the admiring stranger: the elegant rooms, costly furniture, valuable paintings, beautiful gardens and shrubberies, are universally approved; while the rank, fashion, taste, and riches of the possessor afford ample materials for entertaining discussion. In the meantime, the lowly cottage of the poor husbandman is passed by, as scarcely deserving notice: yet, perchance, such a cottage may often contain a treasure of infinitely more value than the sumptuous palace of the rich man, even “the pearl of great price.” If this be set in the heart of the poor cottager, it proves a gem of unspeakable worth, and will shine among the brightest ornaments

of the Redeemer's crown, in that day when he makes up his "jewels."—IBID.

It will be well, while we contemplate the triumph of faith and hope in others, that we should inquire, what would be our feelings in the hour of death, and under the pressure of affliction. Reader! does death present the appalling image of a dread eternity to your mind; or does faith open to your view the prospect of a glorious immortality? Time hurries on its rapid course. Sorrow or joy—the cry of terror, or the song of victory—must, sooner or later, be the portion of every child of Adam. Be yours the triumphant song—"Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."—IBID.

PRAYER.—Prayer eases the soul in times of distress, when it is oppressed with griefs and fears, by giving them vent, and that in so advantageous a way, emptying them into the bosom of God. The very vent, were it but into the air, gives ease; or speak your grief rather to a statue than smother it; much more ease does it give to pour it forth into the lap of a confidential and sympathizing friend, even though unable to help us; yet still more of one who can help; and of all friends, our God is, beyond all comparison, the surest, and most affectionate, and most powerful. So, (Isa. lxiii. 9,) both compassion and effectual salvation are expressed: *In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them: in His love and in His pity He redeemed them; and He bare them, and carried them all the days of old.* And so resting on His love, power, and gracious promises, the

soul quiets itself in God upon this assurance, that it is not vain to seek Him, and that *He despiseth not the sighing of the poor.*—(Psalm xii. 5.)—LEIGHTON.

Oh, how the soul is refreshed with freedom of speech with its beloved Lord! and as it delights in that, so it is continually advanced and grows by each meeting and conference, beholding the excellency of God, and relishing the pure and sublime pleasures that are to be found in near communion with Him.—IBID.

Our vows are cruel to ourselves, if they demand nothing but gentle zephyrs, and flowery fields, and calm repose as the lot of our life; for these pleasant things often prove the most dangerous enemies to our nobler and dearer life. Oh! how true is that saying, "Faith is safe when in danger, and in danger when secure; and prayer is fervent in straits, but in joyful and prosperous circumstances, if not quite cold and dead, at least lukewarm." Oh, happy straits, if they hinder the mind from flowing forth upon earthly objects, and mingling itself with the mire; if they favour our correspondence with Heaven, and quicken our love to celestial objects, without which, what we call life, may more properly deserve the name of death!—IBID.

A life of indulgence is not the way to Christian perfection. There are many things that appear trifles, which greatly tend to enervate the soul, and hinder its progress in the path to virtue and glory. The habit of indulging in things which our judgments cannot thoroughly approve, grows stronger and stronger by every

act of self-gratification, and we are led on, by degrees, to an excess of luxury, which must greatly weaken our hands in the spiritual warfare.—WOODS.

If sickness, or even death, approach us in our near connexions; if prospects of various sorrows present themselves to our view, how calm is that mind whose dependence is on the Lord, who considers all the evils of this life as things that endure but for a moment; and that they may work for us “a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory!”—IBID.

No words are strong enough to paint the proneness there is in the very heirs of salvation, to set up resting-places here upon earth. And though they are delivered from the base and sordid love of money, or the poor gratifications which can be gleaned from the honours and pleasures of the world, still they are apt to make Christian friends and relations, idols; and so the strength of their affections, which should centre and settle all in God, is by this means very much weakened and divided. Though we discern not this ourselves, or suspect it, our Divine Physician fully sees the growth of the distemper; and, in love, we are separated from our idols.

Disappointments meet us at every turn: where we expected we should be particularly favoured with helps and advantages for godly living, we behold ourselves left destitute; so that we have no more a place of refuge upon earth, no more a dear counsellor or friend who is as our own soul. By this means we are compelled, as Noah's dove was, by the wide watery waste,

which did not afford a single resting-place, to fly to the Ark, and to take shelter there. Our gracious Father, with a loving jealousy over us, thus secures our whole love to himself, and appears altogether glorious in our eyes; as the fountain of living waters, when the cisterns are broken which we were hewing out for ourselves.

It pleases God to afflict very heavily those who are his dear children by faith in Christ, that they may more value the choice they have made. When they see the most innocent, nay, the most laudable satisfaction they could possibly propose to themselves, from any creature comfort, all shivered in pieces, as it were, in a moment, and water of gall spring up from that very person or thing from which they promised themselves abundance of joy; in such a situation, how infinitely desirable a connexion with Jehovah, never to have an end—an union with Him who is far above all the changes of this mortal life as heaven is higher than the earth! This must be apprehended as the chief of all blessings—a portion of itself sufficient. Then the souls of the faithful are taught experimentally to say, “Vanity of vanities! all is vanity,” but Christ and his love! “Lord, to whom shall we go?” from whence expect refreshment and consolation, but from thyself alone? “All my fresh springs shall be in thee!”—
VENN.

“*He went about doing good:*”—this is the pattern for every Christian. He is a counterfeit one, who does not strive to imitate it.—IBID.

NO CROSS, NO CROWN.—Every one that gets to the

throne must put his foot upon the thorn. We must taste the gall if we are to taste the glory. Whom God justifies by faith, he leads into tribulation also. When God brought Israel through the Red Sea, he led them into the wilderness; so, when God saves a soul, he tries it. The way to Zion is through the valley of Baca. You must go through the wilderness of Jordan, if you are to come to the land of promise. Some believers are much surprised when they are called upon to suffer. They thought they would do some great thing for God; but all that God permits them to do is to suffer. Go round to every one in glory—every one has a different story, yet every one has a tale of suffering. One was persecuted in his family, by his friends and companions; another was visited with sore pains and humbling diseases, neglected by the world; another had all these afflictions meeting in one—deep called upon deep. Mark, all are brought out of them. It was a dark cloud, but it passed away; the water was deep, but they have reached the other side. Not one of them blames God for the road he led them; “salvation” is their only cry. Are there any of you, dear children, murmuring at your lot? Do not sin against God. This is the way God leads all his redeemed ones. You must have a palm as well as a white robe. No pain, no palm; no cross, no crown; no thorn, no throne; no gall, no glory. Learn to glory in tribulation also. “I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us.”—M’CHEYNE.

He that troubles not himself with anxious thoughts for more than is necessary, lives little less than the life

of angels; whilst, by a mind content with little, he imitates their want of nothing.—CAVE.

There are many among ourselves who may be able to describe the nature of sound religion, and to make nice and accurate distinctions in its doctrines while they detect the ignorance and gross mistakes of others, yet feel nothing in themselves of the influence of real piety. It should be remembered that godliness consists, not so much in a system of right notions, as in holy and spiritual affections, regulating the whole conduct.—ROBINSON.

If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of his household? (Matt. x. 24.) A bitter scoff, an evil name, reproaches for Christ, why do these fret thee? They were a part of thy Lord's entertainment while he was here. Thou art even in this, a partaker of His sufferings, and in this way is He bringing thee forward to the partaking of His glory.

What is a slothful sinner to think of himself, when he reads concerning the holy Jesus, that "in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed!" (Mark i. 35.)—HORNE.

As to the afflictions which persons may suffer who are embarked in a righteous cause, they are intended to purge away the dross, and to refine them for the Master's use.—IBID.

The sweet experience of former deliverances giveth a comfortable assurance of protection in present and future dangers; and this should cause us to fly for refuge, at all times, by strong supplication and prayer, to Him who is able and willing to save us from death.—**IBID.**

“O! how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee, which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men!” Peace of conscience, the comforts of the Spirit, and the hope of future glory, will teach the soul, even in the darkest night of affliction, to break forth into this exulting strain of gratitude and praise, for the blessings experienced by those who confess their Saviour before men.—**IBID.**

God “seeth” and knoweth all things; yet he permitteth those who love him best to be often and long afflicted and oppressed, seeming as one at a “distance,” or “silent,” or “asleep,” that is, regardless of what passes. At such times we are not to remit, but to double our diligence in prayer, reiterating our cries, “Lord, save us! we perish!” Then will he “awake and arise, and rebuke the winds and the seas, and there shall be a calm.”—**IBID.**

In heaven alone, the thirst of an immortal soul after happiness can be satisfied. There the streams of Eden will flow again. They who drink of them shall forget their earthly poverty, and remember the miseries of the world no more. Some drops from the celestial cup are sufficient, for a time, to make us forget our

sorrows, even while we are in the midst of them. What then may we not expect from full draughts of those pleasures which are at thy right hand, O Lord! for evermore?"—IBID.

So far is charity from impoverishing, that what is given away, like vapours emitted by the earth, returns in showers of blessings into the bosom of the person who gave it, and his offspring is not the worse, but infinitely the better for it. "The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." (Prov. xi. 25.) The bread which endureth, as well as that which perisheth, is his; and the blessings of time are crowned with those of eternity.—IBID.

Whatever materials compose the rod of affliction, and from whatever quarter the stroke cometh, let us remember that the rod is grasped, and the stroke is inflicted, by the hand of our heavenly Father.—IBID.

There is a time when the triumphs of the adversary, and the afflictions of the church, tempt men to think that the eye of Providence is closed, or turned away, and that the Almighty hath ceased to remember their sad estate. But the truth is, that God only giveth his people an opportunity of feeling their own insufficiency, and waiteth till, by fervent and importunate prayer, they solicit his help. For so the holy Jesus slept, while the ship was covered with the waves, until, awakened by the cries of his disciples, he arose to their assistance, and spoke the tempest into a perfect calm.—IBID.

Various are the contrivances of vain men, to have their names written on earth, and to procure, after their deaths, an imaginary immortality for themselves and their families, in the memory and conversation of posterity, which is not often obtained ; and if obtained, is of no value ; when, with less trouble, they might have had their names written in heaven, and have secured to themselves a blessed immortality in the glorious kingdom of their Redeemer.—IBID.

The soul that is sensible of her pollution, fears she can never be sufficiently purified from it ; and therefore prays, yet again and again, continually, for more abundant grace, to make and to keep her holy.—IBID.

He that would employ his abilities, his influence, and his authority, in the reformation of others, must take care to reform himself, before he enters upon the work. "When thou art converted," said Christ to St. Peter, "strengthen thy brethren." (Luke xxii. 32.)—IBID.]

Happy the man to whom, in the day of trouble, the "name of the Lord is a strong tower," into which "he runneth and is safe." (Prov. xviii. 10.)—Happy the man that can, with an holy confidence, commit his cause to the judgment and determination of God, and expect redress from the Almighty. His prayer mounteth up to heaven, and returneth not without a blessing.—IBID.

Solitude and stillness render the "night watches" a fit season for meditation on the so often experienced mercies of God ; which, when thus called to remem-

brance, become a delicious repast to the spirit, filling it with all joy, and peace, and consolation; giving songs in the night, and making darkness itself cheerful. How cheerful, then, will be that last morning, when the righteous, awaking up after the divine likeness, shall be "satisfied" with all the fulness of God, and "praise him with joyful lips," in those eternal courts, where there is no night, and from whence sorrow and sighing fly far away!—IBID.

The call of David from a sheepfold to a throne teacheth us, that he who hath showed himself faithful in a few and small concerns, is worthy of promotion to more, and more important cares; that the qualifications requisite for the due discharge of high offices are best learned, at first, in an inferior station, especially if it be one that will inure to labour and vigilance; and that kings are to consider themselves as "shepherds:" which consideration would, perhaps, teach their duty better than all the precepts in the world.—IBID.

One day spent in meditation and devotion affordeth a pleasure far, far superior to that which an age of worldly prosperity could give. Happier is the least and lowest of the servants of Jesus, than the greatest and most exalted potentate who knoweth him not. And he is no proper judge of blessedness, who hesitates a moment to prefer the condition of a penitent in the porch, to that of a sinner on the throne.—IBID.

Fervent and importunate prayer to the God of our salvation will procure from above, knowledge to dispel our ignorance, and grace to help our infirmities: the

former will discover to us our road, the latter will enable us to walk in it; and both together will carry us, in due time, to the "city of our eternal habitation."—IBID.

Truth and holiness afford to the sincere believer a pleasure more exquisite, as well as more solid and enduring, than that which a miser feels at the acquisition of his darling wealth. Let us no longer envy the joys of worldly men, no longer be chagrined at the prosperity of the wicked. The "true riches" we may always acquire; and, surely, as much as the heaven is higher than the earth, so much are heavenly joys above earthly, in kind, degree, and duration.—IBID.

Solomon took an inventory of the world, and all the best things in it: he cast up the account, and the sum total was VANITY.—IBID.

No external pressure can take away that spiritual "liberty" which the faithful Christian experienceth, when he hath made an open confession of the truth, and determined at all events to do his duty. Then he is no longer straitened by fear, but set at large by love. "The truth maketh him free," and he "walketh in the liberty of the children of God;" a liberty which they only obtain "who seek his precepts," and, by the performance of them, are rescued from the bondage both of tyrannical desires and slavish fears.—IBID.

A true penitent suffereth no time to be lost between his good resolutions and the performance of them. "Draw me," saith the church; "we will RUN after thee." (Cant. i. 4.) Andrew, Peter, and others,

stayed not for a second call from Christ, but followed him immediately upon the first. By deferring our return to duty, we lose many comfortable fruits, which it would have produced both in ourselves and others: while the difficulties of ever returning, and the danger of never returning, are daily and hourly increasing.—**IBID.**

Christianity, be it remembered, proposes not to extinguish our natural desires, but to bring them under just control, and direct them to their true objects. In the case both of riches and of honour, she maintains the consistency of her character. While she commands us not to set our hearts on *earthly* treasures, she reminds us that “we have in *Heaven* a better and more enduring substance” than this world can bestow; and while she represses our solicitude respecting earthly credit, and moderates our attachment to it, she holds forth to us and bids us habitually to aspire after, the splendours of that better state, where is true glory, and honour, and immortality; thus exciting in us a just ambition, suited to our high origin, and worthy of our large capacities, which the little, misplaced, and perishable distinctions of this life would in vain attempt to satisfy.—**WILBERFORCE.**

The title of Christian is a reproach to us, if we estrange ourselves from him after whom we are denominated. The name of Jesus is not to be to *us* like the Allah of the Mahometans, a talisman, or an amulet to be worn on the arm, merely as an external badge and symbol of our profession, and to preserve us from

evil by some mysterious and unintelligible potency; but it is to be engraven deeply on the heart, there written by the finger of God himself in everlasting characters. It is our sure and undoubted title to present peace and future glory. The assurance which this title conveys of a bright reversion, will lighten the burdens and alleviate the sorrows of life; and in some happier moments, it will impart to us somewhat of that fulness of joy which is at God's right hand, enabling us to join, even here, in the heavenly Hosannah: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."—"Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."—IBID.

There is one class of dangers pertaining alike to every profession, every branch of study, every kind of distinct pursuit. I mean the danger in each, to him who is devoted to it, of over-rating its importance as compared with others, and again of unduly extending its province. To a man who has no enlarged views, no general cultivation of mind, and no familiar intercourse with the enlightened and the worthy of other classes besides his own, the result must be more or less of the several forms of *narrow-mindedness*. To apply to all questions, on all subjects, the same principles and rules of judging that are suitable to the particular questions and subjects about which *he* is especially conversant;—to bring in those subjects and questions on all occasions, suitable or unsuitable, like the painter Horace alludes to, who introduced a cypress tree into

the picture of a shipwreck ;—to regard his own particular pursuit as the one important and absorbing interest ;—to look on all other events, transactions, and occupations, chiefly as they minister more or less to that ;—and to feel a clannish attachment to the members of that particular profession or class he belongs to *as a body or class*, (an attachment, by the bye, which is often limited to the collective *class*, and not accompanied with kindly feelings towards the individual members of it,) and to have more or less an alienation of feeling from those of other classes :—all these, and many other such, are symptoms of that narrow-mindedness, which is to be found alike in all who do not carefully guard themselves against it, whatever may be the profession or department of study of each.—WHATELY.

Let none compromise their principles. Let none concede to the practices of the world, from the mistaken notion of conciliating prejudices, or winning over the ungodly to religion. We must be singular if we would be holy ; we must be consistent, if we would be useful. If we are faithful, we must indeed expect reproach ; if we boldly confess Christ before men, and steadily maintain that marked distinction which forms the line of separation between the church and the world, we must submit to have our names cast out as evil. But true Christians ought never to shrink from the cross. Like Caleb, they should follow the Lord fully, when all else forsake him ; and, like Joshua, they should declare, with humility and integrity of heart, in the face of a sneering world : “ As for me and my house we will serve the Lord.” We must let men see

the *foundation* of our practice, and why we cannot do as others do. We must make them acquainted with our principles, and let them know what are those secret springs of action which cause us to move in a direction so opposed to theirs. This frank and ingenious conduct may open the minds and touch the hearts of some, who, through grace, may be led to say: "We will go with you, for we perceive that God is with you." At all events, such upright dealing will bring comfort into our own souls, and preserve us from falling into those snares which Satan lays to catch the fearful and double-minded professor. But if we are *habitually* afraid of being decided; if we endeavour to keep fair with the world; if we want to live like the borderers between the two kingdoms of light and darkness, maintaining a sort of friendly intercourse with the inhabitants on either side of the line; if we are ashamed of avowing our principles before men, when duty and the honour of Christ call for such an avowal; then we may be assured, on the truth of the gospel, that we have no scriptural evidence of being the children of God; for thus saith our divine Saviour: "Who-soever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." "If we deny him, he will also deny us."—ANON.

The true believer in Jesus has the sweetest enjoyment of life. He can eat his meat with singleness of heart, praising God. He can taste the sweets of Christian friendship, and domestic life. He can enjoy all the endearing charities of husband, father, brother. He can feel his heart expanding towards the poor, and find his joy in pouring the balm of consolation into the

troubled breast. He can delight in all the beauties of natural scenery, and relish all the charms of sound philosophy. He can rejoice in every opening prospect for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, through institutions devised by Christian wisdom, and conducted in Christian simplicity. He can weep in his best moments over the ruins of the fall, not only as felt in his own heart, but as beheld in the abject condition of the millions of mankind. He can "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." Say then, can such a man be miserable? can such a man be destitute of sources of real enjoyment? He lives by faith. He longs for heaven. He desires to be daily conformed to Jesus, and to glorify him more, whether it be by life or death. To him "to live is Christ, and to die is gain."—ANON.

Fruits and Flowers.

DURING the forty years' pilgrimage of Israel in the wilderness, a preternatural column of fire and cloud attended the camp. It rested with them, and moved on, before them, directing and conducting them in their journeys: in the night season it was a bright and shining light; and in the day time it afforded a grateful, cooling shade from the burning heat of those sultry deserts. Thus is Christ present with his church, while she sojourns upon earth; guiding her steps, enlightening her darkness, and mitigating her sorrows.

Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them, when they pray.

Precious ointment is not more grateful to the smell,
nor morning dew more refreshing to the sight, than
domestic love is to the soul.

Henry IV., Emperor of Germany, used to say,
“Many know much, but few know themselves.”

If it be so valued a privilege here on earth to enjoy the communion of saints, and to take sweet counsel together with our fellow travellers towards the heavenly kingdom, what shall we see and know, when we finally “come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the First-born which are written in heaven, and to God, the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant?” If, during the sighs and tears of a mortal pilgrimage, the consolations of the Spirit are so precious, and the hope full of immortality is so animating to the soul, what heart can conceive, or what tongue can utter its superior joys, when arrived at that gate where sighing and sorrow flee away, and the tears shall be wiped from every eye?

When individuals are first affected with a deep sense of their state by nature, they begin to pray. Thus, when the apostle Paul was first convinced of sin, the Lord spoke to Ananias in a vision, and directed him to go and “inquire, in the house of Judas, for one called Saul of Tarsus; for behold,” said He, “he prayeth.”

Paul, the destroyer, kneels to pray—
Behold the martyr rise instead!
Behold him! mark that melting eye,
Which late so fierce his glances threw!

Behold him ! labouring dauntlessly,
 Hopes, prospects, objects, "All things new !"

Happy the soul, whose wishes climb
 To mansions in the skies !
 He looks on all the joys of time
 With undesiring eyes.

Fenelon observed, shortly before his death : " Had I viewed only the glory of this world, I would have said to death, when he presented to me the cup of bitterness, ' Let that cup pass from me.' But, happily, my thoughts were entirely taken up with heaven, and I exclaimed to myself, ' How pleasing is this cup ! ' "

I feel this mud-wall cottage shake,
 And long to see it fall,
 That I my willing flight may take
 To Him who is my all.

In thy desire to observe a courteous demeanour, let not thine eye be dazzled by external appearances of persons, to the overlooking of those who are acceptably and unostentatiously filling a less exalted station, satisfied with the reward which cometh from God only.

He that thinks he loves God enough, shows himself too much a stranger to that holy sensation ; so he that thinks he has humility enough, shows that he is far short of the practice of humility.

He that supposes he lives without folly, is not so wise as he thinks himself.

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve:
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same.

We need not stay for leisure hours to shut the door and retire; for whenever we regret the want of retirement, it is enough to introduce us into it: even when at meals, or while others are talking, unprofitable discourses instead of tiring may relieve us, by affording some interval of inward retirement. Thus all things are converted into good to those who love God.

And ah! how precious is His love
In tenderest touches given;
It whispers of the bliss above,
And stays the soul on heav'n.

How few seem properly to consider the baneful influence which the giving way to ill temper diffuses over the circle of their family and friends! In such a wilderness of thorns and briars as this world, where we can scarcely *touch*, much less venture to *grasp*, any object without now and then being wounded, how needful is it to be possessed of that heavenly principle, which, like the balm of Gilead spoken of by the prophet, (Jer. viii. 22,) shall drop its holy unction into the corroding irritation of the fallen nature, and from the very bosom of distress and disappointment, elicit a sweetness which breathes the atmosphere of heaven around it.

But oh ! how different is the case when the leading persons in a family, be it father, mother, humoured son or daughter, disturbed by that common position of human affairs which is usually characterized by the expression of "*things going cross*," comes, in the potent dominion of selfishness, to scatter the withering blight of an unhappy temper through the whole habitation ! The chill of an ice-house is but a faint image of the congelation of heart which such a spirit produces on all that is amiable in social feeling. And alas ! to deaden and blight anything that is tender, and kind, and lovely in our fellow creatures can be no light offence against a God whose nature and whose name is love.

If thy temper be naturally turbulent, be mindful of the blessed effect of Divine grace in enabling to overcome. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty ; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city." (Prov. xvi. 32.)

Temptation, 'tis true, will assail,
And trial without and within ;
And deeply his soul must bewail
For inward corruption and sin.

But the rags he once counted his own,
Are consumed in celestial flame ;
And a mantle is over him thrown,
Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb.

A true friend unbosoms freely, advises justly, assists

readily, adventures boldly, takes all patiently, defends courageously, and continues a friend unchangeably.

He that gives to all without discretion, will soon stand in need of the assistance of others. Liberality does not consist so much in giving largely as in giving seasonably.

—————Thou who never knew'st
A serious thought! shalt thou dare dream of joy?

The Earl of Kinnowl, after an allusion to his age and infirmities, continued: "My time in this world cannot now be long; but with truth I can declare, that in the midst of all my past afflictions, my heart was supported and comforted by a firm reliance upon the merits and atonement of my Saviour; and now, in the prospect of entering upon an eternal world, this is the only foundation of my confidence and hope."

Happy indeed it is, where grace has so strikingly supported its conflict with natural pride, self-importance, the allurements of luxury, ease, and worldly opinion, that the noble and mighty appear adorned with genuine poverty of spirit, self-denial, humble-mindedness, and deep spirituality of heart.

Too many, shock'd at what should charm them most,
Despise the plain direction, and are lost.
Heaven on such terms! (they cry with proud disdain,)
Incredible, impossible, and vain!
Rebel, because 'tis easy to obey;
And scorn, for its own sake, the gracious way.

These are the sober, in whose cooler brains
Some thought of immortality remains;
The rest, too busy or too gay to wait
On the sad theme—their everlasting state,
Sport for a day, and perish in a night:
The foam upon the waters not so light.

Were every noble mind sensible of the extensive information, of the lofty and sublime ideas, of the exquisitely fine feelings which result from occasional retirement, they would frequently quit the world, even in the earliest periods of youth, to taste the sweets of solitude, and lay the foundation of a wise old age.

Silence, how I love thy shade!
'Tis the paradise of thought!
'Tis where wisdom's laws are made,
And where all her truths are taught.

Say not, how can mortals ascend to heaven? Faith hath wings, and meditation is its chariot.

The frequent, believing views of glory are the most precious cordials in all afflictions. These cordials, by cheering our spirits, render sufferings far more easy; enable us to bear them with patience and joy; and strengthen our resolutions not to forsake Christ for fear of trouble.

Breathe from the gentle south, O Lord,
And cheer me from the north;
Blow on the treasures of thy word,
And call the spices forth!

I wish, thou know'st, to be resign'd,
And wait with patient hope :
But hope delay'd fatigues the mind,
And drinks the spirits up.

Help me to reach the distant goal,
Confirm my feeble knee ;
Pity the sickness of a soul
That faints for love of thee.

He that gathereth not with Christ, scattereth abroad.

The power which wealth confers, should be exercised
in the pleasure of doing good.

No man ever did a designed injury to another, without doing a greater to himself.

Were we to live under the sensible influence of divine love, we should be active, vigorous, and steady in the performance of every divine precept or command. The ways of God would not then appear burthensome or grievous, but, as they truly are, "ways of pleasantness and paths of peace."

None sends his arrow to the mark in view,
Whose hand is feeble, or his aim untrue.
For though, ere yet the shaft is on the wing,
Or when it first forsakes th' elastic string,
It err but little from th' intended line,
It falls at last far wide of his design :
So he who seeks a mansion in the sky,
Must watch his purpose with a steadfast eye :

That prize belongs to none but the sincere,
The least obliquity is fatal here.

The desire of being thought wise is often an hinderance to becoming so, for such an one is more solicitous to let the world see what knowledge he hath, than to learn that which he wants.

Stillest streams
Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least is longest on the wing.

He is the happy man, whose life e'en now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come ;
Who, doom'd to an obscure but tranquil state,
Is pleas'd with it, and, were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his choice ; whom peace, the fruit
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness ; bespeak him one
Content indeed to sojourn, while he must,
Below the skies, but having there his home.

Of him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensably required that he forgive.

The mind is never so sensibly disposed to pity the sufferings of others, as when it is itself subdued and softened by calamity.

Adversity diffuses a kind of sacred calm over the breast, that is the parent of thoughtfulness and meditation.

Happy is he who endeth the business of his life
before his death ; who, when the hour of it cometh,
hath nothing to do but to die.

Thankless for favours from on high,
Man thinks he fades too soon ;
Though 'tis his privilege to die,
Would he improve the boon.

Addison, when on his death-bed, sent for an accomplished youth, nearly related to him, who, on his arrival, said, " Dear sir, you sent for me, I believe, and I hope you have some commands ; if you have, I shall hold them most sacred." May distant ages not only *hear* but *feel* the reply ! Forcibly grasping the youth's hand, he said, " See in what peace a Christian can die ! " he spoke with difficulty, and soon expired. Through grace divine, how great is man ! through divine mercy, how stingless death ! Who would not thus expire ?

The chamber, where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven.

The advantages of frequent thoughts on death are unspeakably great ; and most erroneous is the notion, that gloominess must be the consequence of such meditation.

We've no abiding city here ;
We seek a city out of sight ;

Zion its name ; the Lord is there ;
It shines with everlasting light.

“That is a large house, father,” said a young person, riding by the mansion of a friend. The reply, after a lapse of thirty years, is now fresh in memory. “Ah ! my dear, six feet by two will do in a little while.”

The poet Cowper observed, he would rather “be the obscure tenant of a lath-and-plaster cottage with a lively sense of the interest of his Redeemer, than the most admired object of public notice without it.” “Alas !” said he, “what is a whole poem, even one of Homer’s, compared with a single aspiration that finds its way immediately to God, though clothed in ordinary language, or perhaps not articulated at all ?”

What various hind’rances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat !
Yet who that knows the worth of pray’r,
But wishes to be often there ?

O, that such as know not God could be persuaded to seek their happiness in him and his service ! Then would they learn, that while the world promises fair, and can yield them eventually nothing but dissatisfaction, God can and will, even in this life, exceed the utmost of their soul’s desires ! They would find that the pleasures of religion are as sweet as they are pure ; still expanding and still rising higher and higher, till they are perfected in heaven. They would know, that not only the assurance of heaven is attainable on earth, but the earnest of it is enjoyed ; and that the peace of

a Christian is "a peace that passeth all understanding;" the joy of the believer, "a joy that is unspeakable and full of glory."

"And *must* I then die?" said the *unhappy* and *ambitious* Cardinal Beaufort; "will not all my riches save me? I could purchase the kingdom, if that would prolong my life. Alas! there is no bribing death!"

In human hearts, what bolder thoughts can rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? In another world.
For numbers, this is certain; the reverse
Is sure to none.

True wisdom consists, not so much in the acquirement of knowledge, as in its right application to useful purposes.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oftentimes no connexion. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
Till smooth'd, and squar'd, and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems t'enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

He is a true friend, who seeing another pursue a dangerous course, will risk the consequence of a faithful and *well-timed* remonstrance.

He holds no parley with unmanly fears ;
Where duty bids, he confidently steers ;
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And trusting in his God, surmounts them all.

Were we called upon to name the object under the sun which excites the deepest commiseration in the heart of Christian sensibility, which includes in itself the most affecting incongruities, which contains the sum and substance of real human misery, we should not hesitate to say, an *irreligious old age*.

While worldly men enlarge their possessions and extend their connexions, they imagine that they are strengthening themselves against all the possible vicissitudes of life. They say in their heart, "My mountain stands strong, and I shall never be moved." But so fatal is their delusion, that, instead of strengthening, they are weakening that which only can support them when those vicissitudes come.

When the world was drowned, there was only one ark ; when the Israelites in the wilderness were bitten by the fiery flying serpents, there was only one remedy ; and for lost sinners, there is only one Saviour. But he is an all-sufficient and glorious Saviour.

Nothing short of that uniform, staple principle, that fixedness in religion which directs a man in all his actions, aims, and pursuits, to God as his ultimate end, can give consistency to his conduct, or tranquillity to his soul.

What is the Christian's course?—The Scriptures say,
"Brighter and brighter, to the perfect day!"

"Faint, yet pursuing," must be the Christian's motto.

His warfare is within. There unfatigu'd
His fervent spirit labours. There he fights,
And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er himself,
And never with'ring wreaths, compar'd with which
The laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds.

There is no readier way for a man to bring his own
worth into question than by endeavouring to detract
from the worth of other men.

All knowledge well applied is excellent as far as it
goes, and as long as it lasts. But how short is the
period before "tongues shall cease, and knowledge
shall vanish away!"

The busy race examine and explore
Each creek and cavern of the dang'rous shore;
With care collect what in their eyes excels,
Some, shining pebbles, and some, weeds and shells;
Thus laden, dream that they are rich and great,
And happiest he that groans beneath his weight;
The waves o'ertake them in their serious play,
And every hour sweeps multitudes away:
They shriek and sink; survivors start and weep,
Pursue their sport, and follow to the deep.

He who is brought to serious reflection by the salu-
tary affliction of a sick-bed, will look back with aston-
ishment on his former false estimate of worldly things.

Riches! beauty! pleasure! genius! fame!—what are they in the eyes of the sick and dying?

What a lesson against selfishness have we in the conduct of our dying Redeemer!—It was while bearing his cross to the place of execution, that he said to the sorrowing multitude, “Weep not for me, but for yourselves, and for your children.”

The hope of heaven will soften the pangs which lie in the way to it. “I reckon,” says St. Paul, “that the afflictions of this present life are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed.”

Death's but a path that must be trod
If man would ever pass to God;
A port of calms, a state of ease,
From the rough rage of swelling seas.

If thou wouldst have more light and heat, why art thou no more in the sunshine? For want of this recourse to heaven, thy soul is a lamp that is not lighted, and thy duties as a sacrifice which hath no fire. Fetch one coal daily from this altar, and see if thy offering will not burn. Light thy lamp at this flame, and feed it daily with oil from hence, and see if it will not gloriously shine. Keep close to this reviving fire, and see if thy affections will not be warm.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watch-word at the gates of death;
He enters heaven by prayer.

We must march on, though temptations surround

us ; as a traveller surprised by a storm, wraps himself up in his cloak and proceeds, notwithstanding the foulness of the weather.

The Christian moves on—

“to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue’s friend :
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way ;
And all his prospects, brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past !”

Neither intellectual superiority nor educational advantages can supply the defect of a tenacious and self-confident manner : better is it to prove that in honour we prefer one another.

Discourse may want an animated—No,
To brush the surface, and to make it flow ;
But still remember, if you mean to please,
To press your point with modesty and ease.

The more perfect our resignation, the greater will be our peace.

Ah ! happy resignation,
That triumphs in its fall ;
That seeks no exaltation,
But wins by losing all.

That conquers by complying,
Obedient to its lot ;
That lives when it is dying,
And is when it is not.

What cannot resignation do ?
 It wonders can perform :—
 That powerful word, “Thy will be done!”
 Can lay the loudest storm.

We must never think of those who disquiet us, but in order to forgive them ; we must regard God in them, who makes use of them to exercise our humility, our patience, and our love of the cross. We shall hereafter, in the presence of God, see how useful they have been to us who have crucified us, by nailing us to the cross with Jesus Christ. The pains they cause will soon pass away, but the fruit resulting from them will be everlasting.

As health to bodies bitter draughts impart,
 So trials are but physic to the heart.

“Live while you live,” the epicure would say,
 “Nor lose the pleasures of the present day ;”
 “Live while you live,”—the sacred preacher cries,
 “And give to God each moment as it flies :”
 Lord ! in my view let both united be ;—
 I live in pleasure, while I live to thee.

Let us keep “the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.” Let this soft and single knot of love tie our hearts together.

Our zeal, if it be heavenly, if it be true sacred fire kindled from above, will not delight to tarry here below, burning up straw and stubble, and such combustible things, and sending up nothing but gross, earthly fumes to heaven ; but it will rise up, and

return back, pure as it came down, and will be ever stirring to carry up men's hearts to God along with it.

Jesus, the Shepherd of thy sheep!
Thy "little flock" in safety keep!
The flock for which thou cam'st from heav'n,
The flock for which thy life was giv'n!

IMPORTANCE OF PUNCTUALITY.—Method is the very hinge of business; and there is no method without punctuality. Punctuality is important, because it subserves the peace and good temper of a family: the want of it not only infringes on necessary duty, but sometimes excludes this duty; the calmness of mind which it produces is another advantage of punctuality. A disorderly man is always in a hurry; he has no time to speak to you, because he is going elsewhere; and when he gets there, he is too late for his business, or he must hurry away to another before he can finish it. Punctuality gives weight to character. "Such a man has made an appointment—then I know he will keep it." And this generates punctuality in you; for, like other virtues, it propagates itself. Servants and children must be punctual where their leader is so. Appointments, indeed, become debts. I owe you punctuality, if I have made an appointment with you; and have no right to throw away your time, if I do my own.

Early education prevents more crimes than the severity of the criminal code.

David Hume observed, that all the devout persons he had ever met with were melancholy. On this, Bishop Horne remarked, this might probably be; for,

in the first place, it is most likely he saw very few, his friends and acquaintance being of another sort; and secondly, the sight of him would make a devout man melancholy at any time.

FENELON TO A FRIEND.—“I request you, more than ever, not to spare me in telling me my faults; though you should think you discover a fault in me, which perhaps I have not, the harm will not be great. If your intimation and advice offend me, I shall thereby see that you have reached the quick; and thus you will still do me a great benefit, by inuring me to reproof and to a Christian lowliness of spirit. The higher I am raised by my character, the more I ought to be humbled. And I hope, that far from weakening our union, it will be a means to strengthen it.”

Let the world see, by your heavenly lives, that religion is something more than opinions, or a task of outward duties.

Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That as thy day thy strength shall be.

We should endeavour to bear up under the infirmities of our earthly tabernacle, and pray for patience to endure all that may be laid upon us. The afflictions dispensed by a wise and tender father are often preludes to a blessing.

Have you no words? Ah! think again!
Words flow apace when you complain,

And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heav'n in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me!"

Time passeth on, yet a few days and we shall be
here no more.

The more confession of Christ, the more persecution
for Christ, the more suffering for Christ's sake, the
more enjoyment of Christ's love.

Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man
hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him,
and will sup with him, and he with me.—Rev. iii. 20.

Behold a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knock'd before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You use no other friend so ill.

When we fancy others better off than ourselves, it
may only be because we know our own circumstances,
but do not know theirs.

There is a science reason cannot teach;
It lies beyond the depths her line can reach;
It is but taught by heaven's imparted grace,
The feet of Jesus is the only place:
And they who mental riches largely share,
But seldom stoop to seek their wisdom there.

A dying saint being asked, why he so wept? an-

swered, "I weep not that my sins may be pardoned, but because I hope they are pardoned."

Thy tears all issue from a source divine,
And ev'ry drop bespeaks a Saviour thine.

When we grow wanton, or worldly, or proud, how doth sickness or other affliction reduce us! We may say with David, "Before I was afflicted I went astray;" and many thousand recovered sinners may cry, "O healthful sickness! O gainful losses! O blessed day that ever I was afflicted!" Not only the green pastures and still waters, but the rod and staff, they comfort us. Suffering so unbolts the door of the heart, that the word hath easier entrance.

With me, if of old thou hast strove,
And strangely withheld me from sin,
And tried, by the lure of thy love,
My worthless affections to win;
The work of thy mercy revive,
Thy uttermost mercy exert,
And kindly continue to strive,
And hold, till I yield thee my heart.

Affliction sanctified is better than health.

Afflictions, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent;
They stopp'd the prodigal's career,
And forc'd him to repent.

O! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!
Who think it solitude to be alone!

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem, by thy sweet bounty made,
For those who follow thee.

It is in small things that brotherly kindness and charity chiefly consist. Little attentions ; trifling, but perpetual acts of self-denial ; a minute consultation of the wants and wishes, taste and tempers, of others ; an imperceptible delicacy in avoiding what will give pain ;—these are the small things that diffuse peace and love wherever they are exercised, and which outweigh a thousand acts of artificial civility.

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear ;
And something, ev'ry day they live,
To pity, and perhaps, forgive.

There is both a simplicity and a majesty in the essential truths of the "glorious Gospel of the blessed God," from which human pride shrinks with disdain and aversion.

O, how unlike the complex works of man,
Heaven's easy, artless, disencumber'd plan !
No meretricious graces to beguile ;
No clustering ornament to clog the pile :
From ostentation, as from weakness, free,
It stands, like the cerulean arch we see,
Majestic in its own simplicity.
Inscrib'd above the portal, from afar
Conspicuous, as the brightness of a star,

Legible only by the light they give,
Stand the soul-quick'ning words—BELIEVE AND LIVE!

“The communion of saints” with each other is not a matter of barren credence. It is a sacred reality, less frequently known, indeed, than acknowledged, but the perennial source of pleasures the most refined and exalted, and inferior only to those which flow from “the communion of saints” with their Father and Redeemer. None of the “yesterdays” of life look backward with a smile so sweet and satisfactory as those which were marked with the true bliss of “hearts in union, mutually disclosed,” on all that gives a character of interest to the present and future scene.

O! days of heaven, and nights of equal praise!
Serene and peaceful as those heav'nly days,
When souls, drawn upward, in communion sweet,
Enjoy the stillness of some close retreat;
Discourse, as if releas'd and safe at home,
Of dangers past, and wonders yet to come;
And spread the sacred treasures of the breast
Upon the lap of covenanted rest.

Jane, Queen of Navarre, blamed her ladies and women, when she observed them weeping about her bed, and said: “Weep not for me, I pray you; for God, by this sickness, calls me hence, to enjoy a better life: and now I shall enter into the desired haven, towards which this frail vessel of mine has been a long time steering.”

In passing judgment upon the characters of men, we ought to try them by the maxims of their own age,

not by those of another. For, although virtue and vice are at all times the same, manners and customs vary continually.

All the principles which religion teaches, and all the habits which it forms, are favourable to strength of mind. It will be found, that whatever purifies, fortifies also the heart.

By faith in Christ I walk with God,
With heaven, my journey's end, in view ;
Supported by his staff and rod,
My road is safe and pleasant too.
I travel through a desert wide,
Where many round me blindly stray ;
But he vouchsafes to be my guide,
And will not let me miss my way.

Dr. Isaac Watts, when broken down by age and infirmity, quoted the sentiment of an aged minister, "that the most learned and knowing Christians, when they come to die, have only the same plain promises of the Gospel for their support as the common and unlearned : " "and so," said he, "I find it. It is the plain promises of the gospel that are my support ; and I bless God they are plain promises, that do not require much labour and pains to understand them."

O, 'tis good
To wait submissive at thy throne :
To leave petitions at thy feet, and bear
Thy frowns and silence with a patient soul.
The hand of mercy is not short to save,

Nor is the ear of heavenly pity deaf
To mortal cries.

Burke, the celebrated orator, said of John Howard:
“I cannot name this gentleman without remarking, that his labours and writings have done much to open the eyes and hearts of mankind. He has visited all Europe—not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art; not to collect medals, or collate manuscripts—but to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten; to attend to the neglected; to visit the forsaken; and compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries.”

Howard, thy task is done! thy Master calls,
And summons thee from Cherson's distant walls:
“Come, well-approved! my faithful servant come!
No more a wand'rer, seek thy destin'd home.

* * * * *

I've led thee, ardent, on through wond'ring climes,
To combat human woes and human crimes.
But, 'tis enough! thy great commission's o'er;
I prove thy faith, thy love, thy zeal, no more.
Nor droop, that far from country, kindred, friends,
Thy life, to duty long devoted, ends;
What boots it *where* the high reward is giv'n,
Or *whence* the soul, triumphant, springs to heav'n.”

Upon Queen Mary being advised of her dangerous

illness, she calmly said: "I have been instructed how very hazardous a thing it is, to rely upon a death-bed repentance: I am not now to begin the great work of preparing for death: and, I praise God, I am not afraid of it." When nearer the close, she declared, that "she experienced the joys of a good conscience, and the power of religion, giving her supports, which even the last agonies could not shake." "Thus," says her biographer, "died this most excellent princess; and, no doubt, passed from an earthly to a heavenly crown, 'a crown of glory that shall never fade away.'"

He walks with God, who lives a life of faith,
And builds his hope on what the promise saith;
Who, letting go this world, the next secures,
And still, as seeing things unseen, endures.

We have all particular reason to watch and pray, lest self too much predominate. We should accustom ourselves to hold our own comforts and conveniences subordinate to the comforts and conveniences of others, in all things. A habit thus begun, in little matters, might probably be extended, without difficulty, to those of a higher nature.

Invet'rate habits choke th' unfruitful heart;
Their fibres penetrate its tend'rest part,
And, draining its nutritious pow'rs to feed
Their noxious growth, starve every better seed.

A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly.

We often lose the benefit of the blessings in our possession, by hunting after those which are out of our reach.

Pride hides a man's faults from himself, and magnifies them to others.

We should be careful how we create enemies; it being one of the hardest things in the Christian religion to behave ourselves as we ought towards them.

Why should we differ by the way?

Why should dissensions come?

We hope to spend an endless day

In *one* eternal home.

To him who is animated with a desire of obtaining approbation from the Sovereign of the universe, no difficulty should seem insurmountable.

Be very careful in your promises, and just in your performances; and remember, it is better to do and not promise, than promise and not perform.

Religion's force divine is best display'd

In deep desertion of all human aid.

To succour in extremes is her delight,

And cheer the heart when terror strikes the sight.

"I am not proof," said the venerable John Newton, at nearly eighty years of age, "I am not proof against the flattery of a child."

A story, in which native humour reigns,
Is often useful, always entertains:

A graver fact, enlisted on your side,
May furnish illustration, well applied :
But sedentary weavers of long tales
Give me the fidgets, and my patience fails.
A tale should be judicious, clear, succinct ;
The language plain, and incidents well link'd.
Tell not as new what ev'ry body knows ;
And, new or old, still hasten to a close ;
There, cent'ring in a focus, round and neat,
Let all your rays of information meet.

In writing, or in speaking, avoid the needless use of the pronouns *I* and *Me* ; which, out of their place, are grating to the nice ear, and may be subject to (*at least*) unkind interpretation.

Those busy, subtle pronouns, *I* and *Me*,
Unsought and unexpected they appear :
No barriers heed they, and no laws revere ;
But wind and penetrate, with dext'rous force,
Through all the cracks and crannies of discourse.

O may the sheep discern thy voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice !
From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other guide but thee !

How are thy servants blest, O Lord !
How sure is their defence !
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

The needle's point in the seaman's compass never

stands still, but quivers and shakes till it comes right against the north pole.

As needles point towards the pole,
When touch'd by the magnetic stone,
So faith in Jesus gives the soul
A tendency before unknown.

Suppose we be of different denominations, yet holding the same head, why cannot we love as brethren? (The best and most enlightened of all "see but in part, through a glass, darkly.")

Unless a vessel move at a certain rate, she will not obey her rudder; so, unless the Christian keep pace with the monitions of the Spirit, he loses the benefit of its sensible guidance in directing his steps.

"O, my friend," said the well known John Fletcher, "what is the world?—A flying shadow. As we fly through it, let us lose ourselves in the eternal substance."

All, all on earth is shadow; all beyond
Is substance.

Women, in their course of action, describe a smaller circle than men; but the perfection of a circle consists not in its dimensions, but in its correctness.

Economy is no disgrace; it is better to live on, on a little, than to outlive a great deal.

The wise frugality that does not give
A life to saving—but that saves to live;

Sparing, not pinching—mindful, though not mean,
O'er all presiding, but in nothing seen.

When we observe any tendency to treat religion or morals with disrespect and levity, let us hold it to be a sure indication of a perverted understanding, or a depraved heart.

The hourly rubs and vexations which pride undergoes, are far more than an equivalent for the short intoxications of pleasure which it snatches.

The great, the only effectual antidote to self-love, is to get the love of God and our neighbour firmly rooted in the heart.

Even a judicious silence under great provocation is, in a warm temper, real forbearance. And though "to keep silence from good words" may be pain and grief, yet the pain and grief must be borne, and the silence must be observed.

Disgust conceal'd
Is oftentimes proof of wisdom, when the fault
Is obstinate, and cure beyond our reach.

If a forbearing temper should be maintained towards the irreligious, how much more by the professors of religion towards each other.

Absence of occupation is not rest;
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd.

An idler is a watch that wants both hands,
As useless if it goes, as when it stands.

Carefully to examine whether he please others for their good to edification, or in order to gain praise and popularity, is the bounden duty of a Christian.

—Virtue with peculiar charms appears,
Crown'd with the garland of life's blooming years;
Yet age, by long experience, well inform'd
Well read, well temper'd, with religion warm'd,
That fire abated which impels rash youth,
Proud of his speed, to overshoot the truth,
As time improves the grape's authentic juice,
Mellows and makes the speech more fit for use,
And claims a rev'rence in its shortening day,
That 'tis an honour and a joy to pay.

“But she that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.”—1 TIM. v. 6.

Let her inquire, since far is spent the night,
If she be meeten'd for that world of light.
Where are her fondest, best affections plac'd?
Death may improve, but not reverse the taste.
Does she, indeed, the things of time prefer?
Then surely heaven could not be heaven to her.

It is not right to judge of another by thine own pattern. Art thou a warm and active Christian? Condemn not him whose endowments may be more placid and contemplative than thine. He who now creeps as a snail, in humble silence, may, by one lift of divine power, be raised higher than thou art.

“Many that are first shall be last; and the last first.”—MARK x. 31.

A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

If those cannot expect to be crowned who strive, but not lawfully, what must become of those who do not strive at all?

The modest deportment of a truly wise man, when contrasted with the assuming air of the young and ignorant, may be compared to the different appearance of wheat, which, while its ear is empty, holds up its head proudly, but as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly down and withdraws from observation.

Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm,
And make mistakes for manhood to reform.
Boys are, at best, but pretty buds unblown,
Whose scents and hues are rather guess'd than known;
Each dreams that he is just what he appears,
But learns his error in maturer years,
When disposition, like a sail unfurl'd,
Shows all its rents and patches to the world.

Who does not delight in the society of an amiable, well-informed youth, intent upon the improvement of his mind, and the application of his rising powers to the purposes of advancement in the school of wisdom?

The path to bliss abounds with many a snare,
Learning is one, and wit, however rare.

"A little while," said the excellent H. Housman, the evening before her death, "and then I shall be

singing that sweet song—‘Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto *him* who sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever.’ ”

In vain my fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saints
When yielding up their breath.

One gentle sigh their fetters breaks ;
We scarce can say they're gone,
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.

Worldly prosperity !—how tempting ! it is gilded over with the plaudits of all ; and many, very many, who have borne persecutions without offence, deep distress of mind without despondency, and trials of great outward stripping without murmuring, have bowed to and been ensnared by its captivating influence.

O Lord, direct me in the use
Of things that lawful are ;
For lawful things may have abuse,
And prove a fatal snare.

Many that are well affected to religion, and receive instructions of piety with pleasure and satisfaction, often wonder how it comes to pass that they make no greater progress in that religion which they so much admire. Now, the reason of it is, because religion lives only in their head, while something else has possession of their heart ; and therefore they continue, from year to year, mere admirers and praisers of piety,

without ever coming up to the reality and perfection of its precepts.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from its throne,
And worship only thee.

The turn of a man's general discourse will clearly discover the bent of his mind ; for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

The higher the character a person supports, the more he should regard his minutest actions.

'Tis in the silence of the mind,
The God of heaven, on earth, we find.

GROTIUS, A LITTLE BEFORE HIS DEATH.—"I would give all my learning and honour could I change situation with Jean Urick," an illiterate neighbour, who spent much of his time in prayer, and in the study of the Scriptures.

Self-knowledge, of all knowledge, is the best :
By most pretended, but by few possess'd.

It is to be feared that *many*, if their faults were shaken out of them, would be reduced to mere skeletons ; the smooth road of prosperity may exhibit but little of man's deformity ; the trial is, when he comes to the point where integrity and self-interest appear to be at variance.

Deal with another as you'd have
 Another deal with you :
 What you're unwilling to receive,
 Be sure you never do.

How delightful the thought, that when the Christian's pilgrimage is at an end, he shall join the innumerable company who have already reached the heavenly mansions, all uneasiness, at dispensations not understood, giving way to the anthem, "Just and true are all thy ways, thou King of saints !"

This is the bliss to which the saint aspires ;
 This is that "better country" he desires ;
 And, ah ! while scoffers laugh, and sceptics doubt,
 The poor, wayfaring man shall find it out.

He that maketh not God his chief good and ultimate end, is in heart an idolater.

Whatever passes as a cloud between
 The mental eye of faith and things unseen,
 Causing that better world to disappear,
 Or seem unlovely, and the present dear,
 That is our world, our *idol*, though it bear
 Affection's impress, or devotion's air.

Is converse with wise men the way to make one wise ? Much more is converse with God.

O, that thou wouldst be often feeding on the hidden manna, and tasting the delights of heaven ! how would this confirm thy resolutions, and make thee despise the vanities of the world !

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord!
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

How many opportunities of doing or receiving good
do we suffer to pass away, not knowing their value till
they are beyond our reach!

'Tis to the tender, feeling heart
Life's best delights pertain;
Who find a balm for every smart,
A cure for every pain.

Then may the sympathetic glow
Of kindness fill thy breast;
Be thine to soften others' woe,
And in their joy be blest.

Over all the moments of life, religion scatters her
favours, but reserves her best and choicest blessings
for the last hour.

If thy conscience blame thee, though ever so little,
despise it not, nor neglect the secret check; 'tis a mes-
sage from heaven, sent to summon thee to thy duty.

Though man a *thinking* being is defin'd,
Few use the grand prerogative of mind:

How few think justly of the thinking few !
How many never think, who think they do !

To be good and disagreeable is high treason against
virtue.

Friends must be held "for better and for worse ;"
And that alone true friendship we should call,
Which undertakes to love us, *faults and all*.

The happiest effects are often produced by a contemplation of the actions and virtues of the wise and good : the light which illumined their minds, sometimes emits a spark that kindles unexpected fires.

Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root ;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

The learned Salmasius, arriving at the evening of life, found he had too much and too earnestly engaged in literary pursuits, to the overlooking of those objects in which true and solid happiness consists. "Oh," said he, "I have lost an immense portion of time ; time, that most precious thing in the world ! had I but one year more, it should be spent in studying David's Psalm's and Paul's Epistles.

Let go thy dreams of present pleasure, and loose thy hold of earth and flesh ; study frequently, study thoroughly, this one word—**ETERNITY**.

To think, when heaven and earth are fled,
And times and seasons o'er,
When all that can die shall be dead,
That I shall die no more ;
Ah, where will then my spirit be ?
How shall I spend eternity ?

For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain ;
Die, to live the life of glory ;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

Wise and good men are indeed precious gifts, with which heaven blesses the earth ; and their wisdom is seldom justly appreciated till after their decease.

His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

Our blessed Saviour, speaking on worldly greatness, compares himself to one waiting and attending on a company at dinner : " Whether is greater, he that sitteth at meat, or he that serveth ? Is not he that sitteth at meat ? But I am amongst you as he that serveth." Thus, in a world greatly disordered, where men, aspiring to outward greatness, were wont to oppress others to support their designs, He who was of the highest descent, being the Son of God, and greater than any amongst the greatest families of men, by his example and doctrines, foreclosed his followers from claiming any show of outward greatness, from any supposed superiority in themselves, or derived from their ancestors.

My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the earth;
But higher, far, my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.

Too much reading and too little meditation produces
the effect of a lamp inverted, which is extinguished by
an excess of the very element that is meant to feed it.

Discretion in speech is more than eloquence.

True wisdom consists not so much in the acquire-
ment of knowledge, as in its right application to use-
ful purposes.

The Christian life is a warfare; the conflict between
sin and holiness is great.

Trials must and will befall,
But, with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

It is a dangerous presumption to busy ourselves in
improving others, before we have diligently sought our
own improvement.

A judicious observation, a generous sentiment, a
simple truth, unaffectedly introduced in the course of
conversation, may make an impression on those who
are not in the habit of thinking for themselves.

Insensibility to eternal things, in beings who are
standing on the brink of eternity, is a madness which

would be reckoned among prodigies, if it were not so common.

Would the conqueror, or the orator, reflect, when the laurel crown is placed on his brow, how soon it will be followed by the cypress wreath, it would lower the delirium of ambition—it would cool the intoxication of prosperity.

Time, with an unwearied hand,
Pushes round the seasons fast;
And, in life's frail glass, the sand
Sinks apace, not long to last:—
Many, as well as you or I,
Who last year assembled thus,
In their silent graves now lie—
Graves will open soon for us.

What an image of the Divine condescension does it convey, that “the goodness of God leadeth to repentance!” It does not barely invite, but it conducts. Every warning is, more or less, an invitation: every invitation is a lighter stroke to avert a heavier blow.

Leave not the work which requires an age to do, to be done in a moment; a moment, too, which may not be granted.

All scenes alike engaging prove,
To souls impress'd with sacred love:
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee,
In heav'n, on earth, or on the sea.

There is no *happy death*, but that which conducts to a *happy immortality*;—no joy in putting off the body,

if we have not put on the Lord Jesus Christ ; no consolation in escaping from the miseries of time, till we have obtained a well-grounded hope of a blessed eternity.

To yield in trifles is the art of life,
And truly conquer, by declining strife.

Art thou offended ? then forgive !
As thou may'st hope to be forgiven ;
Love cherished, whilst on earth we live,
Will bloom a perfect plant in heaven.

A lady once asked a minister, whether a person might not attend to dress and the fashions without being proud ? “Madam,” (he replied) “whenever you see the tail of the fox out of the hole, you may be sure the fox is there.”

Kindness is the key to the human heart.

Matthew Henry, a little before his death, said to a friend, “You have been used to take notice of the sayings of dying men ; this is mine :—That a life spent in the service of God, and communion with him, is the most comfortable and pleasant life that any one can live in this world.”

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live ;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

Doctor Doddridge one day asked his little daughter, how it was that everybody loved her. “I know not,” she said, “unless it be that I love everybody.”

The following lines were written, by an estimable man, to two friends, at variance, whom he had vainly attempted to reconcile: his object was delightfully accomplished.

How rare *that* toil a prosperous issue finds,
Which seeks to reconcile divided minds!
A thousand scruples rise, at passion's touch—
This yields too little, and *that* asks too much.
Each wishes each with other eyes to see,
And many efforts can't make two agree.
What mediation, then, the Saviour show'd,
Who singly reconciled us all to God!

He that hath his conversation in heaven is the profitable Christian to all about him. When a worldly man will talk of nothing but the world, and a politician of state affairs, and a mere scholar of human learning, and a common professor of his duties; the heavenly man will be speaking of heaven. O, how refreshing and useful are his expressions! How his words pierce and melt the heart! How doth his *doctrine drop as the rain, and his speech distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass, while his lips publish the name of the Lord, and ascribe greatness unto his God!*

A few forsake the throng, with lifted eyes,
Ask wealth of heaven, and gain a real prize—
Truth, wisdom, grace, and peace, like that above,
Seal'd with his signet whom they serve and love;
Scorned by the rest, with patient hope they wait
A kind release from their imperfect state;

And, unregretted, are soon snatch'd away
From scenes of sorrow, into glorious day.

Religion prepares the mind for encountering, with fortitude, the most severe shocks of adversity; whereas vice, by its natural influence on the temper, tends to produce dejection under the slightest trials.

Wouldst thou diffuse over thy physiognomy a character of dignity, let thy mind be stored with sentiments of religion and virtue; they will imprint on every feature the peace which reigns in thy soul, and the elevation of thy conceptions.

Happy the man that hath a heavenly companion, who will watch over thy ways, strengthen thee when thou art weak, cheer thee when thou art drooping, and comfort thee with the comfort wherewith he himself hath been so often comforted of God! This is he that will be blowing at the spark of thy heavenly life, and drawing thy soul to God. Come to this man's house, and sit at his table; will he not feast thy soul with spiritual food? travel with him by the way, and will he not quicken thee in thy journey to heaven? If thou wrong him, he can pardon thee, remembering that Christ hath pardoned his great offences; if thou be angry, he is meek, considering the meekness of his heavenly pattern; or, if he fall out with thee, he is soon reconciled, when he recollects that in heaven you must be everlasting friends. This is the Christian of the right stamp, and all about him are better for him

To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone:

O! bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne!

* * * * *

Dissolve, then, these bonds, that detain
My soul from its portion in thee,
And strike off this adamant chain,
And set me eternally free.

“I have heard one say,” observes Dr. Mather, “that there was a gentleman mentioned in the 19th chapter of the Acts, to whom he was more indebted than to any other man in the world. This was he whom our translation calls the town-clerk of Ephesus, whose counsel it was to ‘*do nothing rashly.*’ Upon any proposal of consequence, it was usual with him to say, ‘We will first advise with the town-clerk of Ephesus.’”

All godly people are praying people: you may as soon find a living man without breath, as a living Christian without prayer.

Prayer is the vital breath of faith,
Which makes the soul to heaven arise;
Neglecting this the *man* may live,
But oh! how soon the *Christian* dies!

A woman, regular in her attendance of public worship, and who took care to be always in time, was asked, how it was she could always come so early; she answered, very wisely, “that it was part of her religion not to disturb the religion of others.”

“God be merciful to me a sinner.” LUKE, xviii. 13.

Archbishop Usher used often to say, that he hoped to die with the above language in his mouth ; and his wish was in a great measure fulfilled, for he expired saying, " O Lord, forgive me, especially my sins of omission."

(THE CHRISTIAN.)

—One beating pulse—one feeble struggle o'er
May open wide the everlasting door.
Yes, for that bliss unspeakable, unseen,
Is ready—and the veil of flesh between
A gentle sigh may rend—and then display
The broad, full splendour of an endless day.
This bright conviction elevates his mind ;
He presses forward, leaving all behind.
Thus from his throne the tyrant foe is hurl'd
This is the faith that overcomes the world.

The words of a door-keeper at a play-house, " This is the way to the pit," were so impressive to a youth who heard him, as not only to be the means of his withdrawing from such unprofitable places, but to lead ultimately to his becoming a preacher of the Gospel.

When any turn from Zion's way,—
(Alas ! what numbers do !)
Methinks I hear the Saviour say,
" Wilt thou forsake me too ?"

Man, when he perceives the near approach of death, finds it reasonable to betake himself to hearty prayer, for the mercy and favour of God. And can any one be so infatuated, as to think it fit to pass his whole life in neglect of that Almighty Being to whom, at last,

he will be obliged to resort, as to his only refuge and support?

Teach us to count our short'ning days,
And, with true diligence, apply
Our hearts to wisdom's sacred ways,
That we may learn to live and die.

Whosoever thinks himself wise enough, or virtuous enough, is in a fair way never to be either.

Blessed be the most bountiful God, who has annexed an unspeakable pleasure to faith and virtue! who has, in his infinite goodness, made those things that are of the highest advantage to mankind, so exceedingly delightful.

To learn in God's own school the Christian part,
And bind the task assign'd thee to thine heart:
Happy the man, there seeking and there found;
Happy the nation where such men abound.

There are who live in *this world*, as though it was never to have an end; and for the *next*, as though it was never to have a beginning.

There are two extraordinary virtues to be learned from human imperfection. The imperfection of others may teach us patience; and our own may teach us humility.

But they whom truth and wisdom lead,
Can gather honey from a weed.

We are to do things because they are right, not be-

cause they are commended ; always considering that they are not right because they are commended ; but they are commendable because they are right.

God is pleased sometimes to make choice of those as his messengers, who have least of the advantages of art or nature, that his grace in them may appear the more glorious.

“ Cast,” he said, “ on me thy care,
 ’Tis enough that I am nigh ;
 I will all thy burdens bear ;
 I will all thy wants supply.

Simply follow as I lead ;
 Do not reason, but believe ;
 Call on me in time of need,
 Thou shalt surely help receive.”

“ Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.” Thousands have been undone by irreligious, ungodly marriages ; for there is more ground of fear, in mixed marriages, that the good will be *perverted*, than of hope that the bad will be *converted*.

The commandments of God are so reasonable, equitable, and salutary, that if we were not blinded by Satan, a wise regard to our own interest would induce us to obedience.

The just Creator condescends to write,
 In beams of inextinguishable light,
 His names of wisdom, goodness, pow’r, and love,
 On all that blooms below, or shines above .-

To catch the wand'ring notice of mankind,
And teach the world, if not perversely blind,
His gracious attributes, and prove the share
His offspring hold in his paternal care.

As it is the habitual frame and predominating disposition, which are the true measure of virtue, incidental good actions are no certain criterion of the state of the heart; for who is there who does not occasionally do them?

New converts, it is said, are most zealous; but they are not always the most persevering. If their tempers are warm, and they have only been touched on the side of their passions, they start eagerly, march rapidly, and are full of confidence in their own strength. They too often judge others with little charity, and themselves with little humility. As they know their own heart more, they discover its deceitfulness, and learn to distrust themselves. As they become more humble in spirit, they become more charitable in judging. As they grow more firm in principle, they grow more exact in conduct.

The soul, whose sight all-quick'ning grace renews,
Takes the resemblance of the good she views;
As diamonds, stripp'd of their opaque disguise,
Reflect the noon-day glory of the skies.

The deviser of liberal things will find means of effecting them, which to the indolent appear incredible—to the covetous, impossible.

Forgiveness saves the expense of anger, the cost of hatred, the waste of spirits.

When we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch ;
in the family, our tempers ; in company, our tongues.

A generous emulation of the excellencies of another
is not envy.

Nothing but love to God can conquer the love of
the world.

“This is the victory that overcometh the world,
even our faith.”—1 John v. 4.

“One must make some sacrifices to the world,” is
the prevailing language of the nominal Christian.
“What will the world pay you for your sacrifices?”
replies the real Christian.

True bliss, if man may reach it, is compos'd
Of hearts in union mutually disclos'd ;
And, farewell else all hope of pure delight,
Those hearts should be reclaim'd, renew'd, upright.

* * * * *

But souls that carry on a bless'd exchange
Of joys they meet with in their heavenly range,
And, with a fearless confidence, make known
The sorrows sympathy esteems its own,
Daily derive increasing light and force
From such communion in their pleasant course,
Feel less the journey's roughness and its length,
Meet their opposers with united strength,
And, one in heart, in int'rest, and design,
Gird up each other to the race divine.

Charles the Fifth, emperor of Germany, left behind him this comprehensive testimony: "I have tasted more satisfaction in my solitude in one day, than in all the triumphs of my former reign. The sincere study, profession, and practice of the Christian religion, have in them such joys and sweetness as are seldom found in courts and grandeur."

For genuine happiness we need not roam;
'Tis doubtless found with little, and at home.

God is the fountain from which all the streams of goodness flow—the centre from which all the rays of blessedness diverge. All our actions are only good, as they have a reference to him: the streams must revert back to their fountain, the rays must converge again to their centre.

The following, among many other affecting expressions, are contained in a letter from a dying nobleman to his most intimate companion:—

"Oh! my friend, with what horror do I recall those hours of vanity we have wasted together! Return, ye long neglected moments! How should I prize you above the eastern treasures! Let me dwell with hermits; let me rest on the cold earth; let me converse in cottages; may I but once more stand a candidate for an immortal crown, and have my probation for celestial happiness. Ye vain grandeurs of a court! ye sounding titles, and perishing riches! what do ye now signify? what consolation, what relief can ye give me? I have a splendid passage to the grave; I die in state, and languish under a gilded canopy; I am expiring on soft and downy pillows, and am respectably at-

tended by my servants and physicians; my dependents sigh, my sisters weep, my father bends beneath a load of years and grief! my lovely wife, pale and silent, conceals her inward anguish.——But, oh! which of these will answer my summons at the high tribunal? which of them will bail me from the arrest of death? Who will descend into the dark prison of the grave for me? Here they all leave me, after having paid a few idle ceremonies to the breathless clay, which perhaps may lie reposed in state, while my soul, my only conscious part, may stand trembling before my Judge.

“My afflicted friends, it is very probable, with great solemnity, will lay the senseless corpse in a stately monument, inscribed with

‘Here lies the great ——’

but could the pale carcass speak, it would soon reply,

‘False marble, where?’

Nothing but poor and sordid dust lies here!”

Earth’s highest station ends in—“here he lies:”
And “dust to dust” concludes her noblest song.

Insidious death; should his strong hand arrest,
No composition sets the prisoner free.

Believers may be in great distress; but though much perplexed, and often discouraged, they are secretly held up by faith, and brought off conquerors.

We soon shall join the throng,
Their pleasures we shall share;
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransom’d there.

How sweet the prospect is !
It cheers the pilgrim's breast ;
We're journeying through the wilderness,
But soon shall gain our rest.

It is a notorious contradiction to imagine, that any one can be assured of God Almighty's pardon, without obeying him ; of his favour, without loving him ; or of the eternal enjoyment of him, without a firm and steadfast belief in him.

Easy, indeed, it were to reach
A mansion in the courts above,
If swelling words and fluent speech,
Might serve instead of faith and love.

If we would indeed love God, let us "acquaint ourselves with him." The word of inspiration has assured us, that there is no other way "to be at peace."

Humility does not consist in telling our faults, but in bearing to be told of them ; in hearing them patiently, and even thankfully ; in correcting ourselves when told ; in not hating those who tell us of them.

How frail, at best, is dying man !
How vain are all his hopes and fears !
Vain his ambition, noise, and show !
Vain are the cares that rack his mind !
He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe,
And dies, and leaves them all behind.

Be daily thinking, while the gay and the great things of life are glittering before your eyes, how soon death will come, and impoverish you at once : how soon

it will strip you of all possessions, but those which the soul can carry along with it into eternity, when it drops the body in the grave. Eternity! Eternity! Eternity! carry the view of it about with you, if it be possible, through every waking hour of life; and be fully persuaded, that you have no business, no interest in life that is inconsistent with it: for whatsoever would be injurious to this view is not your business, is not your interest.

Amusement reigns

Man's great demand; to trifle is to live:
And is it then a trifle, too, to die?

An eminent physician said, in a letter to a friend, "I endeavour to follow my business, because it is my duty rather than my interest; the latter is inseparable from a just discharge of duty; but I have ever looked at the profits in the last place. At my first setting out, I wished most fervently, and I endeavour after it still, to do my business with all the diligence I could, as a present duty, and to repress every rising idea of its consequence, knowing that there was a hand which could easily overthrow every pursuit of this kind, and baffle every attempt, either to acquire wealth or fame."

O popular applause! what heart of man
Is proof against thy sweet, seducing charms?
The wisest and the best feel urgent need
Of all their caution in thy gentlest gales;
But swell'd into a gust—who then, alas!
With all their canvass set, and inexpert,
And therefore heedless, can withstand thy pow'r?

What pearl is it that rich men cannot buy,
That learning is too proud to gather up ;
But which, the poor, and the despis'd of all,
Seek and obtain, and often find unsought ?
Tell me—and I will tell thee what is truth.

A Christian lives at the height of his being ; not only at the top of his spiritual, but of his intellectual life. He alone lives in the full exercise of his rational powers. Religion ennobles his reason while it enlarges it. Let, then, your soul act up to its high destination ; let not that which was made to soar to heaven, grovel in the dust. Let it not live so much below itself.

That field of promise, how it flings abroad
The odour o'er the Christian's thorny road !
The soul, reposing on assur'd relief,
Feels herself happy amidst all her grief,
Forgets her labour, as she toils along,
Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song.

Lady Rachel Russell declared, after a long life of sorrow and affliction : " God has not denied me the support of his Holy Spirit, in this my long day of calamity ; but enabled me, in some measure, to rejoice in him, as my portion for ever. He has provided a remedy for all our griefs, by his sure promises of another life, where there is no death, nor any pain nor trouble, but fulness of joy, in the presence of Him who made us, and who will love us for ever."

O joy ! to reach that heavenly place,
From darkness, as from sorrow, far,
Where, through the boundless fields of space,
For ever shines the morning star.

The love of God in Christ Jesus is the only source from whence a Christian can hope to derive spiritual happiness and peace. Now this love will not reside in the bosom already pre-occupied with the love of the world, or any other predominating affection.

One master passion labouring in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

He who has said, "Give me thy heart," will not be satisfied with less; he will not accept the praying lips, nor the mere hand of charity, as substitutes.

We cannot be said to be real Christians, till religion become our animating motive, our predominating principle and pursuit, as much as worldly things are the predominating motive, principle and pursuit of worldly men.

Long is religion view'd, by many an eye,
As wanted more for safety by and by;
A thing for times of danger and distress,
Than needful for our present happiness.

In the midst of youth, health, and abundance, the world is apt to appear a very gay and pleasing scene; it engages our desires; and, in a degree, satisfies them also. But it is wisdom to consider, that a time will come when youth, health, and fortune, will all fail us; and if disappointment and vexation do not sour our

taste for pleasure, at least sickness and infirmities will destroy it. In these gloomy seasons, and, above all, at the approach of death, what will become of us without religion? When this world fails, where shall we fly, if we expect no refuge in another?

Happy they who in the depths of bodily suffering, can tranquilly confide in their all-sufficient helper; who in their deepest extremity can pour forth songs of praise and thanksgiving!

When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.

"If it be asked," said David Some, when on his death-bed, "how David Some died; let it be answered, that he sought, and he found mercy."

"True religion," said Bishop Burnet, under dying circumstances, "is a perfection of human nature, and the joy and delight of every one that feels it active and strong in him.—Of this I write with more concern and emotion, because I have felt this the true, and indeed the only joy which runs through a man's heart and life. It is that which has been, for many years, my greatest support. I rejoice daily in it. I feel from it the earnest of that supreme joy which I pant and long for. I am sure there is nothing else can afford any true or complete happiness. I have, considering my sphere, seen a great deal of all that is most shining and tempting in the world. The pleasures of sense I did soon nauseate. Intrigues of state,

and the conduct of affairs have something in them that is more specious ; and I was for some years immersed in these ; but still, with hopes of reforming the world, and of making mankind wiser and better : but I have found *that which is crooked cannot be made straight*. —I acquainted myself with knowledge and learning, and that in great variety ; this yielded not happiness. —I cultivated friendship ; but this, also, I have found, was vanity and vexation of spirit, though it be of the best and noblest sort.—The sum is vanity of vanities ; all is vanity, besides fearing God and keeping his commandments.”

—————“ In his blest life,
I see the path ; and in his death, the price ;
And in his great ascent, the proof supreme
Of immortality.”

What a privilege it is, to possess God *in all things* ; while we have them, and all things *in God*, when they are taken from us.

Making thus the Lord my choice,
I have nothing more to choose,
But to listen to thy voice,
And my will in thine to lose :
Thus, whatever may betide,
I shall safe and happy be ;
Still content and satisfied
Having all in having thee.

Are we fit for the crown, before we have overcome ?
or, for the prize, before we have run the race ? or to
receive our penny, before we have worked in the vine-

yard? or to be rulers of ten cities, before we have improved our ten talents? or to enter into the joy of our Lord, before we have well done, as good and faithful servants?

When the heart is fixed on heavenly things, and the affections weaned from earthly gratifications, the soul experiences a tranquillity and composure which this world can "neither give nor take away;" a cheerful and heavenly serenity, an earnest of future happiness, of final and eternal rest.

In our own ways, there is nothing but trouble; but, giving ourselves entirely up to be guided by God, at his own pleasure, we may always be easy, since we know that by every step he brings us nearer to heaven.

Pride and indulgence, fallen nature's fruit,
Religion strikes at, to the very root;
And where they hold an undisputed rule,
That heart was never in the Gospel school.

* * * * *

Nor loves, nor looks to Zion's heavenly gate,
Where many mansions for believers wait;
Where ransom'd sinners round their Saviour meet,
And cast their crowns, rejoicing, at his feet;
And where, whate'er pursuits their powers employ,
His presence makes the fulness of their joy.

The tongue, that most unruly pow'r,
Requires a strong restraint;
We must be watchful every hour,
And pray, but never faint.

As the virtue of a strong spirituous liquor evaporates by degrees, in a vial which is not closely stopped ; in like manner, the life and power of the spirit insensibly vanish away, if the heart is not kept with all diligence.

Repentance, or godly sorrow for sin, is the doctrine of the Gospel ; this is absolutely necessary to faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and a life of union and communion with him.

Insatiable man too often grasps at objects he does not want, the attainment of which being an unsanctified acquisition, proves a curse instead of a blessing. Such would do well to remember, how much better it is to sit by a small fire, and be warmed, than a great one, and be burned.

An author of celebrity remarked—" I seldom see a noble building, or any great piece of magnificence, but I think, how little is all this to satisfy the ambition, or to fill the idea of an immortal soul."

"A Brahmin, of my own age, was performing his devotions to Gunga early this morning, when I was going to prayer. My soul was struck with the sovereignty of God, who, out of pure grace, had made such a difference between all the external circumstances of our lives. O, let not that man's earnestness rise up in judgment against me at the last day !" —HENRY MARTYN.

Many opinions may be true and useful ; many practices may be innocent and edifying ; but nothing can be matter of necessity, except what Christ and his

apostles have required as terms of salvation. Every person that complies with these is a true Christian; every church that teaches these is a true church; and neither ignorance nor error about any other matters can forfeit our title to everlasting life. When once Christ hath said, "Believe, and do such and such things, and you shall be saved," who is it that shall dare to say, "Believe, and do more, or you shall not be saved?"

We are most likely to prosper in our attempts to glorify God and serve our generation, when we are convinced by experience that we can do nothing of ourselves: when our whole dependence is placed on him, and our only expectation is from him, we shall then be prepared to mark, and to record his works of power and love. Those whom he employs, he brings to *feel* as well as to *acknowledge* their insufficiency.

Christian reader, dost thou not feel sometimes a strong impression to retire from the world, and draw near to God? Do not disobey, but take the offer, and hoist up thy sails while this blessed gale may be had.

To thy saints, while here below,
With new years, new mercies come;
But the happiest year they know,
Is their last, which leads them home.

The Christian character is little understood by the votaries of the world; if it were, they would be struck with its grandeur. It is the very reverse of that meanness and pusillanimity, that abject spirit, and

those narrow views, which those who know it not ascribe to it.

Believer, if thou art now reaping in joy, and singing hymns of triumph, be thankful; but remember that this work belongs more to the next world than the present. Here, weeping and rejoicing follow each other, and sorrow will often find a lodging in the bosom of faith. For there is no retreat from the field of battle; and thine enemies will not leave thee, while thou hast a breath to draw. Let this be a check to impatience. It is, indeed, needful to be humbled under a sense of thy misery, so as to sigh, groan, and weep often; and this is the true seed for eternity. Not a single tear and groan will be lost: they are all in the book of the Lord.

God counts the sorrows of his saints;
 Their groans affect his ears;
 He has a book for their complaints
 A bottle for their tears.

The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
 Can give us day for night;
 Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
 To rivers of delight.

“Is it bigotry,” says an elegant writer, “to believe the sublime truths of the Gospel with full assurance of faith?—I glory in such bigotry: I would not part with it for a thousand worlds: I congratulate the man who is possessed of it; for amidst all the vicissitudes and calamities of the present state, that man enjoys

an inexhaustible fund of consolation, of which nothing can deprive him."

Lord, open sinners' eyes
 Their awful state to see;
 And make them, ere the storm arise,
 To thee for safety flee.

"Whatsoever ye would that others should do to you, do ye even so to them." Every man should carry this rule in his heart, for there is no act we can perform towards others which, if measured by it, it would not solve the rectitude of, to a mathematical nicety.

No works shall find acceptance in that day,
 When all disguises shall be rent away,
 That square not truly with the Scripture plan,
 Nor spring from love to God, or love to man.

We are not called upon to examine ourselves as we appear to others, when we know the eye of the world is fixed upon us, but as we really are at home, in the secret retreats of life, in the midst of our family, with our every-day tempers and dispositions, exposed to unnumbered sources of irritation, to trials, to sickness, and privations, and more than all, to the deceitfulness of the heart.

——— Our gracious Master, kind and just,
 Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust.

* * * * *

His ears are open to the softest cry;
 His grace descends to meet the lifted eye;
 He reads the language of a silent tear;
 And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.

He is the best Christian whose heart beats with the truest pulse towards heaven.

His life is hidden though his graces shine,
 He walks through life's distracting changes now
 With even pace, and with an even brow;
 Hears the vain world's tumultuous hue and cry,
 Just turns his head, and passes calmly by;
 Yet takes his cheerful share, when duty draws;
 And still is foremost found in mercy's cause.

Oh, the blessed communion of saints! one member has the benefit of all the other members' gifts, prayers, and ministrations. One prays for all, and all pray for one. What one has, the other enjoys also. It may be truly said of them, All is yours. There is no envy, no haughtiness, no strife or harm, among real saints; for why should I envy that which is my own? why should I despise that which serves for my necessary assistance? and why should I strive against, and hurt him whose hurt is my own? Is there any strife between the members of our natural body? By no means: they all serve, help, and assist one another; and if one be injured and suffers, all the rest run to his relief, and are neither tired nor angry, if the healing does not follow immediately. O Lord, unite us all in hearty fellowship and tender feeling for each other; and stop all open and subtle divisions which are fermented by lofty spirits, who always boast of mighty things, and to be wise above the rest. Suffer not a self-conceited and a party spirit, which is the spirit of the world, to influence the members of thy body; but bless and grace them all with true humility;

then we shall live in a solid union and uninterrupted harmony.

He bless'd the bread, but vanish'd at the word,
And left them both exclaiming, "'Twas the Lord!
Did not our hearts feel all he deign'd to say?
Did they not burn within us by the way?"

'Ah! (said Hugo Grotius) I have consumed much
of my life in laboriously doing nothing.'

One part, one little part, we dimly scan,
Thro' the dark medium of life's feverish dream;
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem.
Nor is that part, perhaps, what mortals deem:
Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
O, then, renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies;
For thou art but of dust: be humble, and be wise.

In speaking of that peace which passeth understanding, we allude not to those illuminations and raptures, which, if God has in some instances bestowed them, he has nowhere pledged himself to bestow; but of that rational yet elevated hope which flows from an assured persuasion of the paternal love of our heavenly Father; of that "secret love of the Lord," which he himself has assured us "is with them that fear him;" of that life and power of religion which are the privilege of those "who abide under the shadow of the Almighty;" of those who "know in whom they have believed;" of those who "walk not after the flesh, but after the

spirit;" of those "who endure, as seeing him who is invisible."

* * * * *

But seeking (accounting all beside it loss)
A thorough renovation at the cross.
Then would the healing streams of mercy wind
Throughout the sickly mazes of the mind;
The weeds of selfishness would droop and die,
And plants of charity their place supply:
That fruitful stream, refreshing as it flows,
Would make the desert blossom as the rose.

It is said of the celebrated John Howard, that once, when he had cast up his accounts at the end of the year, and found he had more than he thought, he said to his wife, "My dear, I will treat you with a journey to London." She smiled and said, "My dear, the money would build a pretty cottage for a poor person." The hint was received, and acted upon accordingly.

To thee, Humanity, still true,
I'll wish the good I cannot do;
And give the wretch that passes by,
A soothing word—a tear—a sigh.

* * * * *

Oh! hear that lonely widow's wail!
See her dim eye, her aspect pale!
To heav'n she turns, in deep despair;
Her infants wonder at her pray'r,
And mingling tears, they know not why,
Lift up their little hands and cry.
O Lord! their moving sorrows see!
Support them, sweet Humanity!

A true sense of our unworthiness makes every blessing great and precious.

“You see here a man,” said the pious Halyburton on his death-bed, “dying, a monument of the glorious power of admirable and astonishing grace. Study the *power* of religion: it is the *power*, and not the *name*, that will give you the comfort I find.”

Be kind to thy friends, that they may continue such; and to thy enemies, that they may become thy friends.

If we know ourselves, we shall remember the condescension, benignity, and love, that is due to those called *inferiors*; the affability, friendship, and kindness, we ought to show to *equals*; the regard, deference, and honour, we owe to *superiors*; and the candour, integrity, and benevolence, we owe to *all*.

Of all the blessings which are bestowed upon us, there are perhaps none more expedient, or more to be requested of God, than a spirit of impartiality with respect to ourselves, together with that accurate discernment, that suspicious severity, that care to distinguish between real probity and the false appearance of it, and that caution not to be imposed upon by hypocrisy and dissimulation, which we usually exert, when we scan the actions and pretensions of other people. This is the best security against the dangerous illusions of self-love. The lower we place ourselves, the higher we shall rise in the favour of God; and the readier we are to censure our own defects, the nearer we shall be to repentance and amendment.

He that will set the hearts of other men on fire with the love of Christ, must himself burn with love.

Let us take heed we do not sometimes call that zeal for God and his Gospel, which is nothing else but our own tempestuous and stormy passion. True zeal is a sweet, heavenly, and gentle flame, which maketh us active for God, but always within the sphere of love. It never calls for fire from heaven to consume those that differ a little from us in their apprehensions. It is like that kind of lightning (which the philosophers speak of) that melts the sword within, but singeth not the scabbard; it strives to save the soul, but hurteth not the body. True zeal is a loving thing, and makes us always active to edification, and not to destruction. If we keep the fire of zeal within the chimney, in its own proper place, it never doth any hurt; it only warmeth, quickeneth, and enliveneth us; but if once we let it break out, and catch hold of the thatch of our flesh, and kindle our corrupt nature, and set the house of our body on fire, it is no longer zeal—it is no heavenly fire—it is a most destructive and devouring thing.

Where can the wisdom and gentleness of a Christian be better seen than in reproving?

Sweetness and ingenuousness will more easily command men's minds than passion, sourness, and severity.

When we would convince men of any error by the strength of truth, let us withal pour the sweet balm of love upon their heads. Truth and love are two of the most powerful things in the world; and when they both go together, they cannot easily be withstood. The

golden beams of truth, and the silken cords of love, twisted together, will draw men on with a sweet violence, whether they will or no.

It is said, that after the death of Archbishop Tillotson, a bundle of papers was found in his scrutoire, indorsed with these words, in his own hand: "These are libels: I pray God to forgive the authors of them; I do."

True charity, a plant divinely nurs'd,
Fed by the love from which it rose at first,
Thrives against hope, and, in the rudest scene,
Storms but enliven its unfading green;
Exub'rant is the shadow it supplies;
Its fruit's on earth, its growth above the skies.

"Soon after being in the company of —— (said one) I found he spoke with much fluency and propriety, and particularly about religion: my attention was excited by his conversation; for he appeared to have more enlarged views of men and things than most I had met with. He spoke in terms so high of some particular characters as induced me to think that their value was not sufficiently known. But soon after, I was rather confounded by a sentiment he dropped, concerning another character, which was as remarkable for its detraction as the other expressions were for their approbation. While I remained with him, he pursued the same method in his discourse; and I saw plainly he fell into the sin of exaggeration, for while he could scarcely find words to express his encomiums on some, he again appeared at a loss to represent, in a manner sufficiently strong, the faults of others."

CHARITY :—

Pure in her aim, and in her temper mild,
Her wisdom seems the weakness of a child ;
She makes excuses where she might condemn,
Revil'd by those that hate her, prays for them ;
Suspicion lurks not in her artless breast ;
The worst suggested, she believes the best ;
Not soon provok'd, however stung and teaz'd,
And if, perhaps, made angry, soon appeas'd ;
She rather waves than will dispute her right,
And, injur'd, makes forgiveness her delight.

Christian charity is a great enlarger of means.

That circumference cannot be small of which God is the centre.

A Christian has hopes and fears, cares and temptations, inclinations and desires, as well as other men. God, in changing the heart, does not extinguish the passions. Were that the case, the Christian life would cease to be a warfare.

How comfortable is it to the religious man to behold an increase of the true worshippers of God ! and more especially in that place where his soul has dwelt among lions, and been “vexed, from day to day, with the filthy conversation of the wicked !”

Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. They are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy : on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite

gladness, prevents it from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Enough has heaven indulg'd of joy below,
To tempt our tarriance in this lov'd retreat:
Enough has heaven ordain'd of useful woe,
To make us languish for a happier seat.

There is who deems all climates, all seasons fair;
There is who knows no restless passions' strife:
Contentment, smiling at each idle care,
Contentment, thankful for the gift of life!

The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is *Virtue*; the only lasting treasure, *Truth*.

The greatest of all afflictions is, an affliction lost.

Knowledge in general expands the mind, exalts the faculties, refines the taste of pleasure, and opens innumerable sources of intellectual enjoyment. By means of it we become less dependent for satisfaction upon the sensitive appetites; the gross pleasures of sense are more easily despised, and we are made to feel the superiority of the *spiritual* over the *material* being. Instead of being continually solicited by the influence and irritation of sensible objects, the mind can retire within herself, and expatiate in the cool and quiet walks of contemplation.

Blows not a flow'ret on the enamel'd vale,
Shines not a pebble where the rivulet strays,

Sports not an insect on the spicy gale,
But claims our wonder, and excites our praise.

O human life! how mutable, how vain!
How thy wide sorrows circumscribe the joy!
A sunny island in a stormy main;
A spot of azure in a cloudy sky.

The Plague in London, in the year 1665, is supposed to have carried off about one hundred thousand persons. Many more recent events of a similar kind, are calculated to awaken considerations of moment in the heart of every one who desires to be found with his "*loins girded about,*" and "*his light burning.*"

"So teach *us* to number our days, that we may apply *our* hearts unto wisdom."—PSALM xc. 12.

As thou walkest in the garden, dost thou observe the slow motion of the shadow upon a dial there? It passes over the hour-lines with an imperceptible progress, yet it will touch the last line of day-light shortly: so thy hours and moments move onward with a silent pace; but they will arrive, with certainty, at their last limit, how heedless soever thou art of their motion, and how thoughtless soever thou mayst be of the improvement of time, or the end of it.

Bashfulness is not so much the effect of an ill education, as the proper gift and provision of wise nature. Every stage of life has its own set of manners, that is suited to it, and best becomes it. Each is beautiful in its season; and you might as well quarrel with the child's rattle, and advance him directly to the boy's

top and span-farthing, as expect from diffident youth the manly confidence of riper age.

(CECIL.)—"When I was a child, and a very wicked one too, one of Dr. Watts's Hymns sent me to weep in a corner. The lives in Janeway's Token had the same effect. I felt the influence of faith in suffering Christians. The character of young Samuel came home to me, when nothing else had any hold on my mind."

When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes :
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no mean sacrifice.

Never was there a man of deep piety who has not been brought into extremities—who has not been put into the fire—who has not been taught to say, *Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him !*

Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear ?
How canst thou want, if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide ?

* * * * *

He who has helped thee hitherto,
Will help thee all thy journey through,
And give thee daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to his praise.

It is always a sign of poverty of mind, when men are ever aiming to appear great : for they who are really great, never seem to know it.

The true dignity of man—of a Christian—consists

in endeavouring to fill up his duty in the station which he is permitted to fill in this world. There are few, if any, situations, in which a man who is upright may not shine. There is lustre in integrity; and the peace which Christ gives to his humble, dependent children, can reach the humble cottager as well as the inhabitant of the mansion. Many, by having their eye out after things not within their reach, nor within their sphere, neglect or overlook surrounding and intended blessings; and so are not thankful as they might be. Thankfulness for mercies received is a very precious feeling, and gives a sweet relish to what we enjoy.

Oh! the long list of mercies undeserved,
And, oh! what greater gifts are still reserved.

One wrong step in the beginning of an important concern, like a wrong figure in the early part of a sum in arithmetic, may lead throughout into error.

Love and envy are the very antipodes of each other: the former delights in the happiness of others; the latter is made miserable by it.—What a beautifying and even sublime temper is that, which leads its possessor to find consolation amidst its own straits, privations, and difficulties, in contemplating the possessions and the comforts of those around him! What relief would such elevated virtue bring to the mourner, when he could turn his own darkened orb towards the illumination of his neighbour's prosperity! Happy the man who can thus borrow the joys of others when he has none, or few, of his own; and, from the wilderness of his own situation, enjoy the beautiful prospect of his friend's domain!

CHARITY :

Who seeks to praise thee, and to make thee known
To other hearts, must have thee in their own.

It has been justly remarked, concerning the great fire in London, in the year 1666, that "He who hath given us the elements for our comfort and safety, can easily employ them for our misery and destruction, when we sin against him." It seemed as if no efforts could extinguish the flame, till it had destroyed a considerable part of the city ; no less than four hundred streets, and thirteen thousand houses being reduced to ashes.

The business of this life should be conducted on a moderate scale, without stretching the arms too wide, or hazarding mental stillness and solid happiness, for specious and glittering, but uncertain prospects.

Not to aim at great things is the way to have common comforts in plenty.

A little with the blessing is a deal :

Witness the widow's oil, the widow's meal.

Real worth may exceed appearances.—If, in some men's conversation, little or no splendour be discerned, it is better not to be rashly forward in censures of their estate. It may be they are not approached near enough. Perchance our heavenly Father may see *that* in secret, which doth not discover itself openly. He may have a bright side heavenward, though toward earth he seem wholly eclipsed. Perchance he hath so much more of the *Publican* in him than the *Pharisee*,

as to think it a good work to conceal his good works : and therefore is so far from making his prayers in the open streets, to be seen of men, that he thinks his closet scarce private enough, when the door is shut : and is so far from proclaiming his almsgiving by sound of trumpet, that he will not let his left hand know what his right hand doeth, when it dispenseth them.

Come, backward soul, to God resign ;
Peace, his best blessing, shall be thine ;
Boldly recumbent on his care,
Cast thy full burden only there.

When the head of the believer is anointed *with oil*, and his *cup runneth over*, he may say, as David did : *Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life : and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.*

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

(CECIL.)—"After so many years of uninterrupted activity, to be imprisoned, to be silenced, and almost incapable of writing or reading, is more wearisome than even the pain that often accompanies it. And yet hence the following instruction may be gathered :—How much activity belongs to some natures ; and that this nature is often mistaken for grace. How much we are called to suffer, as well as do, the will of God. When I have bid one of my children sit down quietly, and remain silent during my pleasure, I enjoin him a

much more difficult task than the most active service; and yet I expected it to be done, because I ordered it. How is it that I have not yet learnt to sit still when I am bid?"

— Another affection to be exercised in heavenly contemplation, is hope. This helps to support the soul under sufferings, animates it to the greatest difficulties, gives it firmness in the most shaking trials, and is a spring that sets all the wheels a-going. Who would believe or strive for heaven, if it were not for the hope he hath to obtain it?

Hope, with uplifted foot, set free from earth,
Pants for the place of her ethereal birth,
On steady wings sails through th' immense abyss,
Plucks amaranthine joys from bow'rs of bliss,
And crowns the soul, while yet a mourner here,
With wreaths like those triumphant spirits wear.
Hope, as an anchor firm and sure, holds fast
The Christian vessel, and defies the blast.

It is no uncommon thing for those who are to be employed in great and important services in the cause of God and truth, to be themselves the subjects of fiery trial, that they may be more fitted for their work. Luther, at a certain time, was violently harassed and afflicted with temptation; insomuch that his heart was rent with anguish, and tears streamed from his eyes, and his breath was spent in sighing. Amidst these pangs of distress, a person accosted him with the following words: "My son, why dost thou mourn? Dost thou not know that God hath commanded thee to believe?" "When I heard that word *command*," says

the zealous reformer, "it prevailed more on my heart than all that I heard, or read, or thought on before." He acknowledged that he did not understand some scriptures till he was in affliction; and that he was never employed in any new thing, but that he was beset with some temptation, or visited with a fit of sickness.

Philip Henry recommended it as a good rule, to lay by for charity, in proportion to the circumstances; as it will be easier to lay out in charity, and we shall be more apt to seek for opportunities of doing good, when we have money lying by us, of which we have said, "This is not our own, but the poor's."

The free-born Christian has no chains to prove;
Or, if a chain, the golden one of love:
No fear attends to quench his glowing fires;
What fear he feels his gratitude inspires.
Shall he, for such deliverance freely wrought,
Recompense ill? He trembles at the thought.
His master's interest and his own combin'd,
Prompt every movement of his heart and mind:
Thought, word, and deed his liberty evince;
His freedom is the freedom of a prince.

About three hours before the death of the well-known James Hervey, he affectionately addressed his friend, Dr. Stonehouse, on the importance of his everlasting concerns, and entreated him not to be overcharged with the cares of this life; but to attend, amidst the multiplicity of his business, to the one thing needful, adding:—

Which done, the poorest can no wants endure;
And which not done, the richest must be poor.

Upon the nearer approach of dissolution, being raised a little in his chair, he said, with great serenity and sweetness in his countenance, "*Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy most holy word, for mine eyes have seen thy most precious and comfortable salvation.* Here, Doctor, is my cordial: what are all the cordials given to support the dying, in comparison of that which arises from the promises of salvation by Christ? This, this supports me!"

Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

The thought of home his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for troubles past,
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

The path of life is compared to the sea, to the wilderness, to the earthquake, and to the fire. To the sea, when the mind is tossed with tempest, and not comforted, until He is pleased to arise who formerly said to the sea, "Peace, be still:"—to the wilderness, wherein we are taught to accept that food which He who feedeth the ravens seeth meet for us, although it may not always be grateful to the natural desire:—to the earthquake, because the earthly mind in us must be shaken and removed out of its place, before we can be formed into the image of the heavenly:—and to the fire, whereby everything of the first nature

that is opposed to the divine nature and excellence, will be burnt up.

Written on a leaf containing the dying expressions of a distinguished servant of Christ:—

“Thus weary seamen, as they ply
Through dashing waves, the labouring oar,
Should they the wished-for land descry,
With shoutings hail the opening shore;
On hinder barks cast back an anxious eye,
And raise the animating signal high!”

The following, as a “favourite maxim of John Newton, was, it is said, often in his mouth, more often in his actions, and apparently in his heart.”

“Not ignorant of suffering, I hasten to succour the wretched.”

Some value themselves on account of their fortune, look down with contempt on those below them, and exact obsequiousness towards themselves, and deference for their opinions, according to the thousands of money, or of acres, which they possess. Others are proud of their *talents*, either natural or acquired. The brilliancy of their genius, the extent of their learning, the splendour of their imagination, the acuteness of their understanding, their power to argue, or declaim, form the object of self-esteem, and the reasons of that disdain which they pour upon all who are inferior to them in mental endowments.

Disease and pain invade our health,
And find an easy prey;
And oft, when least expected, wealth
Takes wing, and flies away.

A fever or a blow can shake
 Our wisdom's boasted rule;
 And of the brightest genius make
 A madman or a fool.

The gourds from which we look for fruit,
 Produce us only pain;
 A worm unseen attacks the root,
 And all our hopes are vain.

I pity those who seek no more
 Than such a world can give;
 Wretched are they, and blind, and poor,
 And dying while they live.

Christian love cannot be cultivated, nor envy destroyed in our hearts, but by the power of the Holy Spirit. We may as well try to pull up by the roots the oak of a century's growth, or overturn a mountain by our own strength, as to eradicate the vice of envy from our hearts, without the aid of God's own Spirit: that aid is promised to fervent and persevering prayer, and if we have it not, the fault is our own.

Happy the heart where graces reign,
 Where love inspires the breast:
 Love is the brightest of the train,
 And perfects all the rest.

* * * *

When join'd to that harmonious throng,
 That fills the choirs above,
 Then shall we tune our golden harps,
 And ev'ry note be love.

The mountains quake at him, and the hills melt, and

the earth is burnt at his presence ; yea, the world and all that dwell therein.—In the year 1755, a rumbling noise of thunder under the city of Lisbon proved a prelude to that tremendous earthquake which, in six minutes, destroyed sixty thousand persons. While at the same time, many other places at a very remote distance were partakers in the awful visitation, and among these, a village eight leagues from Morocco, in Africa, with all its inhabitants, estimated at from eight to ten thousand. In 1812, after several violent shocks at Caraccas, in South America, the surface undulated, like a boiling liquid, and terrific sounds were heard underground. The whole city with its splendid buildings was soon a heap of ruins, under which several thousand of the inhabitants were buried. A like visitation in the island of Sumbawa, in 1815, instantaneously swept away all but twenty-six of its population, estimated at twelve thousand.

We stand upon the brink of death,
When most we seem secure.

(CECIL.)—As the Christian's exigencies arise, he has a spiritual habit of turning to God, and saying with the Church, *Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flocks to rest at noon.* I have tried to find rest elsewhere. I have fled to shelters which held out great promise of repose; but I have now long since learned to turn unto thee: *Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flocks to rest at noon.*

All joy to the believer ! he can speak—
Trembling yet happy, confident yet meek.

Since the dear hour that brought me to thy foot,
 And cut up all my follies by the root,
 I never trusted in an arm but thine,
 Nor hoped but in thy righteousness divine :
 My prayers and alms, imperfect and defil'd,
 Were but the feeble efforts of a child ;

* * * * *

I cast them at thy feet—my only plea
 Is what it was, dependence upon thee ;
 While struggling in the vale of tears below,
 That never failed, nor shall it fail me now.

Angelic gratulations rend the skies,
 Pride falls unpitied, never more to rise,
 Humility is crown'd, and faith receives the prize.

There are many who will endure any hardship, make any exertion, bear any sacrifice, for their *friends* ; for whom they can never do enough ; but towards their enemies they are unkind, implacable, and resentful. The man who has injured them, they can never forgive ; for him they have no kindness, but hold him in contempt, aversion and neglect. But Christianity requires a higher and more disinterested virtue than this, for it commands us to be kind to our *enemies*.

Let us for each other care,
 Each the other's burden bear ;
 To thy Church the pattern give,
 Show how true believers live.

Free from anger and from pride,
 Let us thus in God abide ;
 All the depths of love express,
 All the heights of holiness.

What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter, is the unvaried language of God, in his providence. He will have CREDIT every step. He will not assign reasons, because he will exercise faith.

There is not a nobler sight in the world than an aged and experienced Christian, who having been sifted in the sieve of temptation, stands forth as a confirmer of the assaulted—testifying, from his own trials, the reality of religion; and meeting, by his warnings, and directions, and consolations, the cases of all who may be tempted to doubt it.

Where Christian love glows in the breast, *there* will be best appreciated the value and importance of our Saviour's admonition: "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

The spirit of benevolence, if cherished and encouraged, sends forth fresh shoots. The soul is enriched by an increase of benevolence, although the means of gratifying or exercising it, to an extent adequate to our feelings, may not be within our power.

Words uttered from the heart, find their way to the heart by a holy sympathy

A good man seen, though silent, counsel gives.

(CECIL.)—"Lying on my couch at an interval of ease, I form a project of some work: I trace the good effects it ought to produce; and say to myself, *Why do we sit still till we die?* I start up to find pen and paper, and at the moment my painful complaint arrests me afresh. While I, fainting, recline again, I seem

to hear, 'Know, feeble worm, that even God's work must wait for God's call, and time, and strength.' "

They also serve who only stand and wait.

A good man hath sweet satisfaction and delight, in secret converse with himself and with his God.

See of how rich a lot, how blest,
The true believer stands possest !

It is a symptom of decline, when a man will UNNECESSARILY EXPOSE THE IMPERFECTIONS OF THE RELIGIOUS WORLD. "Such a man," he will say, "is fond of praying; but he is fond of money." This is the very opposite spirit to that of St. Paul, who speaks, *even weeping*, of those who *mind earthly things*.

A VIOLENT SECTARIAN SPIRIT is a sign of religious declension. Honest men stand firm for the vitals of religion. If the mind were right, the circumstantialia of religion would not be made matters of fierce contention. The spirit of St. Paul was of another kind. *If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.—One believeth that he may eat all things: another, who is weak, eateth herbs. Let not him that eateth, despise him that eateth not; and let not him which eateth not, judge him that eateth.*

AN OSTENTATIOUS SPIRIT in a professor of religion does great injury—that *giving out that he is some great one*. Even a child will often detect this spirit, when we think no one discovers it.

Numberless indeed are the mercies of the Lord, and as numberless the ways through which they are extended to mankind; but all are graciously designed to bring us nearer to himself.

I prais'd the earth, in beauty seen,
With garlands gay of various green;
I prais'd the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious, as a silver shield;
And earth and ocean seem'd to say,
"Our beauties are but for a day!"

I prais'd the sun, whose chariot roll'd
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I prais'd the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed gently through the summer sky!
And moon and sun in answer said,
"Our days of light are numbered!"

O God! O good beyond compare!
If thus thy meaner works are fair,
If thus thy bounties gild the span
Of ruined earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be
Where thy redeemed dwell with Thee!

Within the enclosure of Divine fear there is perfect safety and sufficient strength: into the fold of Christ, the wild beast of the field, whose nature is to devour, cannot enter, nor can the keen eye of the tempter see its excellency, though he may attempt to draw us aside from it.

Those to whom Christ is precious, reckon his ser-

vice, even the most despised instances of it, an honour to them.

The well-known Countess of Huntingdon observed : " When I gave myself to the Lord, I likewise devoted to him all my fortune, with this reserve, that I would take with a sparing hand what might be necessary for my food and raiment, and for the support of my children should they live to be reduced." A person from the country once visiting her, turned his eyes towards the house as he left it, and exclaimed, " What a lesson ! can a person of her noble birth, nursed in the lap of grandeur, live in such a house, so meanly furnished—and shall I, a tradesman, be surrounded with luxury and elegance ? From this moment I shall hate my house, my furniture, and myself, for spending so little for God, and so much in folly."

A Christian's life should be a practical invitation to holiness.

When the mind has been surrounded by worldly affections, if not enveloped in them, from manhood to advanced years, and is in this state unclothed of mortality, what hope can it have of joining the general assembly and church of the first-born, which implies redeemed spirits ? May it not justly tremble lest the language go forth, *I know you not* ; and that it will be found in the condition of the unhappy man who had not on a wedding garment ?

A life of inaction is a disuse of talents, and a perversion of faculties for which we are responsible. It

is the inlet of temptation. Our leisure days are the enemy's busy ones.

For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

LUKE xxii. 35.—*And he said unto them, When I sent you without purse, and scrip, and shoes, lacked ye anything? And they said, Nothing.*—W. Mason, once an acting magistrate for the county of Surrey, observed: "These were precious words to me. With tears of thankfulness I record the goodness of my Lord to the chief of sinners. Upwards of twenty years ago, when it pleased God to call me by his grace, and make me happy in his love, my name was cast out as evil—friends became foes—their hands were against me—they withdrew their favours from me, and derided me—under narrow circumstances, tender feelings for a large family, carnal reasonings of my corrupt nature, and strong temptations from the enemy, I was sore distressed. But the Lord was gracious; and often did he bring this text to my mind, *Lackest thou anything?* I was constrained with gratitude to reply, *Nothing, Lord.* Christ is a most precious master to serve! I have proved it."

Such is the soul that leaves this mortal land,
Fearless, when the great master gives command.
Death is the storm: she smiles to hear it roar,
And bids the tempest waft her from the shore:
Then with a skilful helm, she sweeps the seas,
And manages the raging storm with ease;
(*Her faith can govern death*) she spreads her wings

Wide to the wind, and as she sails she sings,
And loses by degrees the sight of mortal things.
As the shores lessen, so her joys arise,
The waves roll gentler, and the tempest dies
Now vast eternity fills all her sight,
She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,
The sea's for ever calm, the sky's for ever bright.

However the disposition and affections of men may
alter, God is always the same.

There can be no true peace with God without faith-
fulness in our duty, and a resolute abhorrence of all sin.

O, friendly to the best pursuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
Domestic life in rural leisure pass'd !
Few know thy value, and few taste thy sweets;
Though many boast thy favours, and affect
To understand and choose thee for their own.

The youthful mind is like a strong soil, bringing
forth abundantly, either plants or weeds ; it requires
frequent weeding, and continual watching unto prayer.

It is said of Cotton Mather, that when about to write
a letter, especially to any foreign country, he would
consider how far he could make it subservient to the
purpose of exalting his divine Master, of promoting
the service of *his* kingdom.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The path of glory leads but to the grave.

A little rule, a little sway,
A sun-beam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have,
Between the cradle and the grave.

The biographer of Thomas Scott, the author of the Commentary, says of him, that "his mind dwelt much upon love: *God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.*" Faith worketh by love. He seemed full of tenderness and affection to all around him. "One evidence," he said, "I have of meetness for heaven; I feel much love to all mankind, to *every* man upon earth—to those who have most opposed and slandered me."

It is cause enough for humility, to know that we are not humble.

Many of our useful thoughts die away, without doing their office: vanishing, like bubbles, almost as soon as they appear.

The hoary head is only a crown of glory when found in the way of righteousness.

A short time before the death of Elias Boudinot, the estimable President of the American Bible Society, he was much gratified by the receipt of a letter from a female, who residing to the westward, had met occasionally with some respectable Indians, men of understanding, who discovered concern for the situation of their country. While sitting in her parlour one day, unusually enjoying an opportunity of mental rest, two visitors of uncommon interest made their appearance:

the first was her old friend, the Delaware chief, the great Bock-on-jai-hai-lus, who introduced his friend, king Ka-box-ki; they had met her husband in the city, who had invited them to dinner. They were on their return from seeing their *great father*, as they called the president. King Ka-box-ki was mostly silent: when he spoke, it was in the Delaware tongue; he desired his friend to say he could not speak English. Bock-on-jai-hai-lus was more communicative, but seemed dejected, though noble and animated in his whole deportment: after the cloth was removed, he said, "We now go." "And when shall I see you again?" rejoined his hostess. "Me old," said he: "me soon lie down," spreading his hand with a low horizontal motion; then raising his eyes to heaven, and extending his hand to her with devout expression, "but we shall meet *with Jesus!*" Incited by sympathetic ardour and Christian love, his friend inquired, "Do you know Jesus?" "Me know Jesus—me love Jesus!" Then rising from the table, a solemn farewell closed this impressive visit; leaving a sweet conviction of the efficacy of the declaration, that *in Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female, barbarian, Scythian, bond, nor free!*

The writer enclosed an hundred dollars for the department (particularly) of the Delaware translation of the Scriptures.

Jesus! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high:

Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past:

Safe into the haven guide :
O receive my soul at last !

Men ought always to pray and not to faint.—Luke xviii. 1. Many things in the world are necessarily intermitted, because they are tied to place or times; all places, all times are not convenient for them; but in case of prayer, it is otherwise; it seeks no place, it attends no time. If our hand be clean, we must, as our apostle commands us, lift them up *every where*, at all times, and make every place a church, every day a Sabbath, every hour canonical. As you go to the market, as you stand in the street, as you walk in the fields; in all these places you may pray as well, and with as good acceptance, as in the church; for you yourselves are “temples of the Holy Ghost.”

Time *was* is past; thou canst not it recall:
Time *is*, thou hast; employ the portion small:
Time *future* is not; and may never be:
Time *present* is the only time for thee!

When the last hour approaches, how changed will be our estimate of earthly possessions! How absurd our late incessant grasping to add new turrets to the fabric of ambition; the foundation of which is shaking, and the ground on which it stands mouldering away!

Many a moment of unprofitable disquietude may be spared by an habitual effort not to take affront.

A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me; and no other can.

While others their punctilios boast,
Lord, bend my stubborn will !
For he that condescends the most,
Remains the victor still.

Few rightly estimate the worth
Of joys that spring and fade on earth ;
They are not weeds we should despise,
They are not fruits of Paradise ;
But wild flowers in the Pilgrim's way,
That cheer yet not protract his stay ;
Which he dare not too fondly clasp,
Lest they should perish in his grasp ;
And yet may view, and wisely love,
As proofs and types of joy above.

If we are truly foremost in the Christian course,
there will be no triumphing, or carrying ourselves aloft
upon it: we shall be heartily sorry to see others so far
behind us.

A true Christian cannot bear the thought of going
to heaven alone.

It is impossible for any man to know Christ to be a
Saviour, till he knows himself to be a sinner.

It is better to see our own faults than other people's.

We do not set the mark of holiness high enough ;
we do not raise our desire up to the Scripture standard
of it ; we do not trust and pray enough.

Who can at once deliverance gain
 From all that has enslav'd, entic'd ?
 Or hope abruptly to obtain
 The stature of a man in Christ ?
 Faith must anoint the eye to see ;
 Love the awakened heart must warm ;
 Grace must from sin's dominion free ;
 And growth in grace the saint must form.

For by degrees the work of God
 Is in the heart of man reveal'd ;—
There, first conviction's chast'ning rod
 That desert makes a fruitful field.
 Prepared for culture from on high,
There grace divine the seed must sow ;
 And *there*, uprising to the eye,
 The blade must first its greenness show.

That *blade*, which, warm'd by light and love,
 Watered by dews of reverent fear,
 Aspiring to its source above,
 Shall bear the yet unripen'd ear.
 And lastly, must the ear, matur'd,
 The fulness of its corn possess,
 Ere in the garner safe secur'd,
 The husbandman his toil may bless.

John Janeway, who died in his twenty-fifth year, was remarkable for his piety and exemplary conduct. Although he attained to considerable proficiency in learning, and had a just sense of its value, he soon learned to esteem *all but as dross and dung, in comparison of the knowledge of Christ, and him crucified.* It was his custom to set apart an hour every day, for

secret retirement and solemn meditation. On one of these occasions, a friend of his happened, unknown to him, to be in a situation where he observed all that passed; and his remarks on the scene before him are worthy of insertion. "What a spectacle did I behold! Surely a man walking with God, conversing intimately with him, and maintaining a holy freedom with the great Jehovah. Methought I saw a spiritual merchant in a heavenly exchange, pursuing a rich trade for the treasures of the other world. O, what an animating sight it was! Methinks I see him still. How lovely was his countenance! His looks, and smiles, and every action, bespoke him to be on the confines of glory." He often lamented the barrenness of Christians in their converse with each other. "O," said he, "what indifference, to spend an hour or two together, and to hear scarcely a word that speaks people's hearts in love with holiness! Where is our love to God and our fellow-creatures all this while? Where is our sense of the preciousness of time? of the greatness of our account?" &c.—Though he was generally, as he approached his end, in a triumphant frame of spirit, yet he experienced, at times, some variations; in these seasons he used to say, "Hold out, faith and patience, yet a little while, and your trial will be over." Near the close of his life, most of his work was praise. Admiring the boundless love of God to him, he said: "O, why these favours to me, Lord? Why to me?—Praise is now my work; and I shall be engaged in that sweet employment for ever. O, help me to praise him. I have nothing else to do. I have done with prayer; I have almost done with conversing with mortals. I shall soon behold Christ himself, who died for me, and

loved me, and washed me in his blood. I shall shortly be in eternity, singing the song of Moses, and the song of the Lamb. I shall presently stand upon Mount Zion, with an innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect. I shall hear the voice of multitudes, and be one amongst them who say, 'Hallelujah ! glory, and honour, and power unto the Lord our God ! ' " Thus did this favoured and happy spirit take his leave of this world, and rise triumphant to the regions of bliss and immortality.

Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are ;
 While on his breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

" Wilt thou be made whole ? " is a trying question, when it comes to be well considered.

We can take rebuke patiently from a book, but not from a tongue.

O that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me ; when his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness.—JOB xxix. 2, 3.

It may be painful, thus to turn
 To favour'd seasons—past and gone ;
 And from our present darkness learn
 The value of the light that shone.

Yet, it is good to know from whom
 That light divine alone could flow ;

And merciful may be the gloom
Which teaches us *its* source to know.

In trouble and in grief, O God !
Thy smile hath cheer'd my way ;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.

The hours of pain have yielded good,
Which prosperous days refused :
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.

The oak strikes deeper, as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven ;
So life's vicissitudes the more
Have fixed my heart on heaven.

All gracious Lord ! whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me nearer thee.

All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness ; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.
—2 TIM. iii. 16, 17.

It is stated by Ellis, in his *Polynesian Researches*, that at Afarcaitu he has frequently seen thirty or forty canoes, from distant parts of Eimo, or some other island, in which perhaps five or six persons had arrived, whose only errand was to procure copies of the Scriptures ; many waiting for five or six weeks

until they were printed. Sometimes a canoe would arrive, with six or ten persons, for books, bringing a large bundle of letters, perhaps thirty or forty, written on plantain leaves, and rolled up like a scroll; these letters having been written by individuals who were unable to come and apply personally, and had therefore sent, in order to obtain a copy. One evening a canoe arrived from Tahiti, with five men on this errand; and because they could not be supplied till morning, they rested on the ground near the house, lest some one should get supplied before them. After they were severally supplied, and copies given for the mother of one, and sister of another, for which they had brought payment in cocoa-nut oil, each wrapped his book in a piece of white native cloth, put it in his bosom, wished good morning, and hastening to the beach, launched their canoe, hoisted their matting sail, and steered, rejoicing, to their native land.

The sower soweth the word.—MARK, iv. 14.

Sow in the morn thy seed;
 At eve hold not thy hand
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
 Broad-cast it round the land.

Beside all waters sow,
 The highway furrows stock;
 Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
 Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
 Expect not here nor there;
 O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found:—
 Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive
The late or early sown :
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing, "Harvest Home !"

THE TAHITIAN PARLIAMENT.—It is noted by Bennet and Tyerman, that during the eight days these extraordinary people sat in discussion, two speakers were never on their legs at the same time, and that an angry word was not once uttered. One of the subjects related to the question of *death* or *banishment* for murder. Hitoti thought that, receiving so much good from England, they ought to do as England did. Utami thought this was going too far ; he might be wrong, but this was his thought. Upuparu considered that Scripture authority, not English precedent, ought to guide them. A lively interchange of looks through the assembly denoted that it was penetrated with these sentiments. Tati next gave as a reason why he had

held his peace so long, that he thought he might gather what had been growing in the breasts of his brethren : he was glad he had waited, because some thoughts had grown in his own breast, which he did not bring with him. He wished some one to show him the guide in the *New Testament* which authorizes the taking *life for life*. Pati next expresses that his breast is full of thought, and surprise, and delight, in the circumstance of their taking sweet counsel together : thinking Tati has settled the question, for *is not the Gospel our guide ?*

One of the *little men*, a commoner, or representative of a district, next presented himself, thinking, as no one else stood up, he would make his little speech, several pleasant thoughts having been growing in his breast, and all were allowed to throw their thoughts together, so that out of the whole the meeting might make those stand upright which were best, whencesoever they came. His thought was, that the offender being sent to a desolate island, and compelled to think for himself, it might please God to make the bad things of his heart to die, and good things to grow there. "But if we kill him," said he, "where will his soul go?" The law was made for banishment, not death.

Your fathers, where are they ? and the prophets, do they live for ever ?—Zech. i. 5.

— Who can view the stately pillars gone,
Those firm supports of virtue's weighty dome,
And not unite in tributary tears ?

— Ye rising youth, the hope of future times,
You who have felt the cords of heavenly love

To draw and disengage you from the world,
 Keep near that quick'ning, vivifying power,
 Which freed from bondage Israel's favour'd sons :
 So shall you grow to glad parental care,
 And stand as warriors in defence of truth.
 On you the important cause must soon devolve ;
 Oh ! be you faithful, upright, and sincere.—

* * * * *

Mourn not for us ; the living claim your tears ;
 Weep for the dead in trespasses and sin :
 Tread the same steps that centred us in bliss ;
 By good example call to the supine ;
 The young encourage, animate the weak,
 Comfort the mourner, strengthen those who faint ;
 That Sion thus may shake herself, and shine
 With the bright lustre of her ancient days.

It is a blessed state of heart to wait upon God continually in the spirit of humble, fervent, believing prayer. Satan well knows the value of such a spirit, and therefore tries hard to prevent its exercise. He labours to extinguish this sacred fire, kindled in the soul by the Holy Ghost. He endeavours to disturb the mind, to ride upon the wings of the imagination, and to fill the soul with an endless succession of fleeting images : this daily irruption of the enemy constitutes no small part of the Christian warfare.

I often say my prayers,
 But do I ever pray ?
 Or do the wishes of my heart
 Dictate the words I say ?

'Tis useless to implore,
 Unless I feel the need,
 Unless 'tis from a sense of want
 That all my prayers proceed.

I may as well kneel down,
 And worship wood and stone,
 As offer to the living God
 A prayer of words alone.

Lord! teach me what I want,
 And teach me how to pray;
 Nor let me e'er implore thy grace,
 Not feeling what I say.

The wisdom of man lies not in satirizing the vices
 of others, but in correcting his own.

Those qualities that dispose us to make a right use
 of the knowledge of mankind, contribute at the same
 time to increase that knowledge. The heart which is
 merely selfish does not understand the language of
 benevolence, disinterestedness, and generosity, and
 therefore is very liable to misinterpret it; while those
 who feel themselves capable of great and worthy
 actions, will find no difficulty in believing that others
 may do so too, and will have an idea of a character
 which can hardly ever be perfectly understood by those
 who find nothing like it in themselves.

"There are diversities of operations, but it is the
 same God, who worketh all in all." Some believers
 are remarkable for the strength of their faith in trials
 even unto death; others for their liveliness and acti-
 vity in duty; others for their wisdom, conduct, and

prudence both in temporals and spirituals; others for their zeal in defence of the truth; others for their patience, meekness, and gentleness; others for their submission to the will of God; others for outward usefulness in the church; and others for an inward and spiritual life of communion with God. But all these are the various gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit, "dividing to every man severally as he will," and not to the talents or abilities of fallen nature. They are also given to every man who hath them, to profit withal, according to his place in the church, or in the world. He who hath one of these graces, should not undervalue or despise him who hath another; for the giver is the same, though his gifts may be granted for different ends.

Where integrity, love of truth, and devotedness to God shine conspicuously, it ill becomes poor frail men to arraign one another for little supposed discrepancies in things of *smaller moment*; the result of a bias referable to education and outward circumstances.

Would that the films of error were allow'd
But by the vulgar worldling, or the proud!
But this distemper of the moral eye
Never affects it more inveterately
Than when the *false* of prejudice's view
Is intermingled with a little *true*.
And hence, the conscientious and sincere,
Who know *essential* truth, and hold it dear,
If education (as she doubtless can)
Have form'd their souls upon the *narrow* plan,
Permit no motion from its nook to stir;
Most obstinately certain where they err.

Thus are opinions, as receiv'd in youth,
Wedge'd down immovably with slips of truth ;
Assur'd of part, they deem the whole is right :
And what astonishment it would excite,
Should any have the boldness to allege,
That all is rubbish but the golden wedge.

Religious professors can talk in a notional way, and in the words of Scripture, about their knowledge of God ; but *few* understand, or will bear to undergo, the humbling and down-breaking exercises, whereby *alone* this precious knowledge can be obtained. "O righteous Father," says the dear Redeemer, "the world hath not known thee : but I have known thee." And *what* is it to know God, He tells us in the same divine outpouring of his soul. "And this," he says, "is life eternal, that they might *know thee* the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."

It is said of the well-known Richard Cecil, that while he was at college, he had many deep and secret conflicts of mind, and had to meet with many insults which profligate men offer to piety : and that, under these trials, he was one day walking in the Physic Gardens, where he observed a very fine pomegranate tree, cut almost through the stem, near the root. "Sir," said the gardener, on his inquiring the reason, "this tree used to shoot so strong that it bore nothing but leaves. I was therefore obliged to cut it in this manner ; and when it was almost cut through, then it began to bear plenty of fruit." This explanation affording a striking illustration to his mind, he went home comforted and instructed ; saying, he had learned more in

these circumstances than from all the books he ever read—"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

For *all* I bless thee : most for the *severe*.

Might I but live in the fervent love of God, what matter is it in what country, or what cottage, or what prison, I live ?

—There are who know a Saviour's love
 The long-lost joys of EDEN can restore,
 And raise their views to happier seats above,
 Where fear, and pain, and death, shall be no more.

* * * * *

For them e'en vernal nature looks more gay ;
 For them more lively hues the fields adorn ;
 To them more fair the fairest smile of day ;
 To them more sweet the sweetest breath of morn.
 They feel the bliss that faith and hope supply ;
 They pass serene th' appointed hours that bring
 The day that wafts them to the realms on high,
 The day that centres in eternal spring.

In the measure we advance in grace, so shall we sink in our own esteem.

If all be well within, nothing can hurt us without.

He that prays despairs not.

A wealthy grazier, in Rutlandshire, was, at the age of eighty, deeply impressed with the importance of Gospel truths. Being subsequently confined to his bed from infirmities, his friend who visited him, ob-

served the tears running down his cheeks, while with the tenderness of a little child, he spoke of the hardness of his heart. On being asked his age, he replied, "Little more than two years old, for I can only reckon since I knew the Lord Jesus; the fourscore years before were but a life of death." At eighty-four he departed, full of faith and hope; entering, it was believed, as at the eleventh hour, into the joy of his Lord.

He lives who lives to God alone,
 And all are dead beside;
 For other source than God is none,
 Whence life can be supplied.

While the Christian may have to encounter many difficulties, he may partake of many pleasures; pleasures which are as much superior to the sickly joys of sensual things, as the living spring is purer than the green waters of a stagnant pool.

The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets;
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.

The more we abound in God's work, the more comfort we may expect in him: if the day has been busy for him, the night shall be easy in him.

There is nothing that is able to appease the trouble of a wounded conscience, but the mercy of God in Christ Jesus.

How blest thy creature is, O God,
When with a single eye
He views the lustre of thy word,
The day-spring from on high!
Through all the storms that veil the skies,
And frown on earthly things,
The Sun of Righteousness he eyes,
With healing in his wings.
Struck by that light, the human heart,
A barren soil no more,
Sends the sweet smell of grace abroad,
Where serpents lurk'd before.
The soul, a dreary province once
Of Satan's dark domain,
Feels a new empire form'd within,
And owns a heavenly reign.
The glorious orb, whose golden beams
The fruitful year control,
Since first, obedient to thy word,
He started from the goal,
Has cheer'd the nation with the joys
His orient beams impart:—
But, Jesus! 'tis thy light alone
Can shine upon the *heart*.

The remembrance of past mercies is an encouragement to trust in God in future trials.

— The spring-time of our years
Is soon dishonour'd and defil'd in most,
By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand
To check them.

With all thy getting, get understanding.—Prov.
iv. 7.

Truths that the learn'd pursue with eager thought,
Are not important always as dear bought;
Proving, at last, though told in pompous strains,
A childish waste of philosophic pains:
But truths on which depend our main concern,
That 'tis our shame and misery not to learn,
Shine by the side of ev'ry path we tread,
With such a lustre, he that runs may read.

King Solomon, at one period of his life, flattered himself with great enjoyments from the world. He sought for and obtained all the means of pleasure, but found himself in the end, greatly disappointed. The result of this search and experiment, he gives us in these memorable lines: "I said to my heart, I will prove thee with mirth; therefore enjoy pleasure: and, behold! this also is vanity. I made great works, built houses, planted vineyards, made gardens and orchards, and planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits. I procured servants and maidens; I gathered silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings. I obtained men and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and those of all sorts. So I was great, and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem; and whatever my eyes desired, I kept not from them; I withheld not my heart from any joy. Then I looked on the works which my hands had wrought; and, behold! all was vanity and vexation of spirit."

The path of sorrow, and *that* path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown :
No traveller ever reached that blest abode,
Who found not thorns and briars on his road.

Good when he gives—supremely good,
Nor less when he denies :

E'en crosses from his sov'reign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

Friendship's a pure, a heaven-descended flame,
Worthy the happy region whence it came ;
The tender tie that virtuous spirits binds,
The golden chain that links immortal minds.

Solitude and stillness render the night-watches a
fit season for meditation on the so-often experienced
mercies of God, which, when thus called to remem-
brance, become a delicious repast to the spirit, filling
it with all joy, and peace, and consolation, giving songs
in the night, and making darkness itself cheerful.

And, O, permit the gloom of solemn night,
To sacred thought may forcibly invite ;
When this world's shut, and awful planets rise,
Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies.

It requires some exercise of sympathetic feeling to
minister to sorrows we have never felt, to pains we
have never endured.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the faults I see ;
That mercy I to others show
That mercy show to me.

Dr. Johnson's friend, Boswell, remarked, that, "things are done on the supposition of happiness; grand houses built, fine gardens made, splendid places of amusement contrived, and crowded with company." "Alas! sir," replied the great moralist, "these are only struggles for happiness. When I first entered Ranelagh, it gave an expansion and gay sensation to my mind, such as I never experienced any where else. But as Xerxes wept, when he viewed his immense army, and considered, that not one of that great multitude would be alive a hundred years afterwards, so it went to my heart to consider, that there was not one in all that brilliant circle that was not afraid to go home and think; but that the thoughts of each individual there would be distressing when alone."

Oh, the dark days of vanity! while here
How tasteless, and how terrible when gone!

Not happiness herself makes good her name;
Our very wishes give us not our wish.

When the prosperous fool says, "Soul, take thine ease, thou hast much goods laid up for thee;" the prosperous Christian says, "Soul, *tremble* at thine ease—be on thy guard. Thou hast, indeed, much goods laid up for thee, but it is in a future world. Lose not a large inheritance for a paltry possession; forfeit not an unalienable reversion for a life interest—a life which this very night may be required of thee."

Canst thou by faith, survey with joy
The change before it come?
And say, "Let death this house destroy,
I have a heav'nly home?"

The Saviour, whom I then shall see
With new admiring eyes,
Already has prepar'd for me
A mansion in the skies.

A soft and delicate life will give force to temptations, which might easily be subdued by one who had habituated himself to "endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." It also produces an attachment to this world, and an unwillingness to leave it; which ill becomes those who are strangers and pilgrims on earth, and who expect so soon to be called away to that "better country," which they profess to seek.

Should Providence profusely pour
Its various blessings on my store;
Oh, keep me from the ills that wait
On such a seeming prosp'rous state:
From hurtful passions set me free,
And humbly may I walk with thee.

When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pard'ning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest:
And, as each morning's sun shall rise,
Oh, lead me onward to the skies.

A sufferer said, after six years of pain and confinement to her bed: "I longed to go to heaven, that I might be happy, but the Lord has brought heaven down to my bed; for I am so happy, so full of his presence."

If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the church above
In Jesus' presence, know !

If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee !

Love endureth all things.—Sacrifices of ease, of time, of feeling, and of property, must all be endured : for it is impossible to exercise Christian charity without making these. He that would do good to others, without practising self-denial, does but dream. The way of philanthropy is ever up-hill, and not unfrequently over rugged rocks, and through thorny paths. If we would promote the happiness of our fellow-creatures, it must be by parting with something or other that is dear to us. If we would lay aside revenge, when they have injured us, and exercise forgiveness, we must often mortify our own feelings. If we would reconcile the differences of those who are at variance, we must give up our time, and sometimes our comfort. If we would assuage their griefs, we must expend our property. If we would reform their wickedness, we must part with our ease. If we would, in short, do good of any kind, we must be willing to deny ourselves, and bear labour of body and pain of mind. And love is willing to do this ; it braces itself for labour, arms itself for conflict, prepares itself for suffering : it looks difficulties in the face, counts the cost, and exclaims, “None of these things move me, so that I may diminish the evils,

and promote the happiness of others!" It will rise before the break of day, linger on the field of labour till midnight, toil amidst the sultry heat of summer, brave the northern blasts of winter, submit to derision, give the energies of the body and the comfort of mind ; all to do good.

Love is kind.

Check thyself, vain man, that with the ardour of a diseased fancy dost pursue fleeting shadows! Love substances, and hear what Boëthius tells thee:—

“He that seeks a glorious prize,
Thinking *that* the top of all,
Let him view th’ expanded skies,
And the earth’s contracted ball :
Then blush, to think that glory’s plan
Is bounded by the breath of man.”

Humility is so essential to the right state of our souls, that there is no pretending to a reasonable or pious life without it. We may as well think to see without eyes, or live without breath, as to live in the spirit of religion, without the spirit of humility.

If God had required great strength, extraordinary abilities, and stoutness of men, then the greatest part had perished, because of weakness of temper : but he rather chooseth the weak things of the world, to confound the strong.

Let us but remember, that *when we shall come to die*, and our souls sit, as it were, hovering upon our lips, ready to take their flight, at how great a rate we

would then be willing to purchase some of those hours we once trifled away, but we cannot.

The companions of an amiable youth attempted to console him on the loss of a most affectionate parent, by reminding him that he had always behaved to the deceased with duty, tenderness, and respect. "So thought I," replied the youth, "while my parent was living: but now I recollect, with pain and sorrow, many instances of disobedience and neglect, for which, alas! it is too late to make atonement."

Surely, each remembered word,
 Surely, the advice he gave,
 Comes again upon me; heard
 Like a whisper from the grave.

Instead of the flattering compliment which Garrick expected from Dr. Johnson, on the exhibition of his fine house, gardens, statues, pictures, &c., at Hampton Court, "Ah! David, David," said the Doctor, "these are the things which make a death-bed terrible."

Say, ye who love the mountain-top to tread,
 Though with insulting sweep ye pass me by,
 Though you're exalted far above my head,
 Are you in aught more fully blessed than I?

Strive to recommend religion by the courtesy, civility, and condescending character of thy conduct.

The trouble which we think will swallow us up, may be a means to bring us to our haven; so mighty is God in power, and, so "excellent in working."

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

From the flame's refining power,
More pure the gold of Ophir flows ;
From affliction's fiery hour,
More bright the Christian's virtue glows.

(CECIL).—I have long adopted an expedient, which I have found of singular service. I have a shelf in my study, for tried authors ; and one in my mind, for tried principles and characters. When an *author* has stood a thorough examination, and will bear to be taken as a guide, I put him on the shelf. When I have more fully made up my mind on a *principle*, I put it on the shelf. A hundred subtle objections may be brought against this principle ; I may meet with some of them, perhaps ; but my principle is on the shelf. Generally, I may be able to recall the reasons which weighed with me to put it there ; but, if not, I am not to be sent out to sea again. Time was, when I saw through and detected all the subtleties that could be brought against it ; I have past evidence of having been fully convinced : and there on the shelf it shall lie. When I have turned a *character* over and over, on all sides, and seen it through and through, in all situations, I put it on the shelf. There may be conduct in the person which may stumble others ; there may be great inconsistencies ; there may be strange and unaccountable turns ; but I have put that character on the shelf : difficulties will all be cleared up ; every thing will come

round again. I should be much chagrined, indeed, to be obliged to take a character down which I had once put up: but that has never been the case with me yet; and the best guard against it, is—not to be too hasty in putting them there.

(CHARLES SIMEON.)—In his sixtieth year he says: “I see many things in a different light to what I once did—such as the beauty of order, of regularity, and the wisdom of seeking to win souls by kindness, rather than to convert them by harshness, and what I once called fidelity. I admire more the idea which I have of our blessed Lord’s spirit and ministry than I once did.”

Something having been told him to the disadvantage of another, he makes the following entry in his diary: “The longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rules which I have laid down for myself in relation to such matters.—1st. To hear as little as possible what is to the prejudice of others. 2nd. To believe nothing of the kind until I am absolutely forced to it. 3rd. Never to drink into the spirit of one who circulates an ill report. 4th. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others. 5th. Always to believe that if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter. I consider love as wealth; and as I would resist a man who should come to rob my house, so would I a man who would weaken my regard for any human being.”

“My blessed Lord,” he writes on another occasion, “when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not, but committed himself to

him who judgeth righteously." That seems the right thing for me to do, though some perhaps would think it better for me to stand up for my rights. But to all the accusations which were brought against him, our Lord made no reply, "*insomuch that the governor marvelled greatly.*" I delight in that record; and God helping me, it is the labour of my life so to act, that on my account also, the governor or spectator may marvel greatly. My experience all this day has been, and I hope will yet continue to be a confirmation of that word, "Thou wilt hide me in the secret of thy presence from the strife of tongues." Insult an angel before the throne, and what would he care about it? Just such will be my feeling whilst I am *hid in the secret* of my Redeemer's presence."

Worldly persons seem to have little sense of the magnitude of the blessings they enjoy.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing: thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness. PSALM xli. 1, 3.

Say ye, oppress'd by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye to read the distant glance;
Who with sad pray'rs the weary doctor tease,
To name the nameless ever new disease;
Who with mock patience, dire complaints endure,
Which real pain, and that alone can cure;
How would you bear in real pain to lie,
Despis'd, neglected, left alone to die?

How would you bear to draw your latest breath,
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?

He is the freeman, whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside——

* * * * *

He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor, perhaps, compar'd
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His t' enjoy,
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspir'd,
Can lift to Heav'n an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—"My Father made them all!"
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of int'rest his,
Whose eyes they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With weary thoughts of that unwearied love,
That plann'd, and built, and still upholds a world
So cloth'd with beauty for rebellious man?

Acquaint thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste
His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before:
Thine eye shall be instructed; and thine heart
Made pure, shall relish, with divine delight
Till then unfelt, what hands Divine have wrought.

Floods and conflagrations, famines and pestilence,
and earthquakes, and battles, leave the most crowded
and social scenes, silent. The human race resembles

the withered foliage of a wide forest; while the air is calm, we perceive single leaves, scattering here and there, from the branches; but sometimes a tempest or whirlwind precipitates thousands in a moment.

“We’ve no abiding city here!”
This may distress the worldling’s mind;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

As there is no end to the loving-kindness of Jehovah, so there should be none to our gratitude.

When all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported by the view, I’m lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Oh, how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish’d heart!
But thou canst read it there.

In all affliction seek for patience rather than comfort; if thou preserve that, this will soon return.

————— Ye good distrest!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life’s pressure, yet bear up awhile;
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem’d evil, is no more;
The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded spring encircle all.

“I bless thee, O God, for many things,” says Beza,

in his will and testament ; “ but especially that I gave up myself to thee at the early age of sixteen.”

The flower when offered in the bud,
Is no mean sacrifice.

We talk of happiness !——Can anything equal the state of those who can humbly and confidently say, “ Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.” Many are in adversity and tribulation ; and yet have no such prospect. All is fighting against them, and they have no refuge. Their thoughts are broken off ; even the purposes of their hearts, and their earthly schemes laid desolate ; yet they have nothing better before them : yea, conscience tells them, this is only the beginning of sorrows ; the short preface to a long roll, written within and without, with lamentation, and mourning, and woe. But to the upright there ariseth light in the darkness. He sees the storm beginning to clear up, and he knows that no cloud shall return after the rain. “ I reckon,” says he, “ that the sufferings of the present time, are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us.” Soon want will be followed with fulness ; soon the wormwood and the gall will be succeeded by the cup of salvation.

Yet a season, and we know
Happy entrance shall be given ;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

To mention anything that is sacred with levity is a certain mark of a depraved heart, and weak understanding. A witty sneer or sarcasm, on such subjects, is a species of sacrilege, and shocks all the sensible and better part of mankind.

A Christian's wit is inoffensive light,
A beam that aids, but never grieves the sight ;
Vig'rous in age as in the flush of youth,
'Tis always active on the side of truth :
Temp'rance and peace insure its healthful state,
And make it brightest at its latest date.
Oh, I have seen (nor hope perhaps in vain,
Ere life go down, to see such sights again)
A vet'ran warrior in the Christian field,
Who never saw the sword he could not wield ;
Grave without dullness, learned without pride,
Exact, yet not precise, though meek, keen-eyed ;
A man that would have foil'd, at their own play,
A dozen would-bes of the modern day ;
Who, when occasion justified its use,
Had wit as bright, as ready to produce ;
Could fetch from records of an earlier age,
Or from philosophy's enlighten'd page,
His rich materials, and regale your ear
With strains it was a privilege to hear :
Yet, above all his luxury supreme,
And his chief glory, was the Gospel theme ;
There he was copious as old Greece or Rome,
His happy eloquence seem'd there at home ;
Ambitious not to shine or to excel,
But to treat justly what he lov'd so well.

It moves me more perhaps than folly ought,
 When some green heads, as void of wit as thought,
 Suppose *themselves* monopolists of sense,
 And wiser men's ability, pretence.
 Though time will wear us, and we must grow old,
 Such men are not forgot as soon as cold;
 Their fragrant mem'ry will outlast their tomb,
 Embalm'd for ever in its own perfume.

George Villers, Duke of Buckingham, a very distinguished person in the reign of Charles II., was described, by the Earl of Clarendon, as a "man of noble presence, great liveliness of wit, with a faculty of turning serious things into ridicule; having no principles of religion, virtue, or friendship; pleasure, frolic, and extravagant diversion being all he regarded;" his noble fortune was sacrificed to his evil habits, and he became contemptible, and poor, and sickly, and sunk in all respects. At length, when near his end, and mournfully looking over his life of folly, he addressed a letter to his particular friend, Dr. Barrow, from which the following affecting sentences are extracted: "How despicable, my dear friend, is that man who never prays to his God, but in the time of distress! In what manner can he supplicate that Omnipotent Being in his afflictions, whom, in the time of his prosperity, he never remembered with reverence? Do not brand me with infidelity, when I tell you that I am almost ashamed to offer up my petitions at the throne of grace, or to implore that divine mercy in the next world which I have scandalously abused in this."—"From my rank, I might have expected affluence to wait upon my life; from religion and understanding,

peace to smile upon my end: instead of which I am afflicted with poverty, and haunted with remorse; despised by my country, and, I fear, forsaken by my God!"*

Alas! how chang'd! expressive of his mind,
His eyes are sunk, arms folded, head reclin'd;
Those awful syllables, hell, death, and sin,
Though whisper'd, plainly tells what works within;
That conscience there performs her proper part,
And writes a doomsday-sentence on his heart;
Forsaking, and forsaken of all friends,
He now perceives where earthly pleasure ends.

The learned and pious Richard Hooker, expressed as follows, a short time before his end: "I have lived to see that this world is full of perturbations; and I have been long preparing to leave it, and gathering comfort for the awful hour of making up my account with God, which I now apprehend to be near. And though I have, by his grace, loved him in youth, and feared him in my age, and laboured to have a conscience void of offence towards him, and towards all men; yet, if thou, Lord, shouldst be extreme to mark what I have done amiss, how shall I abide it! Where I have failed, Lord, show mercy to me! for I plead not my righteousness, but the forgiveness of my unrighteousness, through His merits who died to purchase pardon for penitent sinners. And since I owe

* Pope says of this licentious nobleman, that though possessed once of nearly fifty thousand pounds per annum, he was reduced to the deepest distress, by his vice and extravagance, breathing his last moments in a mean apartment, at an inn.

thee a death, Lord, let it not be terrible, and then choose thine own time ; I submit to it. Let not mine, O Lord, but thy will be done !” At another time, he said, “ God hath heard my daily petition : for I am at peace with all men, and he is at peace with me. From this blessed assurance I feel that inward joy which the world can neither give nor take from me. My conscience beareth me this witness : and this witness makes the thoughts of death joyful.—I could wish to live, to do the church more service ; but I cannot hope it ; for my days are past, as a shadow that returns not.”

Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence !

* * * * *

But when their chains are cast aside,
See the bright scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tower away,
And mingle with the blaze of day !

There is nothing substantial and satisfactory but the *supreme good* : in it, the deeper we go, and the more largely we drink, the better and happier we are ; whereas, in outward acquirements, if we would attain to the summit and perfection of them, the very possession and enjoyment palls.

Thou art the source and centre of all minds,
Their only point of rest, Eternal Word !
From thee departing, they are lost, and rove
At random, without honour, hope, or peace :
From thee is all that soothes the life of man,

His high endeavour and his glad success,
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.
But, O, thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the Crown !
Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor ;
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.

The Garden.

The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.—

PSALM xxxiii. 5. A life of self-denial and inward communion with God does not preclude a proper and reasonable investigation of his works: on the contrary, it stimulates to a search and admiration of everything which bears the stamp of a Divine hand; and to such a soul the print of his footsteps is perpetually discoverable.

————— To Thee my thoughts
Continual climb; who with a master hand
Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.

Cheerfulness is a medium betwixt levity and gloominess. It is compatible with seriousness; and its purest and most permanent source is an humble consideration of the many favours and blessings which we enjoy from the Divine hand. An inward cheerfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence, under all his dispensations.

————— Never man was truly blest
But it composed, and gave him such a cast
As folly might mistake for want of joy:
A cast unlike the triumph of the proud;
A modest aspect, and a smile at heart.

The pleasure of a well-regulated mind moves gently, and therefore constantly. It does not affect by rapture and ecstasy, but is like the pleasure of health, still and sober, yet greater and stronger than those which call up the senses with grosser impressions.

Many of the trials of good men look like miseries, which yet, on the whole, appear to have conduced greatly to their happiness: witness the many prayers which they poured out in those calamities, the many seasonable and shining deliverances which succeeded them, and the many hymns of praise they sang to God their deliverer; so that they seem to have been cast into the fire on purpose that the odour of their graces might diffuse itself all abroad.

He that lives in sin, and expects happiness hereafter, is like him that soweth cockle, and thinks to fill his barn with wheat or barley.

It is not knowledge, but love, that distinguishes saints from sinners.

Wisdom is the principal thing: therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting, get understanding.

Unblest by thee, how poor the proudest strain!
Reason perplexes, Genius shines in vain,
Wit sparkles in the dark, and Learning tries,
On cobweb steps, to climb into the skies.

Unfounded prejudices are often imbibed, when a little examination into the true bearing of a case would prevent our thinking evil of a brother.

How many things are there which now give us pleasure or pain, and assume a mighty importance in our view, which, in a dying hour, will be no more to us than the clouds that fly unnoticed over our heads.

Thou wilt never be happy, until thou knowest that the things of this life are insufficient of themselves to make thee so.

Our portion is not large indeed !
But then how little do we need !
For nature's calls are few ;
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

This life is a passage, not a port.

That disposition is opposite to faith which is only to be convinced by external evidences.

As the sails of a ship carry it into harbour, so prayer carries us to the throne and bosom of God : but as sails cannot of themselves speed the progress of the vessel, unless filled with a favourable breeze, so the Holy Spirit must breathe upon our hearts, or our prayers will be motionless and useless.

O Thou, by whom we come to God !
The life, the truth, the way !
The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;
Lord, teach us how to pray !

Earthly trials or enjoyments are of short continuance. Death is continually removing those of every

age and station ; breaking in upon the most endearing unions as soon as formed, and marring all our outward comforts. We cannot too decidedly prefer those advantages which shall endure for ever, that we may be ready for every separating stroke.

The friendly band no more shall greet
Accents familiar once, and sweet ;
No more the well-known features trace,
No more renew the fond embrace.

Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead.

On the tree of life eternal,
Man, let all thy hopes be stay'd,
Which alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

No wise or good man ought to account any rules of behaviour as below his regard, which tend to cement the great brotherhood of mankind in comfortable union.

Many live greatly below their privileges. It is comfortless to dwell at a distance from our Father's house, when we might enjoy his presence, and the smiles of his love.

Ah ! who can tell the joy
Which reigns within the breast,
Where heavenly dews of grace descend,
And Jesus is the guest.

It is a vast work that any man may do, if he never be idle.

They that do nothing, are in the ready way to do worse than nothing.

Does thy youthful heart say:—

“Now, Lord, I would be wholly thine,
And wholly live to thee:
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?”

Place the answer against all thy fears, and sins, and unfitness: *I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me.*

Seek not the praise of men. Dare to be singularly good. Regard not the opinion of half-hearted professors. In a very little time, it will be of small importance to thee whether the world hath hated or loved thee.

Who would not deny himself for a time, that he might enjoy himself for ever?

Thy mercy softens every blast,
To them that seek thy face,
And mingles with the tempest's roar,
The whispers of thy grace.

Adversity is the time to prove friendship.

Abundance seldom lessens our wants.

He that ceases to be useful to others, becomes a burden to himself.

Talent may give title, but title never gives talent. The plain names of some men are accompanied with more dignity and worth than the premier dukedom of the kingdom.

It is said of Socrates, that whenever he felt himself beginning to be angry, he was quite silent.

Revenge dwells in little minds.

(DIARY OF JOSEPH WILLIAMS, OF KIDDERMINSTER.)
—The first serious impressions I remember to have been made upon my mind, were, when I was about *seven* years old, occasioned by the death of a son of James Payton, a boy in another family. My father coming into my room, told me who was dead, and very seriously discoursed to me on the immortality of the soul, the certainty of a state of rewards and punishments, my own mortality, and liableness every day to have such a change pass on me by death. I was greatly surprised, and filled with a warm concern for the salvation of my soul. It put me on praying with greater earnestness than common; and I was resolved to do the will of God, so far as I knew it.

O, when, thou city of my God!

Shall I thy courts ascend,

Where congregations ne'er break up,

And sabbaths have no end?

There happier hours than Eden's bloom,

Nor sin nor sorrow know:

Bless'd seats! through rude and stormy scenes,

I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

It will cost something to be religious; it will cost
more not to be so.

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise;
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.

The brilliancy of the stars is best seen when the
night is dark.

In affliction, we obtain clear views of the insufficiency
of all earthly things. A dark shade is thrown over
the smiling scenes of busy life; and we learn to esti-
mate above all treasures an assured interest in Christ.

Kind, loving is the hand that strikes,
However keen the smart,
If sorrow's discipline can chase
One evil from the heart.

Men may go far in external performances of religion,
and keep long to them, merely by the power of educa-
tion and the influence of friends, though they are not
actuated by a living principle of grace in their hearts.
And in the shows of devotion, it is possible that those

who have only the form of godliness, may outstrip those who have the power of it.

So walk that the parting day may be sweet. Death will shortly break up thy family; and then nothing but the sense of duty discharged, or the neglects of it pardoned, will give thee comfort.

The religion of Jesus is without parade; it affects no publicity. It is enough for his servants to believe that their heavenly Father, who sees them in secret, sees them with an approving eye.

What we call "taking steps in life," are often most serious occurrences; especially if there be in the motive any mixture of ambition.

There are seasons in the lives of good men, when their sense of spiritual things is comparatively dull; and many at these times have been alarmed with an idea of being totally divested of the Spirit, and have fallen into a state of despondency; but if there were no other proof that the grace of God is still vouchsafed to them, their uneasiness alone would evince it.

But, O, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust:
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

The reason why so little good is done by professing Christians may be owing to *their own defect of character*; to the want of that purity of heart from whence all holiness proceeds. When we read the Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistles which they wrote to the several churches, we cannot but be struck with the spirituality of mind, the purity of heart, the simplicity of spirit, the contempt of the world, the patience under suffering, the love of the brethren, the dependence on the Saviour, which appeared so conspicuous in the primitive believers, and which caused them to shine as lights in the world. All who beheld them were constrained to confess, that they were not as other men. They saw the change, and persecuted them for it. But now, the shades of difference between many professors of Christianity and the men of the world are so faint, that it often becomes difficult to discover the line of separation.

Is heaven so sweet? Is heaven so sure?
 A bliss which ever shall endure?
 Then, truly, madness hath possess'd
 The souls that slight this heavenly rest!

If any book of mere human composition, be it ever so instructive, is found to command more of our interest and attention than the Bible, we should, like Henry Martyn, throw it aside, and re-peruse the sacred volume, until we give it, in our hearts, its legitimate prominence and superiority.

(MEMOIR OF SHACKLETON.)—"When but five year old, his heart experienced the touches of Divine love; and he sometimes withdrew to a retired spot, where he

poured out his soul in prayer, and was permitted to approach Him who said, *Suffer little children to come unto me*. Often did he look back upon this time, and the scene of these early aspirations, which seemed hallowed in his view. It was a precious period of his life when he was led to enter into covenant with his Maker; when he walked out alone with his Bible, and poured out his prayers and his tears, being favoured with that heavenly feeling which surpasses every other enjoyment."

Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain,
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

(MATTHEW HENRY.)—"It will do us good to be often left alone, and sitting alone; and if we have the art of improving solitude, we shall find we are never less alone than when alone. Meditation and prayer ought to be both our business and our delight when we are alone; while we have a God, a Christ, and a heaven to *acquaint ourselves with*, and to *secure an interest in*, we need not want matter either for meditation or prayer; which, if they go together, will mutually befriend each other. Our walks in the field are then truly pleasant, when in them we apply ourselves to meditation and prayer. We there have a free and open prospect of the heavens above us, and the earth around us, and the hosts and riches of both; by the view of which we should be led to the contemplation of the Maker and Owner of all."

(DR. BATES.)—"If I should be asked what I think are the best means and way to advance the faculties, to increase grace, to enlarge our comfort, and produce holiness, I should answer, meditation, meditation, meditation."

Every affliction has an errand, and is sent to accomplish some special purpose.

Dear Lord ! though bitter is the cup
Thy gracious hand holds out to me,
I cheerfully would drink it up,—
That cannot hurt which comes from Thee !

Thou art but a pilgrim on earth, and shalt not stay here long : it matters little what is thy fare, if thou come to thy father's house in peace.

The world is seldom what it seems :—
To man who dimly sees,
Realities appear as dreams,
And dreams realities.

The Christian's years, though slow their flight,
When he is called away ;
Are but the watches of a night,
And death the dawn of day.

The conversation of too many, although it may be technically called *religious*, resembles the cloud and the well without water, so strongly reprobated by St. Jude. When such persons separate from each other, they feel no real good derived to their souls. And why ? Because their conversation was destitute of that *unction from the Holy One*, which is life and peace.

The apostolic injunction, *Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus*, if duly obeyed, would cut off every idle and unprofitable word. How apposite is Malachi on this point: *Then they that feared the Lord, spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened, and heard it: and a book of remembrance was written before him, for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels, and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him.*

A piously disposed heart is like an alembic; it distils useful thoughts out of all things it meets with; it sees God in all things, and all things in God.

If thy religion is impressive by its consistency, let it be attractive by its amiableness; think upon and pursue *whatsoever things are lovely and of good report*. In excuse for the disagreeable tempers and repulsive manners of some Christians, it is said that grace may be sometimes grafted on a crab-stock: be it so, but instead of *excusing* the improprieties, the metaphor *condemns* them. When a tree is grafted, it is always expected to bear fruit according to the scion, and not according to the stock. *The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law.*

Youth is the season of warm and generous emotions. The heart should then spontaneously rise into the admiration of what is great, flow with the love of what

is fair and excellent, and melt at the discovery of tenderness and goodness.

That which wears the charms of novelty and pleasure is often too eagerly pursued by unsuspecting youth; the tempers, habits, and dispositions of those with whom they associate are frequently copied; and the morning of their days, which ought like that of holy Samuel to be dedicated to God, is often made the introduction to vice, and the commencement of irretrievable ruin.

With a graceful elocution and a splendid diction, a man may be possessed of the basest morals, and the most corrupt principles.

The odour of a righteous man's conversation will diffuse itself around, and will more or less influence the most profligate characters.

Faith, from low pursuits estranging,
 Ardent virtue, sacred truth,
 Are the flowers of spring, unchanging,
 And enjoy immortal youth.

(JANE TAYLOR.)—Conclusion of her last letter, written on the day before her death.—“I fear I cannot finish.—O, my dear friends, if you knew what thoughts I have now, you would see, as I do, that the whole business of life is preparation for death! Let it be so with you. If I have ever written or spoken anything you deem good advice, be assured I would, if I could, repeat it now with tenfold force. Think of this when I am gone. Tell I—— I hope he will read Williams's

Diary; and study to become such a character, as a man of business and a Christian. I wish you all to read it."—Nearly her last words were the lines of Dr. Watts:

Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked soul I trust;
And my flesh waits for thy command
To drop into the dust.

Repeating with intense fervour the words,

Jesus, to thee—my naked soul—
My naked soul I trust.

(HALL.)—"All that I can say for myself, is a desire of doing good; which if it were as fervent in richer hearts, the church which now we see comely, would then be glorious. This honest ambition hath carried me to neglect the fear of seeming prodigal of my little; and while I see others' talents rusting in the earth, hath drawn me to traffic with mine in public."

How short-lived are the best resolutions made in our own strength; they resemble the early dew which soon passeth away, and the grass upon the house-top which withereth afore it groweth up.

As we cannot live naturally without air, neither can we live spiritually without prayer.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

God will have the Christian thoroughly humbled and dependent. Strong minds think perhaps, sometimes, that they can effect great things in experience, by keeping themselves girt up, by the recurrence of habit, by vigorous exertion. This is their unquestionable duty. But God often strips them, lest they should grow confident. He lays them bare. He makes them feel poor, dark, impotent. He seems to say, "Strive with all your vigour ; but yet I am He that worketh all in all."

As he is not a Christian who *only talks* about Christ, so he is not a spiritually-minded man who *only thinks* about spiritual things. It is a great blessing to have spiritual views ; but what do they avail without spiritual affections, and a spiritual walk ?

Stoical apathy is not Christian fortitude. As these states are superinduced by contrary causes, we see they are productive of different effects :—the hope of the one is gloomy and selfish, and founded only on probabilities ; that of the other is cheerful and animated ; a hope not founded on the possible correctness of a system of speculative notions, but on the promises of *Him* whose words stand surer than the heavens ; a hope beaming with light, and life, and immortality.

Moderate counsels are generally wisest and best. Gentleness will do what violence will not do. Most

people love to be accosted mildly. Good words cost nothing but a little self-denial, and yet they purchase great things.

Husbandmen tell us that the young and tender branches of a vine are not to be pruned away with a knife, but gently pulled away by hand. Before we reprove, let us know the condition of our brother, whether he is not like the young vine, soft and tender: and so to be cured rather with the hand than with the knife: and if he be grown so hard that he shall need the knife, we must not rashly adventure of it, but know there is a skill likewise in using the knife.

(ANTHONY BENEZET.)—An acquaintance of his, relating to him in conversation, that he had recently heard of a person in whose coffers, after death, many thousand dollars in specie were found, Benezet expressed great sorrow at being informed of the circumstance, and begged of his friend to give as little currency as possible to the fact; adding, that he thought "It would have been quite as reasonable to have had as many thousand pairs of boots or shoes in the house, whilst the poor were suffering with bare feet, for the want of them."

O! ye, who still exult in prosp'rous gales,
Untried by the adversities that press
Your fellow-tenants of the gift of life,
With trembling notes rejoice; and call to mind
That sentence of the undeceiving lip:
"Where much is given, much too will be required:"
Much good example, much humility,

And due devotion to the Giver's cause.
 So may your better stores be filled with plenty,
 And with celestial wine your presses teem.

One great cause of our insensibility to the goodness of the Creator, is the very *extensiveness* of his bounty. We prize but little what we share only in common with the rest, or with the generality of our species. When we hear of blessings, we think forthwith of successes, of prosperous fortunes, of honours, riches, preferments; *i. e.* of those advantages and superiorities over others, which we happen either to possess, or to be in pursuit of, or to covet. The common benefits of our nature entirely escape us. Yet these are the great things. These constitute what most properly ought to be accounted blessings of Providence; what alone, if we might so speak, are worthy of its care. Nightly rest and daily bread, the ordinary use of our limbs, and senses, and understandings, are gifts which admit of no comparison with any other. Yet, because almost every man we meet with possesses these, we leave them out of our enumeration. They raise no sentiment; they move no gratitude. Now, herein is our judgment perverted by our selfishness. A blessing ought in truth to be the *more* satisfactory; the bounty at least of the donor is rendered more conspicuous, by its very diffusion, its commonness, its cheapness; by its falling to the lot, and forming the happiness of the great bulk and body of our species as well as of ourselves. Nay, even when we do not possess it, it ought to be matter of thankfulness that others do.

In this fallen world, where sin has planted sorrows in awful profusion, is it not wonderful, that creatures, liable to continual change, are not solicitous to find a covert from the tempest? They are anxious indeed to obtain rest, but they seek for it where it never can be found—in earthly things.

Men are apt to imagine that if they can only amass a fortune, and ascend the hill of prosperity, they shall escape those troubles which overwhelm many who dwell in the vale below. But are not mountains the most exposed to storms? Are they not the most bleak and barren parts of the earth? whilst the shattered valleys stand so thick with corn, that, in the poetic language of David, *they laugh and sing*.

The princely pine, on hills exalted,
Whose lofty branches cleave the sky,
By winds long braved at last assaulted,
Is headlong whirled in dust to lie;
Whilst the mild rose, more safely growing
Low in its unaspiring vale,
Amidst retirement's shelter blowing,
Exchanges sweets with many a gale.

The Lord deals graciously with his people. Though he puts them into the furnace, yet he will not suffer it to be heated one degree more than is needful to consume the dross and purify their souls. He presides over it himself. His wisdom and love regulate its strength. Thus, in the midst of all their trials, he never leaves them, nor forsakes them.

And, O, ye children of affliction ! know
 Yours is no despicable lot. E'en He
 Who died that ye may live, that ye may reign,
 Embraced affliction, and conversed with grief ;
 A servant's form assumed, though Lord of all ;
 And led to glory, through a suffering path.
 Oh ! if ye wish to share his kingdom's bliss,
 See that a portion of his patient mind
 Be yours. Let no repinings pass your lips,
 Or even enter your well-guarded thoughts ;
 But take the cup his sovereign wisdom gives,
 And say, or strive to say, "Thy will be done."

The oftener, and the more diligently the Scriptures
 are perused, the more beautiful will they appear, and
 the less will be our relish for light and superficial
 reading. A satisfaction is felt in perusing them which
 no human composition can excite.

It seems to have afforded Job no small consolation
 in his afflictions, that he had, when in prosperity, care-
 fully attended to the poor. The forcible language in
 which he repels the insinuations of his mistaken friends,
 shows the high estimation in which he held this virtue :
*If I have withheld the poor from their desire, or have
 caused the eyes of the widow to fail ; or have eaten my
 morsel myself alone, and the fatherless hath not eaten
 thereof ; if I have seen any perish for want of clothing,
 or any poor without covering ; if his loins have not
 blessed me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece
 of my sheep : if I have lifted up my hand against the
 fatherless when I saw my help in the gate ; then let
 my arm fall from my shoulder-blade, and my arm be*

broken from the bone ; for destruction from God was a terror to me, and by reason of his highness I could not endure.

The heart which bleeds for others' woes,
Shall feel each selfish sorrow less ;
The breast which happiness bestows,
Reflected happiness shall bless.

The children of poverty and distress, whilst assembled with the opulent, and joining them in solemn worship, may feel that they are all the offspring of one gracious Parent ; all equally dependent on his bounty and goodness ; and from those feelings they may learn to support, with resignation and hope, that allotment which the Father of mercies has assigned to them. Whatever differences may elsewhere exist among men, in the presence of the Divine Being, *the rich and the poor meet (equally) together ; for the Lord is the maker of them all.*

To endeavour to make our fellow-creatures happy is the way to render ourselves happy.

(LEGH RICHMOND.)—"My mother had six children, three of whom died in infancy. A very affecting circumstance accompanied the death of one of them, and was a severe trial to her maternal feelings. Her then youngest child, a sweet little boy, just two years old, was, through the carelessness of his nurse, precipitated from a bed-room window upon the pavement beneath. I was at that time six years of age, and happened to be walking on the very spot when the distressing event occurred: I was therefore the first to take up and

deliver into our agonized mother's arms the poor little sufferer. The head was fractured, and he only survived the fall about thirty hours. I still preserve a very distinct and lively remembrance of the struggle between the natural feelings of the mother and the spiritual resignation of the Christian. She passed the sad interval of suspense in almost continual prayer, and found God a present help in time of trouble. Frequently during that day did she retire with me; and, as I knelt beside her, she uttered the feelings and desires of her heart to God. I remember her saying, "If I cease praying for five minutes, I am ready to sink under this unlooked-for distress; but when I pray, God comforts and upholds me. His will, not mine, be done."

Lord! teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

We perish if we cease from prayer,
O grant us how to pray;
And when to meet thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way!

Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong desiring confidence,
To hear thy voice and live.

Faith is the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone.

Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
 Though mercy long delay;
 Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
 And trust thee though thou slay.

Give these, and then thy will be done;
 Thus strengthened with all might,
 We by thy Spirit, through thy Son,
 Shall pray, and pray aright.

The most insignificant cottage of a believer may be called a palace, since it is the king's presence which constitutes a court.

A young man of high connections and great respectability was induced by some gay acquaintances to accompany them to a ball. Arrived at the scene of dissipation, the festive company proceeded to their amusement. The music struck up, and he among the rest was highly delighted with the diversion. In the midst of their enjoyment, as though a messenger had been sent immediately from heaven, the clock struck one. That striking passage of Dr. Young's instantly rushed upon his mind:—

“The bell strikes one—we take no note of time
 But from its loss:—to give it then a tongue
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke
 I feel the solemn sound; if heard aright,
 It is the knell of my departed hours.
 Where are they? With the years beyond the flood
 It is the signal that demands dispatch.
 How much is to be done! My hopes and fears
 Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
 Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss,
 A dread eternity!”

Conviction seized the youth: alarmed and terrified, he left the dissipated throng, and retired to his closet; his subsequent conduct bearing testimony to a substantial change of heart.

Go, mortal, range the world from pole to pole,
 Still nought but vanity thy search shall find;
 Subject to disappointment is the whole;
 Nought there can satisfy the famish'd mind.

Of the mere worldling, see the heartfelt pain;
 See the crown's weight oppress the monarch's brow;
 See the pale miser tremble o'er his gain;
 See bitter ends to sweetest joys below.

In vain, alas! we seek with anxious eye,
 For perfect happiness beneath the sky;
 In vain our minds to pleasure we resign;
 For, oh! to satisfy th' immortal part,
 And fill, with joy sincere, the craving heart,
 No pow'r suffices, short of love divine.

The cup of sorrow is in constant circulation; we must all drink, and some of us deeply. It is not material whose turn comes first; the thing is to benefit by the draught; for it requires very little self-knowledge to convince us that we are unequal to prosperity, and unable to sustain it without growing careless, or attaching ourselves too strongly to the things which perish, to the exclusion of things eternal.

(ELIZA CUNNINGHAM.)—This amiable young person was cut off by consumption before she was fifteen years of age. Her uncle, the well known John New-

ton, who gave a short memoir respecting her, experienced a great mitigation in the sorrowful parting, by the heavenly condition of her mind. He says, among other things, that in the morning of the day she died, the doctor asking her how she was, she answered, "Truly happy; and if this be dying, it is a pleasant thing to die." About ten she said, "My dear uncle, I would not change conditions with any person upon earth. Oh! how precious is the Lord to me! Oh! what a change is before me!" To her most constant attendant she said, "Be sure you continue to call upon the Lord; and if you think he does not now hear you, he will at last, as he has heard me." Her uncle says, that within half an hour of her translation to glory, she proposed to see a friend who had called; but being discouraged from it on account of her very exhausted state, she smiled and said, "It is very well, I will not." "The Lord" (he continues) "had so filled her heart with benevolence, that she was ready to exert herself to her last breath in hopes of saying something that might be useful to others when she was gone.'

Spring an emblem is of youth,
Hasting on to with'ring age:
Oh, that this important truth
Might each youthful heart engage!
Every pulse, and every breath,
Nearer brings our winter, death.

You, I trust, delight to think
On the change which many dread;
Here you taste, but there shall drink
Pleasures at the fountain-head.

Has not Jesus, by his love,
Taught your heart to soar above ?

Endless spring will there prevail,
There the flowers unfading grow ;
Solid joys that never fail ;
How unlike to all below !
Grief and sin will then be o'er,
And our sun go down no more.

Carefully distinguish between the feverish heat of animal fervour, and the vital warmth of Christian feeling. Mere youthful energy, operating upon a newly awakened remorse for a thoughtless life, will carry the mind certain lengths ; but if unaccompanied with humility, repentance, and a continual application for a better strength than thy own, this slight resource will soon fail. It is not that principle which will encourage progress ; it is not that divine support which will carry thee on to the end. The Christian race is not to be run at a heat ; religion is a steady, progressive course ; it gains strength by going, and eventually it gains speed also : progress quickens the pace ; for the nearer the approach to the goal, the more ardent is the desire to reach it. And though in thy further advance, thou may imagine thyself not so near as thou didst on thy first setting out, this is not really the case :—thou hast a lower opinion of thy state, because thou hast obtained higher views of the spirituality of the law of God, and a more humbling sense of thy own unworthiness. Even the almost Christian prophet seems not to have been previously so deeply convinced of sin, as when overwhelmed by the glory

of the Divine vision, he exclaimed, *Mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts.*

Men may be consumed by a fiery zeal, and yet exhibit little of the meekness, humility, and sweet benevolence of Jesus.

How serious is the condition of a backslider. Conscience is too quick to allow him to enjoy the world; and religion is too much neglected to yield him the smallest comfort. He lives in disquietude and anguish, until he repents and finds anew the favour of his God.

“Return at once, when I reprove,
Lest I thy candlestick remove :
And thou, too late, thy loss lament :—
I warn before I strike—Repent !”

(LADY HUNTINGDON.)—In her early youth, when about nine years old, the sight of a corpse, about her own age, carried to the grave, engaged her to attend the funeral; and there the first impressions of deep seriousness about an eternal world laid hold of her conscience; and with many tears she cried earnestly on the spot to God, that whenever he was pleased to call her hence, he would deliver her from all her fears, and give her a happy departure. She often afterwards visited the grave, and always preserved a lively sense of the affecting scene.

There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;
A thousand children young as I,
Are call'd by death to hear their doom.

Let me improve the hours I have,
 Before the day of grace is fled :
 There's no repentance in the grave,
 Nor pardon offered to the dead.

Meekness gives its possessor many advantages in passing through life, particularly from that state of self-government which it produces, and which is indeed its inseparable companion. When it is genuine, it not only makes a man master of himself, but gives him also a great influence over others. *A soft answer turneth away wrath.*

It may be presumed that "no man was ever scolded out of his sins." The heart, corrupt as it is, and because it is so, grows angry if it be not treated with some management and good manners, and scolds again. A surly mastiff will bear, perhaps, to be stroked, though he will growl even under that operation ; but if you touch him roughly, he will bite. There is no grace that the spirit of self can counterfeit with more success than this sort of religious zeal. A man that loves me, if he sees me in an error, will pity me, and endeavour calmly to convince me of it, and persuade me to forsake it.

If truly pious men conscientiously differ from each other in matters which do not affect the essentials of the gospel, this should not prevent their loving each other as brethren, or uniting together in one holy phalanx, to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints. How affectingly beautiful is the parting address of St. Paul to the church at Corinth: *Finally,*

brethren, farewell! Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you. May it then be our constant aim to maintain the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace, that the world may be constrained to exclaim, *See how these Christians love one another!*

“Love makes the music of the blest above;
Heav’n’s harmony is universal love.”

“MOTHERS CAN DO GREAT THINGS.”—It is recorded of the mother of Philip Doddridge, that she taught him the rudiments of Scripture history from the Dutch tiles round their fire-place; and that for this, her son expressed himself indebted to her for his first serious impressions. John Newton imputed much to early maternal instruction. “Further,” (said he) “my dear mother, besides the pains she took with me, often commended me, with many prayers and tears, to God; and I doubt not but that I reap the fruits of these prayers to this hour.” Philip Henry is said to have often mentioned his thankfulness to God, in having a mother who was to him as Lois and Eunice were to Timothy, acquainting him with the Scriptures from his childhood.

It is very desirable to meet with cheerfulness all the dispensations of unerring wisdom: but we should consider that the minds and countenances of some persons deprive them of that cheerful appearance which others possess; and, therefore, be cautious in judging one another. It must, however, be admitted by those who consider the duties and prospects which Christianity presents, and particularly our Lord’s sermon on the

mount, that gloominess and moroseness, as well as censoriousness and ostentation, form no part of the religion of Jesus Christ.

Let no one think that he may live for himself alone. Each individual has a sphere of usefulness to occupy; and his happiness is closely connected with the performance of his duty. Our Divine Redeemer has left us an example that we should tread in his steps. May we daily study the conduct of Him whose life was one continued exercise of unwearied benevolence—"who went about doing good."

A good man will guide his affairs with discretion.

Hence, order, comfort, in his household reign;
 And more than these he seeks not to obtain.
 His mansion furnished, in no costly style,
 Oft makes his tasty neighbours stare and smile;
 But that unmoved and unavenged he bears,
 Unless it be sometimes to smile at theirs.
 His neat, plain parlour wants our modern air,
 But comfort smiles on every object there.
 —Tables of costly wood, and chairs whose mould
 Bespeaks the fashion not a fortnight old;
 The window drapery's elegant *costume*,
 Arranged and deeply fringed to match the room;
 Carpets, where Eastern patterns richly crawl;
 Vases, and mirrors blazing on the wall;
 Cupids, that wave their waxen flames in air;
 Sideboards of plate, cut-glass, and china rare:
 These things he sees, and oh, surprising phlegm!
 Wastes not a thought or wish for one of them.

Still more surprising, that his house and board
 Are plainer far than he could well afford !
 No seasoned dainties on his table steal ;
 Frugal, though ample, is the daily meal.
 The "olive plants" in graceful order sit ;
 No greedy hands implore the savoury bit ;
 Taught from the very cradle to despise
 The wish for more than hunger's claim supplies.
 A pamper'd body and a vigorous mind
 Are things, he deems, that cannot be combined ;
 And aiming thus the mental string to brace,
 He rears a hardy, independent race.

* * * *

Thus he adorns the doctrines he avows ;
 Thus in the fear of God he guides his house :
 And while it prospers, that memorial word,—
The poor are always with you, still is heard.

* * * *

Many condemn his plan, and many deem
 He carries things to an absurd extreme ;
 Think he might live in style, and yet afford
 A decent crumb from his superfluous board :
 Still there were other poor, and still the sums
 That style would cost might furnish other crumbs.
 'Tis thus he argues, *thus* that order reads,
 "Sell all thou hast, and give to him that needs."
 At that hard saying many turn away ;
 Let him who can, receive it, and obey.

To be actively employed is good for the Christian ;
 whilst too great a seclusion unfits the mind for general
 usefulness. There is, however, a happy combination

of activity and retirement which at once strengthens the mind, and promotes its spirituality.

Whilst I labour to promote the spread of the gospel through the benighted regions of the earth, I must beware lest I neglect to cultivate, by close communion with Jesus, the work of grace in my own soul. When, like Martha, I find my mind cumbered with much serving; when I begin to feel an increasing distraction of thought, and a growing unfitness for spiritual meditation; then let me betake myself with redoubled frequency to Mary's happy station.

And must I part with all I have,
 Jesus, my Lord, for thee?
 This is my joy, since thou hast done
 Much more than this for me.

Yes, let it go:—one look from thee
 Will more than make amends
 For all the losses I sustain,
 Of credit, riches, friends.

Every branch in me, said our divine Saviour, *that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.* Thus, the pruning knife of affliction is applied to the true branches, to cut off all their exuberances, and to render them more abundant in the fruits of holiness. Hence, it is worthy of remark, that the very trials which take away the unfruitful branches, do by a skilful operation of spiritual husbandry, promote the fertility of those branches which derive their nourishment by a vital union to the parent stem.

Jesus, thou true and living vine,
Unite my soul to thee;
O! let my barren, wither'd heart,
A fruitful scion be.

If thou desire the happiness of thy child, teach him obedience and self-restraint.

Children should be inured, as early as possible, to acts of charity and mercy. Constantine, as soon as his son could write, employed *his* hand in signing pardons, and delighted in conveying through *his* mouth all the favours he granted. A noble introduction to sovereignty, which is instituted for the happiness of mankind.

There can be no appearance more hopeful and promising in childhood and youth, than a tenderness of conscience respecting *small things*. A child who is never inclined to plead excuses for what is known to be wrong, by saying, "Is it not a little thing?" who resists an improper thought, forbids a hasty word, who fears the slightest deviation from the truth, bids fair to rise by gradual, but certain steps, to true excellence. But whatever may be our view of the subject, it is certain that God does not, in any sense, condemn *small things*. He looks at motives more than at actions; at thoughts more than at words; and by these we shall be judged. He does not despise the day of small things; the bruised reed, the smoking flax, the grain of mustard-seed, the little leaven:—over these small beginnings He watches with patient and gracious care, till by little and little they attain to perfection.

A kind word, nay even a kind look, often affords comfort to the afflicted.

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
 And half our misery from our foibles springs;
 Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
 And few can save or serve, but all may please;
 Oh! let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
 A small unkindness is a great offence.
 Large bounties to bestow we wish in vain;
 But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.

It is stated by one of the biographers of Archbishop Usher, that on his being once wrecked upon a very desolate part of the coast, his importunity for relief met with much unkindness; his character and station being rudely questioned, even to the expression of a doubt if he knew the number of the commandments. "Indeed I do," replied the Archbishop mildly: "there are eleven." "Eleven!" answered the catechist, "Tell me the eleventh, and I will assist you." "Obey the eleventh," said the Archbishop, "and you certainly will assist me—*A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another.*"

Love is the very essence of true religion.

Love is the sweetest bud that blows,
 Its beauty never dies;
 On earth among the saints it grows,
 And ripens in the skies.

Christian joy is not a tumultuous passion, or feverish affection, but a calm and composed frame—a holy

serenity of soul—a gladsome rest in the faithfulness and grace of Jesus. It sheds a lustre over the countenance; beams forth at the eye; and often causes it to be suffused in tears. It creates an indescribable delight in the heart.

A Christian is a new creature in a new world, he has a new heart, is under a new government, serves a new master, observes new laws, is actuated by new fears, influenced by a new love, animated by new delights, and is a partaker of new joys.

The flower of youth never appears more beautiful than when it bends towards the Sun of Righteousness.

O Thou from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me

The next best thing to being in the right, is, frankly and manfully to acknowledge being in the wrong.

The forms of the world disguise men when abroad. But within his own family, every man is known to be what he truly is.

There is no danger of economy degenerating into covetousness, when what is saved from our needless gratification is devoted to the real wants of others.

There is a popular but unfounded axiom respecting the use of wealth, namely, that “a man may do what he will with his own.” Christianity denies this assertion. Every man has indeed a legal right to the dis-

posal of his own property ; but religion interdicts his right to spend it in vanity or vice ; or if he be exempt from these grosser temptations, she still abridges his right to monopolize it. Christianity expects that the deserving and the distressed shall come in for such a proportion of his wealth as an enlightened conscience shall dictate. The Divine person who refused, in a legal sense, to be *a divider or a judge* over a contested property, did not fail to graft on the question he avoided answering, the imperative caution, *Take heed, and beware of covetousness.*

A *contemplative* life has more the appearance of a life of piety than any other : but it is the Divine plan to bring *faith* into *activity* and *exercise*. We choose that sort of walk which we like best : if we love quiet, we are for sedentary piety ; but the design of God is to root us out of everything, and bring us into more useful stations.

Habits of active benevolence, when formed with simplicity and singleness of heart, may yield far more advantage to ourselves, than the limited nature of our exertions can allow us to confer on others. *It is more blessed to give than to receive.*

Did I this day, for small or great,
My own pursuits forego,
To lighten by a feather's weight,
The mass of human woe ?

Death to every humble believer will be everlasting gain. It is only a quick transition from earth to heaven. To be absent from the body is to be present with

the Lord. No wonder then that the apostle longed to be dissolved, that he might be with Christ.

The stroke that from sin and from pain
Shall set me eternally free,
Will but strengthen and rivet the chain
That binds me, my Saviour, to thee.

David's pen never wrote more sweetly, than when dipped in the ink of affliction.

Far from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

There, pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains!
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.

Christian charity is a compound of active benevolence and tender compassion, flowing from a supreme love to Jesus Christ.

There is something particularly calming to the soul in these beautiful words:—*Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee.*

A friend once asked Professor Franke how it came to pass that he maintained so constant a peace of mind. The benevolent and godly man replied, "By stirring up my mind a hundred times a-day. Wherever I am, whatever I do, I say, *Blessed Jesus, have I truly a share in thy redemption? Are my sins forgiven? Am I guided by thy Spirit? Thine I am, wash me again and again.* By this constant converse with Jesus I have enjoyed serenity of mind and a settled peace in my soul."

Though billows of sorrow shall roll,
And surround me on every side;
Yet thou canst the tempest control,
My Saviour, my refuge, my guide.

And he spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray and not to faint.—LUKE xviii. 1.

Nothing can more beautifully exemplify the duties of holy retirement, and active benevolence than the life of Jesus. In the gospels we read, how incessant were his labours for the spiritual and temporal good of the thousands who followed him. And there we also read how *he went up into a mountain APART to pray*; how when the evening was come he was there "alone;" how *he continued all NIGHT in prayer to God.*

Night is the time to pray:
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away;
So will his followers do—

Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And commune there alone with God.

That desire of being wise above what is written, which is the effect of a proud, unhallowed curiosity, is strongly reprehended in the Holy Scriptures. When our blessed Lord was upon earth, he always repressed this spirit of curious inquiry, which is so natural to us. When one asked him, *Lord, are there few that be saved?* his practical answer was, *Strive to enter in at the strait gate*; as if he had said, "Trouble not thyself about the secret counsels of heaven; take heed to thyself, or thou shalt likewise perish." At another time when his disciples asked him, saying, *Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?* he replied, *It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power.* When Jesus had been foretelling Peter by what death he should glorify God, Peter, seeing John, the disciple whom Jesus loved, felt a curiosity to know what would become of him also; and said, *Lord, and what shall this man do?* *Jesus said unto him, if I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? follow thou me.* Thus we see how pointedly our Lord checked that prying into secret things, which, if indulged, would take us from the plain path of child-like obedience, and draw us into labyrinths where our minds would soon be "in wandering mazes lost." Should any of the divine truths *seem* to contradict each other, it arises from the finite nature of our own mind. Instead, therefore, of labouring to reconcile the apparently opposing statements of eternal truth, by systems of human invention, it is the part of humility to receive each

in the simplicity of faith, as God has been pleased to reveal them.

A man upon the top of one hill may seem very nigh to the top of another, and yet can never come there, except he comes down from that where he is. The mount of thy civil righteousness and moral uprightness (on which thou standest so confidently) seems perhaps level in thy proud eye to God's holy hill in heaven: yea, so nigh that thou thinkest to step over from one to the other with ease. But let me tell thee it is too great a stride for thee to take: thy safer way, and nearer, were to come down from thy mountain of self-confidence, and to go the ordinary road, in which all that ever got to heaven went.

When we think of the enjoyments we want, we should think also of the troubles from which we are free.

Slighted convictions are troublesome death-bed companions.

There are two golden rules for a wise man:—not to think great things of himself; not to seek great things for himself.

Augustine says, the first requisite in a Christian is humility; the second, humility; the third, humility.

It appears by a memoir of Mary Jane Graham. "that, when a little girl just seven years old, she was one day led by a servant into some alms-houses belonging to Rowland Hill; and that the servant entering into a long conversation with an aged woman, the child listened, and wondered what could make them

talk upon subjects with which she had sometimes felt herself wearied ; when the old woman took her affectionately by the hand, and said to her :—‘ My dear child ! make the Lord Jesus your friend now that you are so young, and when you come to be old, as I am, He will never leave you, nor forsake you.’ She walked home in silence, by the nurse’s side, deeply penetrated by the old woman’s address ; and thinking how she could get Jesus to be her friend.” Her subsequent life, as will be shown by the memoir, was one of more than common interest.

He telleth the number of the stars, he calleth them all by their names. PSA. cxlvii. 4.

When yonder glittering lamps on high
Through night illumined roll ;
May thought of Him from whom they shine
Chase darkness from my soul.

My soul, which reads his hand as clear
In my minute affair,
As in his ampler manuscript
Of sun, and moon, and stars ;

And knows him not more bent, aright
To wield this vast machine,
Than to correct one erring thought
In my small world within.

A world, which shall survive the fall
Of all his wonders here :
Survive, when stars ten thousand drop,
And quit this darkened sphere.

Then, ever permanent and fixed,
 From agitation free,
 Unchanged through everlasting years
 Shall my existence be.

Ye worlds of light, that roll so near
 The *Saviour's* throne of shining bliss,
 Oh! tell how mean your glories are,
 How faint and few compared with *His*.

We sing the bright and morning star,
 Jesus, the spring of light and love;
 See how its rays, diffused from far,
 Conduct us to the realms above.

Compassionate affections, even when they draw tears
 from our eyes for human misery, convey satisfaction
 to the heart.

They who have nothing to give can often afford
 relief to others by imparting what they feel.

No person who has once yielded up the government
 of his mind, and given loose rein to his desires and
 passions, can tell how far they may carry him.

Bound on a voyage of awful length,
 And dangers little known,
 A stranger to superior strength,
 Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
 To reach the distant coast;
 The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
 Or all the toil is lost.

Adhering to and glorying in the cross of Christ, thou shalt enter the harbour of rest, not like a shipwrecked mariner, clinging to some broken plank, and hardly escaping the raging waves; but like some stately vessel, with all her sails expanded, and riding before a prosperous gale.

The spirit of Christ sweetly calms the soul of a suffering believer, not by taking away all sense of pain, but by overcoming it with a sense of his love.

If his word once teach us, shoot a ray
Through all the heart's dark chambers, and reveal
Truths undiscerned but by that holy light,
Then all is plain.—

When finally summoned to the bar of God, to give an account of our stewardship, what plea can we have to urge in our defence, if we remain willingly and obstinately ignorant of the way which leads to life, with such transcendent means of knowing it, and such urgent motives to its pursuit?

In great straits, it is natural, seeing every soul knows its own bitterness, to believe its trials peculiar. Were they not beyond the relief of human assistance, they would not answer the purpose of impelling the tried mind to its Maker for help. But hear the great apostle:—*There hath no temptation taken you, but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.*

For the prize of thy high calling
Onward press with cheerful face :
To obtain is worth thy toiling ;
Run with hope the Christian race.

Happy is the man who, acting upon gospel principles, doeth justice to all around him. He will have joy in the testimony of his conscience, and confidence in the mercy and truth of his God, that he will not leave him in the hand of oppressors.

The religion with which our holy Redeemer invests his followers, softens the character, sweetens the temper, and enlivens all the tender affections of the soul, filling it with kindness and love.

When a Christian beholds a *mote* in his brother's eye, he remembers the *beam* in his own.

Courtesy and kindness are Christian duties to be exercised towards all ; but *friendship with the world* is decidedly repugnant to the spirit of the gospel.

Paley says of the *Lord's Prayer*, that "for a succession of solemn thoughts, for fixing the attention upon a few great points ; for suitableness to every condition ; for sufficiency ; for conciseness without obscurity ; for the weight and real importance of its petitions, it is without a rival."

Although other graces seem not to advance ; yet, if thou growest more self-denying and humble in the sense of thy slowness, all is not lost ; although the branches shoot not up so fast as thou wishest ; yet, if the root grow deeper, and fasten more, it is a useful

growth. He that is still learning to be more in Jesus Christ, and less in himself, to have all his dependence and comfort in Him, is, doubtless, a growing believer.

As every day thy mercy spares,
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O, Saviour ! till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend :
Teach me thy precepts, all divine,
And be thy great example mine.

When pain transfixes every part,
And languor settles at the heart,
When on my bed, diseased, opprest,
I turn and sigh, and long for rest,
O, great Physician, mark my grief,
And grant thy servant sweet relief.

A Christian should never say he hath nothing to do.

Those days are lost in which we do no good: those worse than lost in which we do evil.

(MUNGO PARK.)—In a season of great personal peril and despondency, his mind was suddenly revived by a mingled impression of nature and of religion. A small moss, in a state of fructification, struck his eye; the delicate conformation of whose roots, leaves, and capsule, could not be contemplated without admiration. He then bethought himself—"Can that Being, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure corner of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his

own image?" Inspired by these just and pious reflections, he started up and went on, despite of fatigue: and he soon found deliverance to be nearer than he had any reason to anticipate.

Let the bright beams of science shed
Their choicest influence o'er thy head;
And let the classic page impart
Its raptures to thy glowing heart;
If Christ, thy Lord, thou do not know,
Wretched and ignorant art thou.

But though, to thee, her beaming ray
Fair science deigns not to display:
And, though thy heart has never glowed
With warmth, by classic page bestowed;
Still, if thy Saviour, Christ, thou know,
Happy, and learned, and wise art thou.

The ejaculations can never too often be repeated:—
How many things must go right for us to be an hour at ease! How many more, to be vigorous and active! Yet, vigour and activity are, in a vast plurality of instances, preserved in human bodies, notwithstanding that they depend upon so great a number of instruments of motion, and notwithstanding that the defect or disorder sometimes of a very small instrument, of a single pair, for instance, out of the four hundred and forty-six muscles which are employed, may be attended with grievous inconveniency.—“With much compassion,” says a writer, “as well as astonishment at the goodness of our loving Creator, have I considered the sad state of a certain gentleman, who, as to the rest, was in pretty good health, but only wanted the use of

these *two little muscles* that serve to lift up the eyelids, and so had almost lost the use of his sight, being forced, as long as this defect lasted, to shove up his eyelids every moment with his own hands!" In general we may remark, how little those, who enjoy the perfect use of their organs, know the comprehensiveness of the blessing, the variety of their obligation. They perceive a result, but they think little of the multitude of concurrences which go to form it.

Happy, if full of days; but happier far,
If, ere we yet discern life's evening star,
Sick of the service of a world, that feeds
Its patient drudges with dry chaff and weeds,
We can escape from Custom's idiot sway,
To serve the Sovereign we were born t' obey.
Then, sweet to muse upon his skill displayed,
(Infinite skill) in all that he has made!
To trace in Nature's most minute design,
The signature and stamp of power divine;
Contrivance intricate expressed with ease,
Where unassisted sight no beauty sees;
The shapely limb, and lubricated joint,
Within the small dimensions of a point,
Muscle and nerve miraculously spun,
His mighty work, who speaks and it is done;
Th' invisible in things scarce seen revealed,
To whom an atom is an ample field.—

HALYBURTON, ON HIS DEATH-BED, TO A YOUNG MAN
IN THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.—“Study religion in
your younger years; and remember that you will, on
a death-bed, have no comfort without it. I solemnly

warn you, that if you shall become hardened by the frequent sight of persons in my circumstances, you will be in danger of losing all sensibility of conscience, and of being hardened for ever."

WRITTEN BY SIR WILLIAM JONES IN HIS BIBLE.—
 "I have carefully and regularly perused these Holy Scriptures; and I am of opinion that this volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains both of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been written."

Where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work. But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated: full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy. And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace.—JAMES iii. 16, 17, 18.

We should hold the truth with firmness, but it should also be *in love*: otherwise zeal for orthodoxy may dictate such violent measures as shall more distract the church, and injure the cause of Christ, than false teachers themselves could do. But by *faith which worketh by love*, we grow up into Christ in all things; and acting in a believing, loving spirit, every minister and Christian, as a part of that body of which Christ is the head, contributes to the proportion, union, and prosperity of the whole.

The entertainment and increase of Christian love, of due esteem one of another, and affection one to another, is no matter of empty compliment, but is the very stamp and badge of Jesus Christ upon his followers.

They know little of their own wants and emptiness, who are not much in prayer; and they know little of the greatness and goodness of God, who are not much in praises. The humble Christian hath a heart, in some measure, framed to both. He hath within him the best schoolmaster, who teaches him how to pray, and how to praise, and makes him delight in the exercise of them both.

Ah! my Lord, thou know'st thy servant,
Weak, unfaithful, apt to slide:
Make his love more pure and fervent:
Let him at thy feet abide.
Thine the tribute of his praise;
Thine the vigour of his days.

Every believer, while on earth, in his several calling, is an ambassador for Christ, though not called to the ministry. He has something of his Master's character and interest to maintain. He derives his supplies, his supports, his instructions, from above: and his great charge and care should be to be faithful to his commission, and every other care he may confidently cast upon the Lord to whom he belongs. In this sense we are to take the state upon ourselves, to remember our dignity, and not to stoop to a conformity to the poor world among whom we live; we are neither to

imitate their customs, nor regard their maxims, nor speak their language, nor desire their honours or their favours, nor fear their frowns; for the Lord whom we serve has engaged to maintain and protect us, and has given us his instructions, to which it is both our duty and our honour to conform.

A volume may be easily written upon the grace of humility, and to show the evil and folly of a self-seeking spirit. But if the author should introduce this subject with our Saviour's words, *Even the Son of Man came not into the world to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many*: whoever was duly impressed with that short introduction, would have no great occasion to read the rest of the book.

Many of the truly pious have been called to finish their course without those vivid and transporting joys which others have experienced. It frequently, and perhaps generally, happens, that the diseases which terminate in dissolution, so affect the frame, as, by a certain law of nature, to disturb or impede the regular movements of the mind. We have no right in such cases to expect miracles. When the Christian, whose strength is exhausted, whose nerves are shattered, and whose whole frame is worn down with sharp pain or long protracted sickness, finds himself unable to meditate or pray with that fixedness and fervour of soul, which he has often experienced in these exercises; his hope may still be firm and steadfast, while, with broken, faltering accents, he repeats, and appropriates the language of the Psalmist—*My heart and my flesh*

faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.

Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.

The morning's outgoings, its beauty and splendour,
To thy creatures, O God! should thy witnesses be;
And the stillness of evening, more soothingly tender,
Shall gather our spirits to centre in thee.

But the aid of thy Spirit must livingly teach us,
With power, and with unction derived from above—
Ere the voice which they speak can availingly reach us,
Or we can interpret their language of love.

If the glories of nature alone could have guided
The pilgrims of earth to their mansions on high,
The light of the Gospel thou hadst not provided,
Nor a Saviour descended, for sinners to die.

Then pour out thy Spirit on sons and on daughters;
Open eyes to thy beauty, and ears to thy voice;
Till praise to thy name, like the sound of vast waters,
May bid them with morning and evening rejoice.

The *desire of more*, which is the very essence of covetousness, makes us dissatisfied with what we already possess: whilst an increase of possessions, by increasing our solicitude, tends only to diminish our portion of actual enjoyment.

Our knowledge of Scripture truth would be much extended by comparing one part with another.

Consistency is the great character in good parents, which impresses children. They may witness much

temper; but if they see their father "keep the even tenor of his way," his imperfections will be understood, and allowed for as reason opens.

The unconverted desire rather to start questions, than believe the truth, and pertinaciously to dispute, rather than to rest in the plainest interpretations.

Has not God
Still wrought by means, since first he made the world?
And did he not of old employ his means
To drown it? What is his creation less
Than a capacious reservoir of means,
Form'd for his use, and ready at his will?
Go, dress thine eyes with eye-salve; ask of him,
Or ask of whomsoever he has taught;
And learn, though late, the genuine cause of all.

High buildings require firm foundations.

He who injures another injures himself.

Humility seeks neither the first place, nor the last word.

A peaceable temper must be supported by a candid one, or a disposition to view the conduct of others with fairness and impartiality. This stands opposed to a jealous and suspicious temper, which ascribes every action to the worst motive, and throws a black shade over every character. If we would be happy in ourselves, or in our connexions with others, let us guard against this malignant spirit. Let us study that charity "which thinketh no evil;" that temper which, without degenerating into credulity, will dispose us to

be just; and which can allow us to observe an error, without imputing it as a crime. Thus we shall be kept free from that continual irritation which imaginary injuries raise in a suspicious breast; and shall walk among men as our brethren, not as our enemies. But to be peaceable, and to be candid, is not all that is required of a good man. He must cultivate a kind, generous, and sympathizing temper, which feels for distress, wherever it is beheld; which enters into the concerns of his friends with ardour; and to all with whom he has intercourse, is gentle, obliging, and humane. How amiable appears such a disposition when contrasted with a malicious or envious temper, which wraps itself up in its own narrow interest, looks with an evil eye on the success of others; and, with an unnatural satisfaction, feeds on their disappointments and miseries! How little does he know of the true happiness of life, who is a stranger to that intercourse of good offices and kind affections, which, by a pleasing charm, attaches men to one another, and circulates joy from heart to heart!

No radiant pearl, which crested fortune wears,
No gems that twinkling hang from beauty's ears,
Nor the bright stars, which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising suns, that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre, as the tear that breaks
For others' woe, down Virtue's manly cheeks.

Affliction is not joyous to the flesh, which hath made some of God's dear children awhile to shrink; but after they have been acquainted with the work, and the comforts which God bestows on his poor prisoners

through the grate, they have learnt another tune ; like the bird that at first putting into the cage flutters, and shows her dislike to her restraint, but afterwards comes to sing more sweetly than when at liberty to fly where she pleased.

Not tribulation, nakedness,
The famine, peril, or the sword,
Nor persecution, nor distress,
Shall separate from Christ the Lord.

The holy deportment of a believer often operates as a check to sinners.

It is related of Thomas Sutton, the founder of the Charter-house, that he used often to repair to a private garden, where he poured forth his prayers to God, and was frequently overheard to use these expressions : “ Lord, thou hast given me a large and liberal estate ; give me also a heart to make use thereof.”

Men complain that life is short, and yet throw away much of it, and are weary of many of its parts ; they complain the day is long, and the night is long, and they want company, and seek their arts to drive the time, and then weep because it is gone too soon.

A well-spent day prepares for sweet repose.

Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom, and stretch her wings towards the south ?

Doth the eagle mount up at thy command, and make her nest on high ? JOB xxxix. 26, 27.

Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing ? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your

Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows. MATT. x. 29, 30, 31.

— It wins my admiration

To view the structure of that little work,
A bird's nest. Mark it well within, without.
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join : his little beak was all,
And yet how neatly finished ! What nice hand,
With every implement and means of art,
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
Could make me such another ? Fondly, then,
We boast of excellence, whose noblest skill
Instinctive genius foils.

Thou hast set all the borders of the earth : thou hast made summer and winter. PSALM lxxiv. 17.

These as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks. Thy tenderness and love
Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;
Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;
And every sense, and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year :
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks ;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfined,

And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
 In winter, awful Thou ! with clouds and storms
 Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
 Majestic darkness ! On the whirlwind's wing,
 Riding sublime, Thou bid'st the world adore,
 And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Purity, like the refreshing rose, sheds a fragrance,
 peculiarly its own, over our whole conversation ; and,
 like that lovely flower, leaves its retiring scent when
 we are gone.

Christians who enjoy health, should not suffer the
 sun to shine in vain, nor the golden hours of the morn-
 ing to glide away *unimproved*.

Awake ! the morning shines, and the fresh field
 Calls you : ye lose the prime, to mark how spring
 The tended plants, how blows the citron grove ;
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed ;
 How nature paints her colours ; how the bee
 Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweets.

No man has a right to disturb the comfortable feel-
 ings even of a beast, unnecessarily, much less wan-
 tonly.

I would not enter on my list of friends,
 (Tho' graced with polished manners and fine sense,
 Yet wanting sensibility,) the man
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
 An inadvertent step may crush the snail
 That crawls at evening in the public path ;

But he that has humanity forewarn'd,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.

Whatever religious principles we may have adopted, we may ascertain the degree of their influence upon us by the proportion in which we regard the duties of humanity. As to a *cruel* Christian, what flight of imagination could invent a more absolutely anomalous idea?

No feeling, perhaps, is less liable to be extended to a faulty *excess* than that of humanity to the brute creation; the power of man being always despotic over them, he will ever need reminding of his responsibility for its abuse.

(CECIL.)—One day I got off a horse to kill a rat which I found on the road only half killed. I am shocked at the thoughtless cruelty of many people; yet I did a thing soon after that has given me considerable uneasiness, and for which I reproach myself bitterly. As I was riding homeward, I saw a wagon standing at a door with three horses: the two foremost were eating their corn from bags at their noses; but I observed the third had dropped his on the ground, and could not stoop to get any food. However, I rode on, in absence, without assisting him. But when I got nearly home, I remembered what I had observed in my absence of mind, and felt extremely hurt at my neglect; and would have ridden back, had I not thought the wagoner might have come out of the house and relieved the horse.

— There are hearts of softest mould,
Which pitying, throb at sight of woe;
And there are hearts as marble cold,
Which pity never taught to glow.

A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.

As similarity of mind,
Or something not to be defined,
First fixes our attention;
So manners decent and polite,
The same we practis'd at first sight,
Must save it from declension.

In good old age serenely dying,
When all he loved forsakes his view,
Sweet is affection's voice replying,
"I follow soon," to his "adieu!"

Even then, though earthly ties are riven,
The spirit's union will not end;
— Happy the man, whom heaven hath given,
In life and death, a faithful friend.

Men who practise an austere, churlish, or reserved behaviour, as an appendage of religion, may be assured that it is the religion of their own constitution, and not the religion of Jesus Christ: the religion which he promulgated, if it had its due operation, would effectually remove such constitutional infirmity, which, when it appears in serious characters, otherwise respectable, does an essential injury to the cause of religion.

Often, did we know the whole, we should be inclined to pity the state of those we most envy.

The Christian's secret intercourse with God will make itself manifest to the world. We may not see the husbandman cast the seed into the ground; yet when the corn grows and ripens, we know that it was sown. The mere professor, who may be found everywhere but in his secret chamber, may think, that with care, he shall pass for a good Christian; but he mistakes, for the spirit will discover itself of what sort it is. He who would walk safely and honourably, must walk closely with God in secret.

The path of disobedience is the path of suffering.

An external profession may carry a man far, but not through; it may light him along this world, but the damps of the shadow of Death will put it out.

To be wise in our own eyes, to be wise in the opinion of the world, and to be wise in the sight of our Creator, are three things so very different as never to coincide.

If the road be narrow, it is short; and if the gate be strait, it opens into a boundless eternity.

The times may look dark to *sense*, but *faith* says it shall be well with the righteous.

What is bearing a temporal cross, to the wearing an eternal crown?

Should I, to gain the world's applause,
 Or to escape its harmless frown,
 Refuse to countenance thy cause,
 And make thy people's lot my own;
 What shame would fill me in that day,
 When Thou thy glory wilt display!

And what is man, or what his smile?
 The terror of his anger—what?
 Like grass, he flourishes awhile,
 But soon his place shall know him not.
 Through fear of such a one, shall I
 The Lord of heaven and earth deny?

No! let the world cast out my name,
 And vile account me, if they will:
 If to confess the Lord be shame,
 I purpose to be viler still:
 For thee, my God, I all resign,
 Content, if I can call thee mine.

We might as well expect, when we behold a calm atmosphere, and a clear sky, that no clouds were ever to rise, and no winds to blow, as that our life were long to proceed, without receiving provocations from human frailty.

Prosperity is redoubled to a good man by his generous use of it. It is reflected back upon him from every one whom he makes happy.

Virtue is the universal charm. Even its shadow is courted, when the substance is wanting.

Holiness is so far from depriving a man of the joy

and pleasure of this life, that there are incomparable delights and pleasures peculiar to the holy life, which the gracious soul finds in the ways of righteousness, enjoys by itself, and no stranger intermeddles with.

Must not that man live a pleasant life that walks with God? Let it be but a man you ride with in a journey, one that loves you well, and is able to entertain you with good and cheerful discourse; doth not the delight you take in his company, strangely, yet sweetly, beguile you of the tediousness of the way? O what joy then must God bring with him to that soul he walks with! *Blessed is the people* (saith the Psalmist) *that know the joyful sound; they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance; in thy name shall they rejoice all the day.*

Ah! look not on the downward way,
Where thousands in the desert stray.
Mount on the wing, and upwards soar,
Till earthly scenes appear no more.
Wrapt up in flames of sacred love,
Triumphant rise to realms above.
Yield not thy heart to mortals here;
Oh! see what beauty triumphs there.
Place not thy all in splendid dust—
The prey of thieves, of chance, of rust:
Delusive treasures! here to-day,
To-morrow wing'd and fled away.
Come view the rich, exhaustless mines,
To thee, thy bounteous Lord assigns;
So large, so boundless is the store,
My soul can ask, can wish, no more.

When reviled for righteousness' sake, in what spirit do I treat my persecutors? Do I return good for evil—blessing for cursing—kindness for abuse? Do I bear them on my heart before God in prayer; and earnestly implore, like my compassionate Saviour, when nailed to the cross, *Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!* or do I resent their injuries by sourness of temper, irritation of spirit, retaliation of wrongs; returning, when possible, evil for evil?

The less notice we take of the unkindness and injuries that are done us, the more we consult the quiet of our own minds.

(NEWTON.)—Youth is the time to lay the foundation of good habits, which may be useful to us in future life. I much wish you to gain a habit of punctuality with respect to time: the want of this is very inconvenient to the person who fails, and gives trouble to others. If you follow my advice, you will find the advantage long before you are as old as I am. I began to aim at this almost fifty years ago, and I have seldom, if ever, been five minutes behind my time, unless unavoidably prevented, for near fifty years past.

Let usefulness and beneficence, not ostentation and vanity, direct the train of thy pursuits.

Henry Martyn, after a severe contest with many distinguished competitors for the prize of senior wrangler (the highest mathematical honour at Cambridge) observed, after receiving it, "I was astonished to find what a shadow I had grasped."

The pleasures of sense resemble a foaming torrent, which, after a disorderly course, speedily runs out, and leaves an empty and offensive channel. But the pleasures of devotion resemble the equable current of a pure river, which enlivens the fields through which it passes, and diffuses verdure and fertility along its banks.

The believer, reposing in God, finds peace, even when the storm beats upon his estate, his children, and his temporal comforts.

If *real Christians*, who differ from each other on some abstruse points of theology, were to meet on the ground of our common Christianity, they would be surprised to find how nearly they approximate each other in genuine experience and practice. They would, with delightful feeling of joy, recognise a *brother*, where they expected to meet an opponent. The weapons of controversy being thus laid aside, and agreeing to differ on points confessedly abstruse, and beyond the power of finite reason to solve, they would cheerfully hold out the right hand of fellowship, and exhibit to the world that *charity*, which is the bond of perfectness, and the beauty of the Church of Christ.

——I feel I have a heart
Blessings to share, improve, impart,
In blithe, severe, or pensive mood,
At home, abroad, in solitude,
Whatever clouds are on the wing,
Whatever day the season brings.
That is true happiness below,
Which conscience cannot turn to woe;

And though such happiness depends
 Neither on clouds, nor days, nor friends,
 When friends, and days, and clouds unite,
 And kindred chords are tuned aright,
 The harmonies of heaven and earth,
 Through eye, ear, intellect, give birth
 To joys too exquisite to last,
 And yet more exquisite when past!

Christian! thou art under many great troubles, many sore trials, but tell me, doth not God give unto thy soul such cordials, such supports, comforts, and refreshments, that the world knows not of? Oh! then certainly thy affliction is in love.

It is delightful to consider that the sufferings which believers are now called to endure, are the only sufferings which they shall ever experience. In heaven there is neither sighing nor sorrow. None of its inhabitants say, I am sick, for the former things are passed away. What an animating thought! It should make the children of God exclaim with the apostle: *I am full of comfort, I am exceedingly joyful in all my tribulation.* If we read the Holy Scriptures with due attention, we shall find that the most eminent saints have been the most tried. The faith of Abraham—the patience of Job—the meekness of Moses—the purity of Joseph—the devotion of Daniel—would not have been so conspicuous, had not these peculiar graces been brought into exercise by trials remarkably adapted to each.

It is impossible for any one who forsakes the right path, to say, whither he shall wander. Few, when they

begin to walk in the counsel of the ungodly, propose to sit down finally in the seat of the scornful.

Believers in Jesus should dread nothing so much as leaving their first love, and backsliding in *heart*. All declensions begin in the heart and in the closet.

If the soft hand of winning pleasure leads
By living waters, and through flowery meads,
When all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,
And vernal beauty paints the flattering scene,
Oh ! teach me to elude each latent snare,
And whisper to my sliding heart—Beware !

The shortness of our lives, and the continual troubles, sicknesses, and calamities that attend them ; and the instances of mortality of all ages, sexes, and conditions of mankind, are sufficient to convince reasonable men, who have the seriousness and patience to consider and observe, that we have no abiding city here.

Lord, shall the breathings of my heart
Aspire in vain to thee ?
Confirm my hope, that where thou art
I shall for ever be.

Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
The darksome hours away,
And rise on faith's expanded wing
To everlasting day.

(JOHN NEWTON.)—On his visiting a young woman on her death-bed, who with very few advantages, had

learned the value of heavenly riches ; he expressed his thankfulness to the Lord, that he had given her now to see she had not followed cunningly devised fables : “ No,” she said, “ not cunningly devised fables ; these are realities, indeed : I feel their truth—I feel their comfort. O ! tell my friends, tell my acquaintance, tell inquiring souls, tell poor sinners, tell all the daughters of Jerusalem (alluding to Solomon’s Song, v. 16,) what Jesus has done for my soul. Tell them that now, in the time of need, I find him my beloved, and my friend, and as such, I commend him to them.” Afterwards adding, “ Oh ! sir, it is a serious thing to die ; no words can express what is needful to support the soul in the solemnity of a dying hour.”

Tell them, though ’tis an awful thing to die,
 (’Twas e’en to thee,) yet the dread path once trod,
 Heav’n lifts its everlasting portals high,
 And bids the pure in heart behold their God !

What poor miserable creatures we are whilst in a state of nature, and under the power of sin, and Satan ! We smile, when we should sigh. We laugh, when we should mourn. We appear gay and sprightly, when we should be of a sorrowful spirit. But, O ! the blessed change which takes place when the Gospel comes to the heart, not in word only, but in power. Then we receive beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Then we are privileged to rejoice alway, and to delight ourselves in the abundance of peace. O ! happy, blissful state, thus to be the genuine disciples of the blessed Jesus ; who hath assured his faithful people, that he will mani-

fest himself unto them, as he does not unto the world ; yea, even come unto them, and make his abode with them. Who can contemplate these wonders of grace, and not feel the holy influence of this precious revelation—"God is love?" Surely none but they *who know not God* ; for thus saith the apostle: *He that loveth not, knoweth not God ; for God is love.*

Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
right pattern of the Christian life !

O, how benevolent and kind !
How mild ! how ready to forgive !
Be his the temper of our mind,
And his the rules by which we live.

O, Thou, who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be ;
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee.

The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown ;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

If thou art *poor*, yea in the situation of Lazarus, it will afford thee an unspeakable sweetness to look up, and say, *The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance, and of my cup ; thou maintainest my lot.* I have no means, but he is my inheritance ; I have no silver cups, or

golden tankards, to drink delicious wines from my cellar, but I drink of the rippling brook out of my brown earthen jug, and the water is made sweeter to me than wine, and the jug ennobled above gold, while I remember, *The Lord is the portion of my cup.* Yes, *the lines are fallen to me in pleasant places:* though I live in a cottage, I have with him *a goodly heritage.* And what are earthly possessions without this blessing? *The blessing of the Lord maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it.* I can eat my crumbs of bread, which have fallen from the rich man's table, or which I have earned with the sweat of my brow, and feel that *Better is a little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith.*

We must not dare to tread within the veil, or curiously pry into those hidden mysteries, which God has wisely concealed from mortal eyes. *Thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter,* will compose and satisfy every humble, loving, obedient, grateful follower of the Lamb.

With thee delighted, I forget
 All time, and toil, and care :
 Labor is rest, and toil is sweet,
 If thou, my God, be there.

The Lord's people are not all equally called to navigate the deep waters of soul-distress; but it is frequently the lot of those whom he designs to honour with eminent usefulness in his service; as in a great building, the foundation is laid deep, in proportion to the height and weight of the intended superstructure. It is in this

school of temptation and exercise, that they acquire the tongue of the learned, and an ability to speak a word in season to them that are weary. By what they have themselves passed through, they are taught to sympathize with their fellow sinners under similar trials, and, likewise, how to give them advice suitable to their cases. And the remembrance of their past conflicts with a depraved nature, and the powers of darkness, is sanctified to keep them humble, watchful, and dependent in their future course.

Believers have their summer and their winter seasons ; and both are necessary, and, though not equally pleasant, are perhaps equally profitable. At one time they are taught what the Lord can do *for* them, *in* them, or *by* them. At another, he is pleased to withdraw in a measure, and leave them to themselves, that they may learn how little they can do without him.

Oh ! I have seen the day,
When with a single word
God helping me to say,
My trust is in the Lord—
My soul has quelled a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that could oppose.

In the ruffled and angry hour, every appearance is viewed through a false medium.

The poor man may enjoy that peace and tranquillity in his small habitation, which is unknown at courts.

“ One gracious smile, my God, from thee,
One kind, forgiving word,
Is more than all the world to me,
’Twill greater joy afford.”

“Wherever we turn our eyes, to the earth, to the heavens, to the myriads of beings that live and move around us, or to those myriads of worlds, which seem themselves almost like animate inhabitants of the infinity through which they range ; above us, beneath us, on every side, we discover, with a certainty that admits not of doubt, intelligence and design, that must have preceded the existence of everything which exists.” The power of the Omnipotent is indeed so transcendent in itself, that the loftiest imagery and language which we can borrow from a few passing events in the boundlessness of nature, must be too feeble to express its force and universality.

* * * * *

The sun, a world, whence other worlds drink light ;
 The crescent moon, the diadem of night ;
 Stars countless, each in his appointed place,
 Fast anchored in the deep abyss of space—
 At such a sight, to catch the poet's flame,
 And with a rapture like his own, exclaim,
 These are thy glorious works, thou Source of Good,
 How dimly seen, how faintly understood !

How is the wisdom of the Creator displayed in the construction of the human heart. “And how well (says Paley) does it execute its office ! An anatomist, who understood the structure of the heart, might say beforehand that it would play ; but he would expect, I think, from the complexity of its mechanism, and the delicacy of many of its parts, that it should always be liable to derangement, or that it would soon work itself out. Yet shall this wonderful machine go night and day, for eighty years together, at the rate of a hundred thousand

strokes every twenty-four hours, having at every stroke a great resistance to overcome ; and shall continue this action for this length of time, without disorder and without weariness."

* * * * *

But is't not, stranger, proof of greater power,
 Thou e'er hadst life, or now should'st live an hour ?
 Know'st thou the nature of the human frame,
 That world of wonders, more than we can name ?
 Say, has thy busy, curious eye survey'd
 The proofs of boundless wisdom there display'd ?
 How rang'd each fibre, with amazing skill,
 That every muscle may attend thy will,
 How every tendon acts upon the bone,
 And how the nerves receive their nicer tone ;
 Convey the keen vibrations of the sense,
 And give the wakeful mind intelligence ;
 How some strong guard each vital part sustains ;
 How flows the purple balsam through the veins ;
 That, how commixt, dispos'd how wonderous these,
 Here in one trunk, there ramified like trees ;
 The finer vessels of the brain how small,
 How numberless ? and yet we see not all :—

* * * * *

Vain is all praise, unless by *Wisdom* given ;
 Her's is the praise of every harp in heaven.
 Music is all her own, she tunes the spheres,
 And sets to numbers, hours, days, months, and years.

* * * * *

Attunes the strings of joy, and charms despair ;
 Calms to sweet peace, and opes the door of prayer ;
 Gives the sick soul with livelier hopes to rise,
 And seek an heritage beyond the skies.

This volume of creation displays the wisdom, power, and goodness of God. What wonderful contrivance, what wise adaptation of one part to another; what power in upholding; what goodness in preserving the myriads of creatures which fill the air, the earth, the sea!

If, traveller, in dull apathy, thou stray,
 Blind to the beauties of the rural way,
 Rouse from thy lethargy, and learn to prize
 The pleasures Providence for man supplies.
 Shall nature's Author decorate the plain
 For thy delight, and decorate in vain?
 Forbid the thought! enjoy the bounty given,
 And thus co-operate with bounteous heaven.
 And thou, o'er whom affliction's ruthless hand
 Hath shed the terrors of her ebon wand;
 Whose feeling mind, with sable grief oppress'd,
 Cannot, e'en in these calm retreats, find rest:
 Yet pause; and, while thy languid eye surveys
 The fair expanse, attempt the Maker's praise.
 Behold the feathered race: for, of them all
 None can, without the heavenly Father, fall;
 How then art thou protected? Quit thy care;
 Confide in Him who numbers every hair;
 And join the mute, and join the vocal train,
 To celebrate the glories of his reign.
 And ye, whose youthful breasts, from sorrow free,
 Drink rapture from the vernal charms ye see;
 Rest not content the workmanship t'admire,
 But to still greater, purer joys aspire.
 These beauteous forms that deck our seats below,
 Are of his palace, but the portico.

Then "knock" in faith, with filial duty bold,
And strive the interior splendours to behold.
Enter his blissful courts, and entering, raise
The voice of adoration, love, and praise.

We stand upon the sea-shore, and survey with admiring delight the wide extended ocean, whose distant waters lose themselves in the blue horizon. But what is this great abyss of waters, compared to that ocean of Almighty love, which is without a bottom and a shore.

In every object here I see
Something, O Lord! that leads to thee.
Firm as the rocks thy promise stands,
Thy mercies countless as the sands,
Thy love a sea immensely wide,
Thy grace an ever-flowing tide.

In every object here I see
Something, my heart, that points to thee.
Hard as the rocks that bound the strand,
Unfruitful as the barren sand,
Deep and deceitful as the ocean,
And, like the tides, in constant motion.

W. Jenkyn, who died in the year 1685, partook, with others, of the persecutions of the day; and when at last committed to Newgate, petitioned the king for a release, his physicians declaring that his life was in danger from his close confinement. But no answer could be obtained but this:—"Jenkyn shall be a prisoner as long as he lives." This was most rigorously adhered to, for he died in Newgate. He was, however, greatly supported; and said to one of his friends, "What a vast difference

there is between this and my first imprisonment ! Then I was full of doubts and fears, of grief and anguish ; and well I might, for going out of God's way and my calling, to meddle with things that did not belong to me. But now, when I was found in the way of my duty, in my Master's business, though I suffer even to bonds, yet I am comforted beyond measure. The Lord sheds abroad his love sensibly in my heart ; I feel it, I have assurance of it." Turning to some who were weeping by him, he said, " Weep ye for me ? Christ lives, he is my friend ; a friend born for adversity ; a friend that never dies. Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children."

A nobleman having heard of his death, said to the king, " May it please your Majesty, Jenkyn has got his liberty." Upon which he asked with eagerness, " Aye, who gave it him ?" The nobleman replied, " A greater than your Majesty, the King of kings;" with which the king seemed much struck, and remained silent.

Because thou hast made the Lord which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.—PSALM xci. 9, 10.

Call Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade ;
In his secret habitation,
Dwell, nor ever be dismay'd :
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;
Guile, nor violence, can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

From the sword at noon-day wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence.
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow ;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

Only with thine eye, the anguish
Of the wicked thou shalt see,
When by slow disease they languish,
When they perish suddenly ;
Thee, though winds and waves be swelling,
God, thine hope, shall bear through all ;
Plague shall not come nigh thy dwelling,
Thee no evil shall befall.

He shall charge his angel-legions,
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert-wilds thou sleep.
On the lion vainly roaring,
On his young thy foot shall tread,
And the dragon's den exploring,
Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.

Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection,
He will shield thee from above :
Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save ;
Here, for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

None in this probationary state can rationally look for unmixed happiness. Every one must pass through difficulties in their journeying through this vale of tears.

In the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
Jesus whispers consolation,
And supports my fainting soul.

If the votaries of pleasure, who are busy pursuing their wild career, hastening through paths strewn with roses to the regions of eternal woe, could but enjoy for one hour, that sweet serenity, that calm and peaceful tranquillity, which diffuses itself over the soul of the true Christian, with what new and inexpressible sensations would they be filled! would they not cheerfully renounce those vanities which had so often been to them sources of gratification, and embrace all those conditions which are annexed to the promise of a blissful immortality?

How wanting wisdom, they who fondly turn
To joys of earth, nor from experience learn
That satisfaction rests not here below,
Where many a hope indulged entails a woe;
He who in mercy infinite has given
The glorious prize to win—eternal Heaven,
Place man on earth to prove him and refine,
And fit him through eternity to shine;
Not to become an animated clod,
Bound to the soil, regardless of his God,
But bursting from the tenement of clay,
To soar a seraph, in the realms of day.

Business, pleasure, and reputation, when they get the

ascendancy, make self-examination an irksome and unpleasant duty. When a Christian professor is too eager in pursuit of them, he always feels a conviction of delinquency, depriving him of that free and noble air which is ever the concomitant of an approving conscience; and filling his mind with feeble apologies for himself, or with unjust censures against his superiors in piety.

Behold, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near, lest you resemble the Roman Emperor, who, in his dying moments, said, "My poor, vagrant soul, whither art thou going?" or the unbelieving Voltaire, who declared to his physician, he would give half his fortune to have his life lengthened half-a-year; or the Jewish Rabbi, who said to those that asked him why he wept, "If they were carrying me before a king of flesh and blood, who is here to-day, and to-morrow in the grave; who may bring me into bondage, but cannot keep me there, only for a season; who may destroy my body, but cannot touch my soul, even in these circumstances, I should weep. But now I am going before the King of kings, the only blessed God, who liveth and endureth forever and ever, who, if I die impenitent, will consign me to the pit whence there is no redemption."

How swift the torrent rolls,
That hastens to the sea;
How strong the tide that bears our souls
On—to eternity.

Never was a more bountiful provision made for the

happiness of Christians, than in that injunction of their blessed Master—*Love one another.*

The prospect of everlasting salvation presented to Christians by the Gospel is so unspeakably glorious and affecting, that it may well excite astonishment, as well as sorrow, to observe how small is its influence upon mankind compared with the authority which even a moment's reflection convinces us it ought to possess.

It highly concerns us to do that *now*, which, if neglected, we shall most wish we had done when we come to die.

“By faring deliciously every day, men may become indifferent to the evils of mankind, inapprehensive of the troubles of their brethren, unconcerned in the changes of the world, and the cries of the poor, the hunger of the fatherless, and the thirst of widows,” and, alas! what is more, of the state of their own souls!

True religion is a prevailing principle, extending to its control without intermission, and regulating all the concerns and interests with which we are engaged. Some of the tenderest appeals to the human understanding, and many of the clearest discoveries of Divine love and mercy, were made to the primitive Christians in the ordinary duties and employments of life

Much of the beauty of Scripture is lost to us for want of spiritual discernment. Let us remember that our heavenly Father giveth *the Holy Spirit to them that ask him.* LUKE xi. 13.

—As the diamond hid in clay
Conceals its sparkling hue
Till light irradiates the ray
Which glitters in our view—

So sacred truth, that jewel bright,
Emits no lucid ray,
Till God's own Spirit yields a light,
To chase our mists away.

Virtue, to become either vigorous or useful, must be habitually active; not breaking forth occasionally with a transient lustre, like the blaze of the comet; but regular in its returns, like the light of day: not like the aromatic gale which sometimes feasts the sense; but like the ordinary breeze, which purifies the air, and renders it healthful.

The religion of Jesus is a religion of peace. The angels sang, *Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards men*, when they announced to the wondering shepherds the glad tidings of the Saviour's birth. Wherever the power of the Gospel is felt, there joy and peace reign: *the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose: it shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing.*

Some men will follow Christ on certain conditions;—if he will not lead them through rough roads,—if he will not enjoin them any painful tasks—if the sun and wind do not annoy them—if he will remit a part of his plan and order. But the true Christian, who has the spirit of Jesus, will say, as Ruth said to Naomi, *Whither thou*

goest, I will go, whatever difficulties and dangers may be in the way.

Take my poor heart just as it is,
And set up there thy throne ;
So shall I love thee above all,
And live to thee alone.

How delightful the society and influence of the godly man, who to *brotherly kindness* adds *charity* !

When one that holds communion with the skies
Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us, meaner things,
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings ;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.

A slandering tongue is called a triple tongue by the Jews, because, as they say, it kills three persons—him that carries the slander, him that receives it, and him of whom it is related.

The man that dares traduce, because he can
With safety to himself, is not a man :
An individual is a sacred mark,
Not to be pierced in play, or in the dark.

(BROOKS.)—I think there is no Christian, but sooner or later, first or last, shall have cause to say with David “ False witnesses did rise up, they laid to my charge things that I knew not ; PSALM xxv. 11. They charged me with such things whereof I was both innocent and ignorant. It was the saying of one, that there was no-

thing so intolerable as accusation, because there was no punishment ordained by law for accusers, as there was for thieves, although they stole friendship from men, which is the goodliest riches men can have. Well, Christians! seeing it has been the lot of the dearest saints to be falsely accused, and to have their names and reputes in the world reproached, do you hold your peace, seeing it is no worse with you than it was with them, of whom this world was not worthy.

Let the lying lips be put to silence, which speak grievous things profoundly and contemptuously against the righteous. PSALM xxxi. 18.

The great commands of our holy lawgiver, Christ Jesus, "Judge not that ye be not judged," and "First cast out the beam out of thine own eye," are of binding obligation upon those who are waiting for the coming of his kingdom, and very needful to be practised by all who are making profession of his mild and merciful religion.

Blessings are laid up for the faithful and their posterity, and true riches are bestowed upon them, with as much of this world's possessions as is profitable for them. In the darkest hours of affliction and trial, the light of hope and peace will spring up within them, and seasonable relief shall turn their mourning into joy.

Comfort take, thou child of sorrow,
All is ordered well for thee;
Look not to the anxious morrow—
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

Child of grief, does this world move thee?
Transient scene of transient pain!

Think ! oh think ! of worlds above thee,
 Countless worlds—a glorious train !

There are mansions now preparing
 For the chosen sons of God—
 Here a pilgrim, and wayfaring,
 There shall be thy long abode !

There shalt thou abide for ever,
 With thy Best and Greatest Friend ;
 Nought from him thy soul shall sever,
 In a world that knows no end.

There, amidst assembled nations,
 Eye to eye, and face to face,
 Thou shalt see thy tribulations,
 Sent as messengers of grace.

Comfort take, then, child of sorrow,
 All is ordered well for thee ;
 Look not for the anxious morrow—
 “As thy days, thy strength shall be.”

It is the greatest happiness in this world to live much
 in the exercise of faith : no man lives so free, so holy,
 so heavenly, so happy a life, as he that lives a life of
 faith.

Mysterious are His ways, whose power
 Brings forth that unexpected hour,
 When minds that never met before
 Shall meet, unite, and part no more.
 It is the allotment of the skies,
 The hand of the supremely Wise,
 That guides and governs our affections,
 And plans and orders our connections,

Directs us in our distant road,
And marks the bounds of our abode.
This page of providence quite new,
And now just opening to our view,
Employs our present thoughts and pains,
To guess and spell what it contains;
But day by day, and year by year,
Will make the dark enigma clear,
And furnish us, perhaps, at last,
Like other scenes already past,
With proof that we and our affairs
Are part of a Jehovah's cares;
For God unfolds by slow degrees
The purport of his deep decrees,
Sheds every hour a clearer light,
In aid of our defective sight,
And spreads, at length, before the soul
A beautiful and perfect whole.

It is natural to men to desire their own peace, the quietness, and contentment of their minds: but most men miss the way to it; and, therefore, find it not; for there is no way to it indeed, but this one, wherein few seek it, viz. reconciliation and peace with God. The persuasion of that alone, makes the mind clear and serene, like your fairest summer days. *My peace I give you, saith Christ, not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your hearts be troubled.* All the peace and favor of the world cannot calm a troubled breast; but where this peace is that Christ gives, all the trouble and disquiet of the world cannot disturb it: *When he giveth quietness, who then can make trouble? And when he hideth his face, who then can behold him? Whether it be done against a nation, or against a man only.* See also for

this, PSALMS xlv., cxxiii. All outward distress to a mind thus at peace, is but as the rattling of the hail upon the tiles, to him that sits within the house at a sumptuous feast. A good conscience is called so; and with an advantage that no other feast can have, nor could men endure it. A few hours' feasting will weary the most professed epicure; but a conscience thus at peace is a continual feast with continual unwearied delight. What makes the world take up such a prejudice against religion, as a sour, unpleasant thing? They see the afflictions and griefs of Christians; but they do not see their joys, the inward pleasure of mind that they can possess in a very hard estate. Have you not tried other ways enough? Hath not he tried them that had more ability and skill for it than you, and found them not only *vanity*, but *vexation of spirit*? If you have any belief of holy truth, put but this once upon the trial, seek peace in the way of grace. This inward peace is too precious a liquor to be poured into a filthy vessel. A holy heart, that gladly entertains grace, shall find that it and peace cannot dwell asunder.

Two priests of Budhoo were brought over by Sir Alexander Johnstone, on his return from the island of Ceylon. They left their country and their friends, exposing themselves to all kinds of privations, in order that they might come to England to be instructed in the truths of Christianity. Dr. Adam Clarke, who most kindly took charge of them, says, under date of April 14, 1819; "On Friday evening I received a note from R. Sherborne, Esq. director, &c., of the great plate-glass manufactory at Ravenhead, with a present to Munhi Rat'hana and Dherma Rama, of two fine plates for toilette glasses, seventeen inches long by fifteen wide. As there was in

the house an upholsterer from Liverpool, I gave him the measurement to get proper frames made for them. The priests received them, inquired about the silvering, admired the workmanship, but seemed to take no other interest in them. They were both silent, and appeared very pensive. I pressed the subject on their notice, and spoke of the kindness and affection of Mr. S., who has often visited them. At length Dherma spoke the sentiments of both:—"We are obliged to Mr. Sherborne, but we will not have them. We came to England without money, without goods, without clothes, except our priests' garments; we will take nothing back with us, but one coat a-piece, the gospel of *Jesus Christ*, and the books you have promised us. No, if God give it, (that is, God being their helper,) we will take no presents; and carry nothing from England, except what covers us, your Bible, and the gospel of *Jesus Christ*."

An eminent minister, after having been silent in company for a considerable time, being asked the reason, signified that the powers of his mind had been solemnly absorbed with the thought of eternal happiness. "O, my friends," said he, with an energy that surprised all present, "consider what it is to be for ever with the Lord!—for ever, for ever, for ever!"

Servant of God! well done;
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

A practical testimony from the saints' lives hath great authority over the consciences of men, to convince them of the truth of the gospel; now they will believe it is

good news indeed the gospel brings, when they read it in your cheerful lives ; but when they observe Christians sad, with this cup of salvation in their hands, truly they suspect the wine in it is not so good as is represented. Should men see all that trade to the *Indies* came home poorer than they went, it would be hard to persuade others to venture thither for all the golden mountains said to be there. O Christians ! let the world see you are not losers in your joy, since you have been acquainted with the gospel ; give them not cause to think by your uncomfortable walking, that when they turn Christians, they must bid all joy farewell, and resolve to spend their days in a house of mourning.

(CECIL).—"Real religion is a living principle. Any one may make a show, and be called a Christian, and unite himself to a sect, and be admired ; but for a man to enter into the sanctuary to hold secret communication with God ; to retire into his closet, and transact all his affairs with an unseen Saviour ; to walk with God, like Enoch, yet to smite upon his breast in the language of the publican, having no confidence in the flesh, and triumphing only in Christ Jesus ; these are the life and acts of a new creature."

The Christian's hope is "full of immortality." It traverses the valley of the shadow of death, and opens to his view the boundless prospect of eternal glory. It gathers, by delightful anticipation, many a precious cluster of the grapes of Eschol, and thus gives a foretaste of the joys of heaven.

Surely that night cometh of which thou wilt never see the morning, and that morning of which thou wilt never

see the night. Let, therefore, the mantle of worldly enjoyments hang loose about thee.

(JOSEPH HUGHES.)—The following is a passage from the beautiful letter he addressed to the committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, on the resignation, just before his death, of his long-held office of Secretary: "The office has, I believe, greatly helped me in the way to heaven. But now my great Lord seems to say, I have dissolved the commission—thy work in this department is done—yield cheerfully to my purpose, and prepare to enter those blessed abodes where the labors of the Bible Society shall reveal a more glorious consummation than the fondest hope had anticipated." It appears that in the conflicts of nature, which were considerable, this aged veteran was permitted to enjoy abundant consolation, and to bow with more than resignation to the Divine will. Once remarking, "If the portico be so ample, what will the temple itself be?"

Hast thou ever been called to visit *the death-bed of a Christian*? If not, it may one day be thy lot, and then thou wilt know that the sacred happiness he feels in the contemplation of a world of glory, and in the assurance of an interest in the Saviour's blood and righteousness, is something more than an illusion: behold him while the cold drops of perspiration roll off his temples, and his articulation is almost stopped, serenely yielding up his breath to the power that gave him existence; see him become the comforter of all around him, and while the name of Jesus rests upon his dying lips, express a smile of gratitude and joy; the bitterness of death is already passed, and the heavenly convoy waiting to conduct his spirit to the happy regions of immortality. Who would not wish for such an end? May it be mine, may it be thine!

How bless'd the righteous when he dies !
 When sinks a weary soul to rest.
 How mildly beam the closing eyes ;
 How gently heaves th' expiring breast.

So fades a summer cloud away,
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
 So gently shuts the eye of day,
 So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around,
 A calm which life nor death destroys ;
 Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
 Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

Lo, we have left all, and followed thee.—MARK x. 28.

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow thee ;
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou, from hence, my all shall be ;
 Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;
 Yet how rich is my condition,
 God and heaven are still my own.

Let the world despise and leave me ;
 They have left my Saviour, too ;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me,
 Thou art not, like them, untrue :
 And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends disown me :
 Show thy face, and all is bright.

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn, and pain,
In thy service, pain is pleasure,
With thy favour loss is gain.
I have called thee, Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee,
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring the sweeter rest.
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer,
Heaven's eternal days before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

When Bernard Gilpin was on his way to London to be tried before the Popish party, he broke his leg by a fall, which put a stop for some time to his journey. The person in whose custody he was, took occasion to retort upon him an observation he used frequently to make, "that nothing happens to the people of God, but what is intended for their good;" asking him, "Whether he thought his broken leg was so?" He answered meekly: "He made no question but it was." And so it proved; for before he was able to travel, Queen Mary died. Being thus providentially rescued, he returned to Houghton, through crowds of people, expressing the utmost joy, and blessing God for his deliverance.

Yes! there's a power, who through this sinking scene
 Can keep the soul unshaken and serene;
 Can sweeten every blessing to the taste,
 And make amends for all that time can waste,
 Where Providence our glory can advance,
 From every ill we call the work of chance;
 Can set us free amidst a land of slaves,
 And lead us safely o'er affliction's waves,
 To plant our feet upon a happier shore,
 Where time, and chance, and death, are felt no more.

When the heart is once truly given to God; when the affections flow delightfully towards him; when the will is swallowed up in the Divine will; when the whole soul is devoted to the service of its Creator, Preserver, and Redeemer; then the fruits of righteousness will appear and abound; then joy and peace will gladden the heart; and hope and love will unite to prepare the believer for his eternal rest.

(MEMOIR OF MARY FLETCHER.)—"One day, from a little circumstance which occurred when I was about four years old, I received such a conviction that God heareth prayer, that it often administered much comfort to me in seasons of trial and danger."

True prayer hath no necessary commerce with the outward members of the body; for it requires not the voice, but the mind—not the stretching of the hands, but the intention of the soul—not any outward shape or carriage of the body, but the inward behaviour of the understanding. Can it then slacken thy worldly business and occasions, to mix with them sighs and groans, which are the most effectual kinds of prayer?

SERLE ON SINGING PRAISES TO GOD.—"The first of all earthly singers gave this as an inspired rule; 'Sing ye praises with understanding.' Without spiritual understanding, we can only make a noise. Unless we know how deeply we are indebted to God, and have the sweet sense of his goodness in our souls, we may please ourselves with a tune, but we yield no music to him. Some of old 'chanted to the sound of the viol, and invented to themselves instruments of music;' but, at the same time, they were among those who were 'at ease in Zion,' and who put far away the evil day, to whom woe was denounced. God never instituted music in his service, however, like other carnal ordinances, he might bear with it under the Jewish economy; but only trumpets and ram's horns to usher in the seasons and solemnities. It is spiritual harmony which is the delight of heaven, and not outward jingle and sound; and therefore if we are not spiritual, we can have no true notion of this delight, nor 'make melody in our hearts to the Lord.' The thrills of music, and the

divine joys of the souls, are very different things. Worldly men have had the first, and thought them from heaven : but they continued no longer than the sound ; while the peace of gracious power is full, sublime, and abiding. We must, indeed, be real Christians, before any of us can say with the Apostle, ‘ I will pray with the spirit, and I will pray with the understanding also ; I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also.’ ”

King Henry III. used to say, he would rather spend one hour *with* God in prayer, than hear others speak *of* him for ten.

All men shun misery, and aim to be happy ; but it is not enough considered that misery springs from sin, and that happiness can only be enjoyed in the favor of God.

Gladness thy sacred presence brings,
More than the joyful reaper knows ;
Or he who treads the grapes, and sings,
While with new wine his vat o'erflows.

In peace I lay me down to sleep ;
Thine arm, O Lord, shall stay my head,
Thine angel spread his tent, and keep
His midnight watch around my bed.

The days of the believer's mourning shall be ended ; though they appear tedious, they are but for a moment, compared with that eternal happiness which they are working out for him.

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. MATT. v. 4.

"Poor and afflicted," Lord, are thine,
Among the great unfit to shine ;
But though the world may think it strange,
They would not with the world exchange.

"Poor and afflicted," 'tis their lot,
They know it, and they murmur not ;
'Twould ill become them to refuse
The state their Master deign'd to choose.

"Poor and afflicted," yet they sing,
For Jesus is their glorious King ;
Through perfect sufferings now he reigns,
And shares in all their grief and pains.

"Poor and afflicted," but ere long
They join the bright, celestial throng ;
Their sufferings then will reach a close,
And heaven afford them sweet repose.

And while they walk the thorny way,
How oft are heard to sigh and say—
"Dear Saviour, come, O quickly come !
And take thy mourning pilgrims home."

Can any words more beautifully describe the blessedness of trusting in God, than those of the twenty-third Psalm : *The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul ; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies : thou anoint-*

est my head with oil: my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

What cheerfulness, what courage, what peace, holy gratitude, and heavenly piety, breathe through this noble composition. These are the rewards of placing our confidence in God; and however our timid hearts and wavering intellects may deceive us, these are the true and everlasting sources of happiness. These are the riches with which no stranger intermeddles.

Affliction, says the apostle, is not joyous, but grievous. Hence outward troubles may damp the believer's joy, while he looks off from the Saviour to the boisterous wind and waves which rage around him. Peter did so, and began to sink. Faith, however, clings fast to the Saviour, and exults in the storm.

The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
.. Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

Grace in time will be glory in eternity.

Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till sun shall rise and set no more.

The Christian's hope is "a lively hope." It gives the believer vigour in running the race that is set before him. It animates him in his arduous warfare. It enables him to endure with patience and fortitude the rugged path which he has to travel Zion-ward.

When we seldom retire for holy converse with God, is there not great reason to suspect some latent, though perhaps unconscious, repugnance to the more silent, unobtrusive offices of secret devotion ?

If the inner man be but strengthened day by day, under the renewing influences of the Holy Spirit, no matter how soon the outward is dissolved.

—God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full ;
And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey ; there with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go
Where universal love smiles not around,
Sustaining all your orbs, and all their suns ;
From seeming evil still educating good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light Ineffable ;
Come, then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

The heart of man cannot fix anywhere to its satisfaction, but in the truth of God, and there it finds firm footing. Those whose hearts are established by faith, will patiently wait till they have gained their point. It will complete the satisfaction of the saints when they shall look back upon their troubles and pressures, and be able to say with the apostle, when he had recounted the persecutions he endured, *But out of them all the Lord delivered me.* 2 TIM. iii. 11.

It has often been the lot of those that do well, to be evil spoken of. God can silence lying lips ; to him we may appeal ; he will clear up our righteousness as the light. Reproach and contempt may humble and do us good, and then they shall be removed. Let us beware of **that way of escape** which the insincere are ever ready to pursue in returning to the world. The desire to escape the cross will increase the difficulties in our path. Every compliance with the world, against the voice of God, is a step into by-paths, which deviate wider and wider from the strait and narrow way. Do we find the weight of the cross above that we are able ? He that bore it for us will enable us to bear it for him : upheld by him, we cannot sink.

While the souls of the children of the world cleave to the dust of the earth as their portion, and have no uneasiness about it, the children of light are often greatly burdened, because of the remains of carnal affections in their hearts.

Behold how sinners disagree,
The Publican and Pharisee !
One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.

This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands ;
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.

The Lord their different language knows,
And different answers he bestows ;
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.

He that would sound the depths of Scripture truths by the plummet of human reason, will find his line too short. The humble Christian, like the seraphim, *covers his face* before the Infinite Majesty of Heaven, and exclaims, *O the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!*

So He ordained, whose way is in the sea,
His path amidst great waters, and his steps
Unknown;—whose judgments are a mighty deep,
Where plummets of archangel's intellect
Could never yet find soundings; but from age
To age let down, drawn up, then thrown again,
With lengthen'd line and added weight, still fails;
And still the cry in Heaven is, *O the depth!*

Angel of hope! sweet regent of the hour
That gives to things unseen their awful power!
Come and dispel each dark, impending shade,
The child of sorrow calls thee to her aid:
Tell her the Godhead, from his throne sublime,
Plans for Eternity, as well as Time;
Tell her that when his ministers destroy
The transient bud of sublunary joy,
'Tis to engraft upon the living root
The scion bearing his immortal fruit.

Would not the thoughtless and irreligious be more likely to consider the ways of God, if there were more of a heavenly lustre and beauty upon Christians' lives in their several relations? Sometimes a book is read the sooner for the fairness of the characters, which would have been not much looked in, if the print had been less attractive.

Happy are the families who are walking hand in hand together, as pilgrims towards the heavenly country !

Lord ! it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny !
Lord ! if thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death—to die.

Our enemies may strip us of our external distinctions and ornaments ; but wisdom and grace cannot be taken from us. They may separate us from friends, relatives, and country ; but they cannot deprive us of the presence of the Lord. They may exclude us from outward blessings, rob us of liberty, and confine us in dungeons ; but they cannot shut us out from communion with God, seclude us from the throne of grace, or bereave us of the blessings of salvation.

—Free by birth
Of no mean city, planned or ere the hills
Were built, the fountains opened, or the sea,
With all his roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom is the same in every state ;
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whose every day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less :
For he has wings, that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury, can cripple or confine ;
No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
With ease, and is at large. The oppressor holds
His body bound ; but knows not what a range
His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain ;
And that to bind him is a vain attempt
Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.

A similarity of feelings in the experience of the pious has often been remarked, and has been justly considered a strong evidence of the *Divine origin* of experimental religion : for how otherwise can this uniformity of the views and feelings of the pious in all ages and countries, be accounted for ?

A heavenly mind is the nearest and truest way to a life of comfort. The countries far north are cold and frozen, because they are distant from the sun. And what makes such frozen, uncomfortable Christians, but their living so far from heaven ? If we would try this life with God, and keep these hearts above, what a spring of joy would be within us ! If, as David professes, the light of God's countenance more gladdens the heart than corn and wine ; then, surely, they that draw nearest, and most behold it, must be fullest of these joys. Whom should we blame, then, that we are so void of consolation, but our own negligent hearts ? God hath provided us a crown of glory, and promised to set it shortly on our heads, and we will not so much as think of it. He bids us behold and rejoice, and we will not so much as look at it ; and yet we complain for want of comfort. It is by *believing* that we are filled with joy and peace, and no longer than we continue believing. It is in hope the saints rejoice, and no longer than they continue hoping. The Holy Spirit worketh our comforts, by setting our own spirits on work upon the promises, and raising our thoughts to the source of our comforts. He does not bestow our joys while we are idle, or taken up with other things. He gives the fruits of the earth while we plough, and sow, and weed, and water, and dung, and dress, and with patience expect his blessing ; so does he give the joys of the soul.

True happiness is not the growth of earth;
 The toil is fruitless if you seek it here;
 'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
 And blossoms only in celestial air.

Sweet plant of Paradise! thy seed is sown,
 In here and there a spot of heavenly mould;
 It rises slow, and buds, but ne'er was found
 To blossom here, the climate is too cold.

Civility, or good manners, though one of the minor duties, is of no small importance in our passage through life: when we are in the company of virtuous persons, it is peculiarly proper to treat them with respect; and this duty on such occasions, is admitted to be of indispensable obligation. But even when our necessary concerns lead us among persons whose characters are exceptionable, they are entitled to civil behavior; and our influence with them is promoted by showing it. If we should think it necessary to manifest our disapprobation of their principles or conduct, it should be done consistently with good manners, as well as in a Christian spirit. Indeed, if our minds were imbued with meekness and humility, we should rarely, if ever, violate the rules of civility.

Death, as on the wings of an angel, flies from house to house, proclaiming to each inhabitant in turn, *Time with thee shall be no longer.*

Time, whither dost thou flee?
 ————— I travel to eternity.

Eternity, what art thou?—say:
 —Time past, time present, time to come—to-day.

Reader, if thou art indeed a Christian, anticipate in idea that triumphant moment, when having cast thy crown at the foot of the eternal throne, thou shalt be called to give an account of thy conduct, and as far as has depended on thee, of that of thine offspring! Think of the multiplied felicities of meeting, in the presence of God those whom thy example and instruction have, through his grace, contributed to bring thither! Think what it will be to be able, amidst all the hosts of heaven, amidst the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect—think of being able to say to the Universal Father, *Behold I, and the children whom thou hast given me!*

Let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips, giving thanks to his name. Had not David a most heavenly spirit, who was so much in this heavenly work? Doth it not sometimes raise our hearts, when we only read the Song of Moses, and the Psalms of David? How much more would it raise and refresh us, to be skilful and frequent in the work ourselves! O, the loss to many of the saints, who drench their spirits in continual sadness, and waste their days in complaints and groans, and so make themselves, both in body and mind, unfit for this sweet and heavenly work? Instead of being employed in the praises of God, they are questioning their worthiness, and studying their miseries, and so rob God of his glory, and themselves of their consolation.

The Christian's trade is heavenly; the merchandise he deals for is of the growth of that heavenly country.—*Our conversation is in heaven.* PHILL. iii. 20.

O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart ;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be,
To dedicate myself to thee ;—
To thee, my God, to thee !

Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy ;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee :—
On thee, my God, on thee !

Thy glorious eye pervadeth space,
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place ;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee :—
To thee, my God, to thee ?

Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe, 'neath the covert of thy wing,
My sweetest thought hence forth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee :—
In thee, my God, in thee !

There is a proper mean between undistinguishing credulity, and universal jealousy, which a sound understanding discerns, and which the man of candour studies to preserve.

Inshrine mercies in gratitude.

Were there in worldly things any fixed point of security which we could gain, the mind would then have some basis on which to rest. But our condition is such, that everything wavers and totters around us. *Boast*

not thyself of to-morrow ; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.

The veil which covers from our sight the events of succeeding years, is a veil woven by the hand of mercy.

O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

(JOHN FREDERIC OBERLIN.)—"It is," says his biographer, "interesting to trace the germ of those dispositions which, when ripened into maturity, bring forth remarkable fruits:" thus, the self-denial, generosity, and benevolence which so peculiarly distinguished this great man, were manifest in his earliest infancy. The following is given as one among many evidences of it:—"Passing one day by the stall of an old clothes vender, in Strasburg market, a poor infirm woman was endeavouring, without success, to procure an abatement in the price of some article she appeared to be particularly desirous of purchasing. She wanted two sous to complete the sum demanded, and was on the point of leaving the stall from her inability to give them, when Frederic, pretending to be engaged with something else, only waited for her retiring, when he slipped the two sous into the dealer's hand, and whispered him to call back the poor woman, and let her have the gown; and then, without stopping for her thanks, instantly ran away." His father, a man of remarkable integrity, made a small allowance to his children, and it seemed Frederic's chief happiness to do good, when able, and impart of his *little* store. Even at a very early age, his frequent prayer was, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth. O God teach me to do thy will." To his pious and highly accomplished mother, he often

acknowledged himself indebted for his love of the "things that are excellent," and for the desire he subsequently felt of dedicating his talents and his powers to the good of others. "During my infancy and my youth," (he says) "God often vouchsafed to touch my heart, and to draw me to himself. He bore with me in my repeated backslidings, with a kindness and indulgence hardly to be expressed."

As when a child, secure from harms,
Hangs at the mother's breast,
Safe folded in her anxious arms,
Receiving food and rest;
And while, through many a painful path,
The travelling parent speeds,
The fearless babe, with passive faith,
Lies still, and yet proceeds.

Should some short start his quiet break,
He fondly strives to fling
His little arms about her neck,
And closer seems to cling;
Poor child! maternal love alone
Preserves thee first and last;
Thy parent's arms, and not thine own,
Are those that hold thee fast.

So souls that would to Jesus cleave,
And hear his secret call,
Must every fair pretension leave,
And let the Lord be all:
"Keep close to me, thou helpless sheep,"
The shepherd softly cries:
"Lord tell me what 'tis close to keep,"
The list'ning sheep replies.

“Thy whole dependence on me fix ;
Nor entertain a thought,
Thy worthless schemes with mine to mix,
But venture to be nought :
Fond self-direction is a shelf ;—
Thy strength, thy wisdom, flee ;—
When thou art nothing in thyself,
Thou then art close to me.”

True candor is altogether different from that guarded, inoffensive language, and that STUDIED openness of behaviour, so frequently met with among men of the world. Smiling very often is the aspect, and smooth are the words, of those who inwardly are the most ready to think evil of others. That candour, which is a Christian virtue, consists, not in fairness of speech, but in fairness of heart.

How clear it is to every man's observation, that the kindnesses and benefits any have done to the Lord's people have been rewarded with full measure into their bosoms. Publius, the chief man of the island of Melita, courteously received and lodged Paul, after his shipwreck ; the Lord speedily paid him for that kindness and healed his father, who lay sick at that time of a fever.

If Providence delays the performance of any mercy to thee, that thou hast long waited and prayed for, yet see that thou dost not despond, nor grow weary of waiting upon God.

Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice ;

Safe in His power whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer ;
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.

Human life is compared to a sleep ; to the rapidity of a flood ; to a tale that is told ; to a vapour that appeareth for a little time ; to a flower which flourisheth in the morning, and in the evening is cut down and withered ; to vanity ; to a shadow that passeth away. Eternity, that solemn word, soon passes from the lip ; but who can grasp the mighty, the immense idea, which this word ETERNITY conveys ? All thought is lost in its immensity, and swallowed up in its fathomless abyss. The mind may conceive, though faintly, of millions of ages heaped upon millions, till numbers lose themselves ; or rather till we are lost in the vast calculation. But who can measure eternity ; compared with whose everlasting lines, myriads of years are infinitely less than atoms floating in the mid-day sun ? All men are hastening to eternity. All are standing upon the brink of an interminable state of being. Yet all, except the little flock of Christ, are living, as if life would never end ; and die, as if beyond the grave there was nothing to awaken their solicitous concern.

If all the waters flowing round this earth,
And with ten thousand times as much, were pent
In a huge cistern, whose unwieldy bulk
The whole contained ; but at one leaky pore
At certain periods should one drop dispense ;
And at the distance of ten thousand years
Of intervening time, those periods fix ;

—Yet sooner twice ten thousand times the whole,
 Thus drop by drop shall drain the ocean dry,
 Than the duration of ETERNITY
 One moment of its endless term abridge.
 Then what avails it, whether *here* we taste
 Life's transient joys, or heart corroding cares;
 If we in peace may happ'ly end our race;
 A race how like the shuttle's rapid flight,
 Or faint illusion of a morning dream.

Engage in no pursuit of moment in which thou canst
 not look up unto God, and say, *Bless me in this, O my
 Father!*

LIFE AND ITS END.—Remember for what purpose
 thou wast born, and through the whole of thy life look
 at its end; and consider when that comes, in what thou
 wilt put thy trust: not in the bubble of worldly van-
 ity—it will be broken; not in worldly pleasures—they
 will be gone; not in great connections—they cannot
 serve thee; not in wealth—thou canst not carry it with
 thee; not in rank—in the grave there is no distinction;
 not in the recollection of a life spent in a giddy conform-
 ity to the silly fashions of a thoughtless and wicked
 world; but in that of a life spent *soberly, righteously,
 and godly in this present world; looking for that blessed
 hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and
 our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us,
 that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify
 unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.*

Though wealth awaits thee with o'erflowing hand,
 And fame proclaims thy honours through the land,
 Though power, ease, and every gay delight,
 Flatter thy fancy e'en from morn to night;

Though pleasure woos thee with delusive charms,
 And binds in silken bands thy manly arms :
 Though health and strength their better blessings grant,
 And thou hast all a happy man can want,
 Full soon must all the summer-birds be gone,
 Take to their wings, and leave thee every one.
 Not a day passes, not a wind that blows,
 A wave that's ebbing, nor a tide that flows,
 But bears away some transitory joy,
 Some darling hope, or visionary toy.

* * * * *

Bliss is a dream, and like a fleeting shade,
 Bedeck'd with flowers, that in an instant fade.
 Earth's hopes are bubbles, bursting ere they fall;
 And vanity of vanities is all.

Christian charity increases our happiness with its own increase. A narrow, contracted spirit, under the influence of prejudice, and blinded by fond partialities, can never enjoy the refined pleasures of Christian communion. Such a spirit chills and freezes the soul ; it checks exertion, except when party is concerned ; and looks shy on those, however excellent, who " follow not us." Distinction seems necessary in this state of imperfection ; but real Christians know well how to distinguish between the expansive character of the Gospel, and that undefined latitudinarianism, which would level all distinctions. There is a perfect consistency in preferring our own peculiar communion, to which we are attached from judgment and conscience ; and in loving those of other communions, who bear the image of the blessed Jesus.

A consistency of character, with a prudent condescension and kindness to those placed under us, are means

which seldom fail of some good effect ; but when a whole family are united by spiritual ties, and act as under the eye of the same common master ; when the parlour and kitchen are in unison, domestic order, love, and peace, make a happy family indeed.

A solitary blessing few can find ;
Our joys with those we love are intertwined ;
And he whose helpful tenderness removes
The obstructing thorn that wounds the breast he loves,
Smooths not another's rugged path alone,
But scatters roses to adorn his own.

Those young persons who will not avail themselves of the experience of their predecessors, must buy experience themselves, and pay the cost.

No one ever bitterly condemned himself, that he had spent his younger years soberly ; many have that they did not.

We shall be most compassionate, kind, and forgiving to others, when we most feel our need of the Lord's forgiving love, and taste the sweetness of it in our own souls.

He descants most on the *failings* of others who is least sensible of his *own*.

None take reproof so well as those who most deserve to be commended.

To criminate and recriminate never yet was the road to reconciliation.

None are so easily acquainted, so closely knit together, and so much endeared to one another, as real Christians.

'Tis grace, 'tis bounty, and it calls for praise,
If God give health, that sunshine of our days!
And if he add (a blessing shared by few)
Content of heart, more praises still are due.
But, if he grant a friend, that boon possess'd
Indeed is treasure, and crowns all the rest;
And giving one whose heart is in the skies,
Born from above, and made divinely wise,
He gives, what bankrupt nature never can,
Whose noblest coin is light and brittle man;
Gold purer far than Ophir ever knew,
A soul, an image of himself, and therefore true.

(MEMOIR OF SAMUEL KILPIN.)—"When seven years old, I was left in charge of the shop. A man passed, crying, 'Little lambs, all white and clean, at one penny each.' In my eagerness to get one, I lost all self-command, and taking a penny from the drawer I made the purchase. My keen-eyed, wise mother inquired how I came by the money. I evaded the question with something like a lie; in God's sight it was a lie, as I kept back the truth. The lamb was placed on the chimney-shelf, and much admired. To me it was a source of inexpressible anguish. Continually there sounded in my ears and heart—*Thou shalt not steal: thou shalt not lie.* Guilt and darkness overcame my mind, and in sore agony of soul, I went to a hayloft—the place is now perfectly in my recollection—and there prayed and pleaded, with groanings that could not be uttered, for mercy and pardon. I entreated mercy for Jesus' sake. With joy and transport I left the loft, from a believing application

of the text—*Thy sins that are many are all forgiven thee.* I went to my mother, told her what I had done, and sought her forgiveness, and burnt the lamb, whilst she wept over her young penitent."

When the Princess Anne, daughter of Charles I., lay upon her death-bed, and nature was almost spent, she was desired by one of her attendants to pray: she said she was not able to say her long prayer, meaning the Lord's Prayer, but she would say her short one: *Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, that I sleep not the sleep of death.* The little innocent had no sooner pronounced these words, than she expired. She was not quite four years of age.

Youth is no obstacle to the favour of God nor to devotion to God's service. St. John was the youngest of the disciples; but no one was more favoured than he, nor more zealous in attachment to his master. His example calls upon those who are entering on their career of moral obligation and responsibility, to do that which the wise man calls upon them in words to do; namely, *to remember their Creator in the days of their youth*; and of this we may be sure, that, if they do so remember him, he will not forget them in time of age, nor forsake them when they are old and gray-headed. If youth present peculiar temptations, to withdraw us from the service of God, it endows us also with peculiar ability to serve him. The strength of opening manhood is never so well employed as in practising subserviency to God's revealed will, and in triumphing over its spiritual enemies: it receives a grace and beauty from religion, and produces an abundant harvest of good works, and of glory to God.

Wisdom divine ! adorable the name !
 Death and destruction both have heard her fame.
 Who knows her, knows, as did her sons of old,
 How much more valued she than Ophir's gold.
 The precious onyx and the sapphire are
 With her too mean, too worthless to compare.
 Talk not of corals, pearls, and such like wares,
 Far above rubies is the price she bears.
 Her dower is honour, riches, length of days,-
 Her paths are peace, and pleasant all her ways.

A man who has liberty to draw without limit upon a wealthy friend, will not be apprehensive of want, though his own resources may be scanty. Let us not be fearful. Elijah was faint with his journey, and requested that he might die ; but angels brought him food from heaven, and in the strength of that meal he travelled forty days, even to the mount of God.

The habitual exercise of thankfulness to our heavenly Father, for his innumerable blessings, is favourable to joyfulness and elasticity of spirit.

The seasons of Adam Clarke's Life. Written by himself in a Friend's Album.

I have enjoyed the *spring* of life—
 I have endured the *toils* of its *summer*—
 I have *culled* the *fruits* of its *autumn*—
 I am now passing through the rigours of its *winter* :
 And am neither forsaken of God,
 Nor abandoned by man.
 I see at no great distance the dawn of a *new day*,
 The first of a *spring* that shall be eternal !
 It is advancing to meet me !

I run to embrace it!
Welcome ! welcome ! *eternal spring* !

Happy are they who, observing the ways of their heavenly Father, diligently watch their own hearts and lives, "continue instant in prayer," and find in its blessed exercises, an ever-flowing spring of life, and strength, and consolation.

—On they move,
Indissolubly firm ; nor obvious hill,
Nor straitening vale, nor wood, nor stream divides
Their perfect ranks ; for high above the ground
Their march was, and the passive air upbore
Their nimble tread.

That man will not frequently nor long be wretched, whose heart is really in heaven ; who, knowing that he has here no abiding mansion, seeks the glory of God, without being ambitious of the honour, or even very solicitous for the conveniences of the world. He who has little can lose little. If we walk as pilgrims we shall walk safely.

There is my house and portion fair ;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home.

All the real pleasures and conveniences of life lie in a narrow compass ; but it is the humour of mankind to be always looking forward, and straining after one who has got the start of them in wealth and honour.

If every man's internal care
 Were written on his brow,
 How many would our pity share
 Who raise our envy now.

The hidden sorrow, when revealed,
 Of every troubled breast,
 Would prove that only while concealed
 Their lot appeared the best.

Live on what thou hast—live, if thou canst, on less :—
 do not borrow either for vanity or pleasure—the vanity
 will end in shame, and the pleasure in regret.

Art thou willing to be nothing in thy own estimation ;
 yea, less than nothing in the sight of Infinite Perfection ?
 Canst thou renounce thy own fancied righteousness,
 as filthy rags ? Dost thou throw thyself, with absolute
 entireness, upon the infinite mercies of a crucified Saviour ?
 Canst thou delight in the praise and prosperity of others,
 even when through their superior lustre thou art cast into the shade ?
 Dost thou feel no envious risings when others are made use of in thy presence,
 and thyself studiously overlooked ? Are there no workings
 of mortified pride within, when the conversation of others
 is anxiously listened to, and thine altogether disregarded ?
 Is the glory of God the only object of thy wishes ; and the good
 of souls thy only desire ? Art thou willing to be esteemed a fool
 for Christ's sake, and to lose the present good-will of thy friends,
 so that thou mayest win Christ, and be found in him ?

—Gracious Father ! break each false repose,
 And unrelenting rule amid thy foes,

Till, every low propensity exiled,
My soul is even as a weaned child.
From mean self-love, or gross, or specious, free ;
And all my treasures, "all my springs in Thee !"

Although it is always proper to guard against a disposition to take offence, the importance of it in a state of bodily suffering is peculiarly obvious ; for when the mind is enfeebled by disease, it is not so well able to struggle with even assumed grievances. It becomes us, therefore, while in health, to accustom ourselves to view the actions of others in the most favourable light, and to check the disposition to murmur, or be dissatisfied with the efforts of our friends to please and comfort us, and assuage our sorrows, when we may be laid upon the bed of sickness.

The same benevolence, which, in days of health and prosperity, would have exerted itself in going about doing good to all within its reach, will, in the time of sickness and affliction, be expressed by a constant endeavour to suppress, as much as possible, every word or look that may give pain ; by receiving, with thankfulness, every attempt to give ease and comfort, even though by being ill-judged or ill-timed, it be in reality distressing ; and by a thousand little attentions, which will make a much deeper impression on a feeling heart for being paid at such a time ; and which, at least, will serve to show that no sufferings of our own can make us indifferent to the happiness of others.

Where a selfish disposition reigns in the heart, it is usual to be insolent, and yet dissatisfied in prosperity, and exceedingly depressed in adversity ; whereas true benevolence enjoys to the utmost every blessing, by

imparting it, as far as possible, and furnishes a source of pleasure, which pain and sorrow cannot take away.

There is in every human heart,
 Some not completely barren part,
 Where seeds of love and truth might grow,
 And flowers of generous virtue blow:
 To plant, to watch, to water there,
 This be our duty, this our care.

Never are we so sensible of our deficiency in relative duties, as when they can no longer be discharged, nor of the value of a friend till we have lost him.

A proud man is not easily penetrated with a grateful sense of kindnesses bestowed upon him; his self-complacent manner will often afflict the humble in heart.

Humiliation and self-abasement will be almost identified with faith and love to an Almighty Saviour: so true is it in the Gospel dispensation, that while we seem to sink, we are indeed ascending; and become poor in spirit only, that we may be rich in faith.

Without a willing mind, what are the most costly offerings? Our hearts may be said to be willing when we cheerfully contribute and assist, according to our ability, in promoting the cause of God; but as even this willingness is the gift and work of God, we should beseech him to increase in us daily a willing mind, to abound to every good work. They who are diligent and contented in employments considered mean, are as much accepted of God as those engaged in more splendid services.

The well-directed efforts of a good man, even in the private walks of life, may produce results hardly to be calculated. His conduct throughout the successive engagements of the day, may operate powerfully on the different members of his family; and even upon his friends, who frequent the house, who make him social visits. He may, on these occasions, frequently give a suitable direction to conversation—may exchange unprofitable, or light converse, for that which will instruct and edify, and raise the conviction, that while frivolous and vain subjects leave a painful void, those of higher import, refresh and invigorate the mind, and increase its zest for spiritual things.

The motives to an intimate acquaintance with the Redeemer are, above all expression, powerful and affecting. He is the Lord, the Captain of Salvation. Yet a short season, and they who are found worthy shall be translated into the heavenly kingdom, and led to *fountains of living waters*, where all tears shall be wiped from their eyes.

Could we leave our foolish dreaming
Of a fancied heaven below,
And see Jesus' glory beaming,
How our souls would long to go!

When our Redeemer was about to withdraw from this world, what was the legacy he bequeathed to his desolate and afflicted followers? Was it power to exalt them above their enemies? Was it wealth, to supply them with worldly gratifications? Was it even sagacity or knowledge, with all their attendant blessings? *Peace I leave with you: my peace I give unto you:*

not as the world giveth give I unto you. This is the secret treasure of the Christian life; this is the peculiar blessing of spiritual mindedness. The world is full of vehement desires, and eager competitions; the faculties of the mind, driven forward by its passions, and purveying to their gratification. In the progress of earthly prosperity, we are continually advancing from comparative stillness and tranquillity, into a busy and tempestuous region. As riches increase, and honours multiply, our projects become more extensive, our enemies more numerous, our contests more severe, our anxieties ceaseless and consuming. And often in the more public and exalted scenes of life, the storm still grows louder, even to the day when the hand of death arrests us, and we sink and are forgotten. Far different is the path of the Christian. Darkened, perhaps, at first, with clouds of perplexity and temptation, the pilgrim looks round with a trembling anxiety, and treads even the way of salvation with some heaviness; but the light which shone faintly and fitfully for a time, becomes gradually clear and steady. As he ascends towards the celestial paradise, leaving behind him the damps and darkness, the din and tumult of this lower world, his prospect is still growing more extensive and delightful, the region more tranquil, the atmosphere he breathes more ætherial;

—— From pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness.

The approach to God, and introduction to spiritual perceptions, which are effected by prayer, seem, as it

were, the connecting links between earth and heaven; between that state of distance and separation from the Creator, to which, as sinners, we must still submit, and those blessed privileges which we shall hereafter share in the kingdom of our heavenly Father. In the blessed exercises of spiritual devotion, the soul is borne away for a time from all the perishable objects of sense: learning what the voice of man can never teach, feeling what the profane or thoughtless never can appreciate. The Christian loves to lie low before the footstool of his Creator; and from that blessed presence he returns with a heart so humble, and yet so refreshed, that, like Peter in the mount, he feels "it was good for him to be there."

Go, when the morning shineth,
Go, when the noon is bright,
Go, when the eve declineth,
Go, in the hush of night;
Go, with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee,
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition,
The great Redeemer's name.

Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,

Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
 When friends are round thy way,
 Even then the silent breathing
 Of a spirit raised above,
 Will reach His throne of glory,
 Who is mercy, truth, and love.

Oh ! not a joy or blessing
 With this can we compare—
 The power that He has given us
 To pour our souls in prayer.
 Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
 Before His footstool fall,
 And remember in thy gladness
 His grace who gave thee all.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. ISAIAH xxxv. 10.

I tread the path the patriarchs trod ;
 They walked by faith while here below,
 They marked the way that led to God,
 And after them in faith I go.

And though it seem a rugged way
 To nature's eye, of verdure bare,
 Yet is it cheered with many a ray
 Of light, and many a prospect fair.

And in that way so wild, so rude,
 Are pleasures to the world unknown ;
 Not in its deepest solitude
 Need any fear to walk alone.

Oft in the solemn gloom of night
A song celestial meets the ear;
A sudden glory strikes the sight,
And God's own shining hosts appear.

Voices and harpings fill the air,
Hymning that Lord who once was slain;
No earthly minstrelsy is there,
I hear the notes, and catch the strain.

Praise him, ye mighty cherubim,
Ye glowing seraphs, sing his praise!
And I will also sing of him,
To him my humbler tribute raise.

This, as I travel on, shall be
The glad employ of heart and tongue;
Until on high his face I see,
And join the song by angels sung.

Look at the humble and suffering Christian, stretched upon the bed of sickness, and about to be separated by an unexpected and mysterious dispensation from the objects of his tenderest affections. Around him are assembled those in whose happiness his own was involved; whose welfare has been the object of his daily prayer and nightly meditation; whom he hoped to have trained up to everlasting glory by his instructions and example. He must shortly be taken from them in the midst of his years, and leave them exposed to sufferings and temptations from which his parental watchfulness can no longer protect them. Yet, in all his affliction, his faith is still unshaken; his countenance is still animated with a smile of holy confidence; and

his heart still glows with gratitude and love to his Almighty Benefactor.

As meadows parch'd, brown groves, and with'ring
flowers,

Imbibe the sparkling dew, and genial showers,
As chill, dark air inhales the morning beam,
As thirsty hearts enjoy the gelid stream,
So to man's grateful soul, from heaven descend,
The mercies of his Father, Lord, and Friend!

A correct knowledge of the sources from whence
our affections spring, is of great practical value.

The carnal joys of earthly schemes,
Which nature loves to rear,
But mock the eye, like sickly dreams,
And quickly disappear.

The bliss I want, is that which springs
From sense of sin forgiven,
Which wings its flight from creature things,
To feast itself in heaven.

The love of God carries the mind above the little vanities of this world. It familiarizes the soul with objects so noble, it infuses into it desires so elevated, it fills it with pleasures so pure and heavenly, that it is impossible to be detained any longer with the poor importunate cares and wishes that occasion so continual a bustle among mankind; or to regard, without a sort of contempt, mingled with compassion, that childish eagerness with which wealth and honours, and all the gilded baubles of this life, are pursued by so many.

Reflected in the lake, I love
To see the stars of evening glow,
So tranquil in the heaven above,
So restless in the wave below.

Thus, heavenly hope is all serene,
But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
Still flutters o'er this changing scene,
As false and faithless as 'tis fair.

A believer's comforts may sometimes be like the widow's oil in the cruse, when only a little remained; but never like the water in Hagar's bottle, that was quite spent.

Redeem the time—Catch the favourable gales of opportunity: O! catch them while they breathe; before they are irrecoverably lost. Thy minutes are all upon the wing, and hastening to be gone. Thou art a borderer upon eternity. O! learn that heavenly arithmetic of numbering thy days, of applying thy heart unto wisdom!

Seize mortals, seize the transient hour;
Improve each moment as it flies:
Life's a short summer, man a flower:—
He dies—alas! how soon he dies!

Like leaves on trees, the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground.
Another race the following spring supplies,
They fall successive, and successive rise.
So generations in their course decay,
So flourish these, when those are passed away.

The spider's most attenuated thread,
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss.

The Death of the Righteous.

O ! let me die his death ! all nature cries,
Then live his life !—all nature falters there.

In a good man, an attachment to the law of God and to the rules of duty, is progressive, and with every accession of religious experience, becomes more vigorous and confirmed. The further he advances in his Christian course, the more deeply he is convinced that his prosperity is inseparably allied to obedience, that his spiritual enjoyments rise or fall as he walks more or less closely with God. *Oh, that my people had hearkened unto me, and Israel had walked in my ways ! I should soon have subdued their enemies, and turned my hand against their adversaries. He should have fed them, also, with the finest of the wheat : and with honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee* PSALM lxxxi. 13, 14, 16.

—In seasons of distress,
When nature pours her bitters in thy heart,
When heav'n seems brass, and earth with iron bars
Doth hold its cheering goodliness from thee ;
Then with a calm, resigned mind give up,
Freely surrender all thou callest thine ;
No longer rest on Jordan's banks, but with
Stability step in, and learn to know
That stones there are which for memorials serve ;
Then bring them up from thence, as proofs where thou
Hast been, and therewith raise thine Ebenezer.

Gay attire—what an abject and mistaken ambition is this! How unworthy the dignity of *immortal*, and the wisdom of *rational* beings! Let thy endowments be of the immortal kind. Study to be *all-glorious within*. Be clothed with humility. Wear the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. To say all in a word; put on the Lord Jesus Christ: let His *blood* be sprinkled upon thy conscience, and it shall be whiter than the virgin snow. Let His *righteousness*, like a spotless robe, adorn thy inner man; and thou shalt be amiable, even in the most distinguishing eye of God. Let His blessed Spirit dwell in thy heart; and under His sanctifying operations, thou shalt be made a partaker of a Divine nature. These are real excellencies; truly noble accomplishments these. In this manner be arrayed, be beautified; and thou wilt not find a rival in the feathers of a peacock, or the foliation of a tulip. These will exalt thee, far above the low pretensions of lace and embroidery. These will prepare thee to stand in the beatific presence, and to take thy seat among the angels of light.

Vain man! is grandeur given to gay attire?
Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid:
To friends, attendants, armies, bought with hire?
It is thy weakness that requires their aid:
To palaces, with gold and gems inlaid?
They fear the thief and tremble in the storm:
To hosts, through carnage, who to conquest wade!
Behold the victor vanquished by the worm!
Behold, what deeds of woe the locust can perform!

How beautifully does the prophet describe the *furniture* of a renewed and heavenly mind, under the sim-

iltude of a rich and complete suit of apparel! *I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with jewels.* ISAIAH lxi. 10.

Thou that art *vigorous* in health and *bloming* in years, improve the precious opportunity. Improve thy golden hours to the noblest of all purposes: such as may render thee meet for the inheritance of the saints in light, and ascertain thy title to a state of immortal youth, to a crown of eternal glory.

Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart;
A broken reed at best, but oft a spear;
On its sharp point, Peace bleeds, and Hope expires.

The sorrows entailed upon families by persons dying intestate, form a prominent feature in the catalogue of human woe. How culpable are they who put off the arrangement of their outward affairs, in dependence upon an hour they may never have to spare!

Ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. JAMES iv. 14.

Thou think'st it folly to be wise too soon,
Youth is not rich in time: it may be poor;
Part with it, as with money, sparing: pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth;
And what its worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.

Every individual should bear in mind that he is sent into this world to act a part in it. And though one may have a more splendid, and another a more obscure part assigned him, yet the actor of each is equally, is awfully accountable. Though God is not a hard, he is an exact master. His service, though not a severe, is a reasonable service. He accurately proportions his requisitions to his gifts. If he does not expect that one talent should be as productive as five, yet to even a single talent a proportionable responsibility is annexed.

An experienced Christian can indeed often form a tolerably safe opinion of the reality or fictitiousness of a pretended change of heart, by conversation. But the great decisive evidence, after all, is *perseverance in a holy life*.

In admiring the beauties of creation, we should consider to whom we stand indebted for all the entertainments of sense; and *who* it is that thus opens his hand, and fills the world with good. Such an habitual disposition of mind consecrates every field and wood; turns an ordinary walk into a morning or evening sacrifice; and will improve those transient gleams, which brighten up and refresh the soul.

If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound;
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found!

While hearts are young, and hopes are high,
A fairy scene doth life appear;
Its sights are beauty to the eye,
Its sounds are music to the ear:

But soon it flies from youth to age,
And of its charms no more possessed,
We, like the captives of the cage,
Would flee away, and be at rest.

Be watchful of trifles, for they make up the sum of human things, and organize those little springs which move the great ones of our existence.

Dilatory persons are frequently exposed to surprise and hurry in everything that belongs to them; the time is come, and they are not prepared.

In the morning think what thou hast to do, and at night ask thyself what thou hast done.

There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.

There is an arm that never tires
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.

WM. WILBERFORCE, in his "Practical Christianity," and in commenting on the resolves and re-resolves of the newly-awakened, but unconverted sinner, observes in a note:—"If any one would read a description of this process, enlivened and enforced by the powers of the most exquisite poetry, let him peruse the middle and latter part of the fifth book of 'Cowper's Task.' My warm attachment to the beautifully natural composi-

tions of this truly Christian poet, may, perhaps, bias my judgment; but the part of the work to which I refer appears to me scarcely surpassed by anything in our language. The honourable epithet of *Christian* may justly be assigned to a poet whose writings, while they fascinate the reader by their manifestly coming from the heart, breathe throughout the spirit of that character of Christianity, with which she was announced to the world: *Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.*"

JOHN NEWTON, ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF HIS SUFFERING FRIEND, COWPER: (1st May, 1800).—"He went away without a struggle. Oh! with what surprise of joy would he find himself immediately before the throne, and in the presence of his Lord!—*All his sorrows left below; and earth exchanged for heaven!*"

Shewell's Tribute to the Memory of Cowper.

* * * * *

Thy life's a wholesome lesson good for all
 Who woo instruction in the walks of time,
 To ponder well; and happ'ly thus extract
 A balsam from thy tears; though nature shrink,
 Reluctant to receive th' unwelcome cup,
 That mars her joy, to med'cine her disease.
 Afflictions are the ministers of love,
 By heav'n appointed:—happy, if they serve
 To bring us nearer home!—to wean our hearts
 From toys and trifles; and to fix them there,
 Where only lasting happiness is found!
 To Him, who made thee all thou wert, we trust
 In full assurance of its blest reward,

Thy loosened spirit, its redemption wrought,
 By long probation : confident in hope
 Attained its heavenly mansion ; well prepared,
 As gold by long refinement, to receive
 That full fruition of immortal bliss
 It here so fondly, so devoutly sought.
 There, in Jehovah's presence, wip'd away
 All sorrow from thine eyes ; and having kept
 His righteous law ; thy peace for ever flows
 Like Jordan's stream, and as the countless waves
 Of yon extended sea, thy righteousness.
 Mortality's frail garments cast aside ;
 Corruptible put off or incorrupt ;
 And with the Lamb's unspotted robes array'd.
 Made meet to mingle with th' angelic train
 Of that celestial city ; all whose walls
 Are sure salvation, and whose gates are praise ;
 Thou'rt safely landed on th' immortal coast,
 Where in full triumph the Messiah reigns.

* * * * *

Solomon, a most penetrating judge of human nature, knowing how highly mankind is charmed with the fine qualities of flowers, has figured out the blessed Jesus, *that fairest among ten thousand*, by these lovely representatives. He styles him *The Rose of Sharon*, and *The Lily of the Vallies* ; like the first, full of delights and communicable graces ; like the last exalted in majesty, and complete in beauty. In that sacred pastoral, he ranges the creation, borrows its most finished forms, and dips his pencil in its choicest dyes, to present us with a sketch of the amiableness of his person. His amiableness who is the light of the world, the glory of his church, the only hope, the sovereign con-

solation of sinners; and exalted, infinitely exalted, not only above the noblest comparison, but even *above all blessing and praise.*

—Thou sitt'st above all heavens,
To us invisible or dimly seen,
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.

Should it be asked, "Where, and what are the materials that beautify the blooming world? what rich tints, what splendid dyes, what stores of shining *crayons*, stand by the heavenly limner, when he paints the robe of nature?" it is answered, "His powerful pencil needs no such costly apparatus. A single principle, under his conducting hand, branches out into an immensity of the most varied and finished forms."

Yes, all are under one! One Spirit, His
Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brow,
Rules universal nature. Not a flower
But shows some touch, its freckle, streak or stain
Of his unrivalled pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
The forms with which he sprinkles all the earth.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair! Thyself how wond'rous then!

A strict adherence to truth is not only an essential duty in a religious point of view, but it is indispensably necessary to preserve the morals of any community.

If we allow ourselves little deviations, and consider them as trifling, our minds will, by degrees, grow callous to things of more importance; and we shall be in danger of finding some valve for the grossest violations of that principle of truth, which ought ever to be held sacred.

If we consult our own feelings, we shall be convinced that a candid, open character always meets our approbation; that the man of uprightness and integrity, on whose word we may rely, and who we are confident will not deceive us, has always a large share of our respect and esteem; and that so far as any one recedes from this character, in such degree our respect and esteem will lessen, though there may still be other traits which endear the person to us, and make us wish to find excuses for that which our judgment must condemn as wrong.

Justice requires of every man that he should keep his expenses within the limits of his income. Prudence requires something more; that he should, if possible, make some little savings, to provide for sickness or other contingencies. Those who form their establishment to the extent of their income (let their situation or class in life be what it may,) and mean to be just, subject themselves to a state of frequent irritation. Little disappointments sometimes occur, or expenses that they had not calculated upon; and their minds are in a state of perturbation how to keep up their accustomed mode of life, and yet provide for contingencies. To retrench is often so difficult, that it seems much wiser to arrange one's plans upon too small a scale, than upon

one too large. Though economy is always proper, a rigid attention to it in trifling particulars is frequently irksome and harassing to the spirits. Notwithstanding all human prudence and foresight, there are many vicissitudes in life which cannot be guarded against. The rich become poor, and the poor become rich, without any merit or demerit of their own. In the former case an entire change of plan becomes necessary, and we need not be ashamed of it when it does not arise from our own fault. In such a case we must model our plan according to existing circumstances; and perhaps shall feel less on the whole than while we are struggling with endeavours to keep up appearances, and studying where we can save. Where we *cannot* save we easily settle, but where we *can* save is often difficult to find out.

When winds the mountain oak assail,
And lay its glories waste,
Content may slumber in the vale,
Unconscious of the blast.

Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord.—OBADIAH, 4.

Who art thou, that soaring high,
Pride of heart thy bosom swelling,
Look'st around with haughty eye,
Trusting in thy lofty dwelling!

Stoop thy wing or thou'rt undone :
Let not pride of heart deceive thee,
He, the High and Holy One,
Of thy dwelling shall bereave thee.

Laura — being ill at Clifton, in the year 1817, an amputation of her leg was considered needful to preserve life, and two additional surgeons were sent for from London, to assist in the painful operation. Lady — (Laura's mother) undertook the disclosure to the poor sufferer; and in the course of conversation introduced the question, if she would rather die, or have her limb cut off? She replied, "I would rather die, because I think I should be happy;" but pausing, added, "that would be taking my fate into my own hands, and how could I expect God would support me in dying. It seems God does not require my life, but my limb; so it is not left me to choose." "Then, my dear," said Lady —, "you would not think it very cruel in me to consent to the operation." "Dear Mamma, you could not do otherwise; for, if you were to let me choose, and I were to persevere in saying I would rather die, how could I look up to God on my death-bed? I should have taken myself out of his hands." This composure was not transitory; it lasted that day and night. She said, "Mamma, do you remember the day you stayed at home from church, and talked to me about God? Since that I have thought about Him more and more, and it is He who now supports me, and will support me during the operation. Pray for me. I will not ask you to stay in the room: it would not be good for you; but perhaps Nelson (the housekeeper) will be so good." The next day the four surgeons arrived, and Lady — went into Laura's room, to acquaint her. The dear child shed several tears, on hearing her trial was so near; but soon recovering herself, she resumed her usual composure, and said, "Pray for me, Mamma,

that I may glorify God by patience, and that it may do good to Mr. — to see what God *can* do." The prevailing wish on her mind was, that God would so support her as to make her feel *certain* that she was His child; and enable her to glorify him so as to be useful to all around her. On this subject she said, with great animation, "Oh! if in consequence of my behaviour, they should be led to value religion more, how well worth parting with a limb! She showed no self-dependence, but always said, "I hope God will enable me." She was taken out of bed, and placed on a table. When they were about to cover her eyes with a handkerchief, she said, "You need not do that; but do as you like." She submitted to the operation without uttering a word, but once cried, "Oh!" She said, that God supported her, and that these texts comforted her:— *We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God; and If ye suffer with Him, ye shall also reign with Him*; adding, "How much better to enter into life halt or maimed, rather than having two feet to enter into hell." As a proof how greatly she was supported, she kept some flowers in her hand through the operation. The true Christian has nothing to fear; for "as his day is, so shall his strength be."

(CHARLES SIMÉON.)—"I have been in the company of religious *professors*, and have heard many *words* about religion; but give me to be with a broken-hearted Christian, and I prefer his society to that of all the rest. In these days there is too much of talking about religion, and too little of religion itself."

Religion does not censure or exclude,
Unnumbered pleasures, harmlessly pursued.

While all the happy man possessed before,
The gift of nature, or the classic store,
Is made subservient to the grand design,
For which Heaven formed the faculty divine.

A religious education is the richest gift a parent can bestow upon a child; the want of it can never be made up by any wealth it may be in his power to leave him.

The pleasures of sense weary; it is religion alone that preserves an unfading freshness, an undying charm, an inexhaustible power to please; it is this alone which never clogs, never surfeits, but increases the appetite the more it gratifies it, and leaves it, after the richest feast, prepared and hungry for a still more splendid banquet.

The Shrubbery.

IF an earthly prince quit his palace to visit the cottage of a poor peasant, it is thought great condescension—what then shall we think of the King of kings, who deigns to fix his abode in the contrite and humble soul?

As we cannot truly call Jesus our *Master without the spirit of Christ*, (Rom. viii. 9,) so neither can we call God our *Father* without the spirit of adoption.

The first acts of sin *may disturb*, but long habits of wickedness *sear* the conscience. Beware of what are called little sins.

Liberty of conscience is sometimes made a shelter for men of *no* conscience.

He who gives the workers of iniquity a favouring *smile*, or an encouraging *word*, will not need much entreaty to lend them a *helping hand*, especially if he has any hope of sharing the spoil.

The Emperor Vespasian, when a person spoke ill of him, said, “While I do nothing that merits reproach, these lies give me no uneasiness.”

All the world's *honey* will not serve to allay the envenomed *stings* of a guilty conscience.

He who clips away a little truth, and puts in a patch of falsehood to make measure, is likely to become a skilful *manufacturer* of lies.

Thousands of volumes which bear *good titles* are full of deadly errors, dangerous allurements to folly, and finespun apologies for vice.

Novels, plays, and romances, are generally so written, as to captivate the imagination and corrupt the heart, and should therefore be avoided.

Be not desirous of having it to say that thou hast perused a vast number of volumes. One good book read with laborious attention will tend more to enrich thy understanding than skimming over the surface of twenty authors.

Righteousness exalteth a nation. It makes the laborious cheerful, the studious useful, the poor rich in faith, and the rich poor in spirit.

To engage with a large acquaintance is opening our gates to invaders of our time.

Thou mayest gain a lease of an estate, but the Lord of time issues no grant for any certain term of future years. Thou hast a charge to occupy till he come, but thou must remain *tenant at will*.

Vain amusements which many call *pass-time*, is rather a contrivance to *waste* time.

Be more careful of thy time than the miser is of his gold.

With willing heart and active hands,
Lord, I would practise thy commands;
Improve the moments as they fly,
And live as I would wish to die.

No time is thine but the present. The time gone comes no more; the time to come may find thee gone when it comes.

It is to be lamented that a great number of upright and amiable persons in public and private life observe no methodical regulations in their business and families, and this is perhaps one reason why they are not prosperous in their temporal affairs.

If every hour knows its proper employment, no time will be lost. Idleness will be shut out at every avenue, and with her that numerous body of vices that make up her train.

We ought to keep such company as will never make us blush.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks run rivers, rivers run to seas.

Let neither the tears of natural tenderness, nor the sudden terrors of conscious guilt, be mistaken for genuine repentance.

Godly sorrow is a stream flowing from the fountain opened in a regenerate heart.

True repentance consists in a heart being broken *for* sin and broken *from* sin.

He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy. (PROV. xxviii. 13.) One covers his sins with the *fig-leaf* apron of vain excuses, another with the *filthy* rags of self-righteousness, and a third with the *flimsy* arguments and *wretched* quibbles of infidelity.

Sin in its ordinary progress first *deceives*, next *hardens*, and then *destroys*.

As impenitence shuts Christ out of the soul, so Christ will shut the impenitent out of Heaven. *Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.*

What better can we do, than prostrate fall
Before him reverent; and there confess
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg with tears.

There is a certain simplicity and *savour* in the conversation of truly pious persons, which will ever distinguish them.

Affability is an excellent qualification in conversation; for as knowledge teaches us *what* to say, and prudence *when* to say it, so affability teaches *how* to speak in an agreeable manner.

Prolixity in writing or in conversation tends not only to tire and disgust the readers or the company, but so to confuse the mind as to make it incapable of understanding what has been said; whereas brevity pleases as well as profits, and tends very much to improve time.

A man may learn so much of his Bible as to become a sort of living concordance, and yet have little knowledge of Divine things.

True piety is light in the understanding, peace in the conscience, purity in the affections, and consistency in the life.

Religion would have no enemies if it was not an enemy to *vice*.

Some receive the *form* of godliness to take away their reproach, but not the *power* of it to take away their sins.

It will avail thee nothing to *change* thy religion, if thy religion does not *change* thee.

As enmity to God and his law marks the carnal mind, so love to God and delight in his law, are the distinguishing traits of the spiritual or renewed mind.

“From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we tend,
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.”

Thou hast better throw the best earthly things *overboard*, than make *shipwreck* of faith and of a good conscience.

Bishop Hall says: “After the commission of crimes, thou mayest fly from thy fellow men, yea, thy soul may fly from thy body, but thy conscience will not fly from thy soul, nor thy sin from thy conscience.”

Good men have ever valued the Scriptures.

Prayer must be sincere to be effectual. If thou regard *iniquity* in thy heart, the Lord will not hear thee. Let there be no reserve (says Gurnall), no *false box* in the *cabinet* of the soul to lock up a darling sin.

He who neglects *seeking* God to-day, may not have an opportunity of *finding* him to-morrow.

When the Duke of Venice showed Charles V. his princely palace and fine gardens, the Emperor said, "These are the things which make a man unwilling to die."

He who was never wise enough to find out any mistakes or faults in himself, will not be charitable enough to excuse what he reckons the faults or mistakes of others.

Men who usurp the form of Christianity without its spirit, give to Christ the vapour of the lips, and to mammon the solid homage of the heart. They are a perpetual *mildew* on the blossoms, a *death-frost* round the roots of social piety.

It is wisdom to leave worldly things before they leave us.

The fairer and higher thy character, the greater need thou hast of caution. A white garment is soon stained.

True modesty is ashamed of everything *criminal*. False modesty only of those things that are *unfashionable*.

Take not as thy companions either those who are too giddy to think, or too selfish to feel; those who are too reserved to speak, or too open to keep a secret.

Expect not constancy from him who is a feather driven by the winds of fashion; or that he can be *thy* friend whose ways prove him to be *the enemy of God*.

Link not thyself with those who venture on the smooth stream of sensual pleasure, lest thou be gradually drawn into the whirlpool of excess, "where gay delusion darkens to despair."

Friendship has been called the sweetener of life. It is a *compound* made up of truth and kindness, prudence and piety.

Let us be very cautious with respect to those who are *very eager* to contract a friendship, and very warm at a short acquaintance; for we should always remember that the most firm and durable friendship is that which grows up but slowly, as the most long-lived plants are those which grow the slowest.

Proud persons seldom meet with *friends*, because in prosperity they *know nobody*, and in adversity few know them.

He who confounds with noise, instead of convincing with reason, who makes the modest blush and the meek tremble, causes pain when he *comes*, and pleasure when he *departs*.

Modesty is generally the companion of virtue, innocence, and real abilities.

As wholesome food and constant exercise are conducive to the health and strength of the *body*, so useful knowledge and frequent meditation promote the vigor and happiness of the *mind*.

Linger not in dilatory preparation till the *door* of opportunity be *shut*.

The diligent farmer seldom complains that he has nothing to do. He is still engaged mending his fences or tending his flocks, sowing his seed or reaping his harvest.

To keep thy garden clear of weeds, pluck up some every day.

Beauty, as the flowery blossom, soon fades; but the excellencies of the mind, like the medicinal virtues of the plant, remain in it when all those charms are withered.

The reign of beauty, like a blooming flower,
Is but the pride and pageant of an hour.
To beauty and to youth in vain you trust,
For youth and beauty must be laid in dust.
Survey the fairest form, we still shall find,
Beauty's an emanation of the mind.

What is the blooming tincture of the skin
To peace of mind and harmony within?
What the bright sparkling of the finest eye
To the soft soothing of a calm reply?
Can comeliness of form, or shape, or air,
With comeliness of words or deeds compare?

No, those at first th' unwary heart may gain,
But these, these only, can the heart retain.

A man who worked in Rowland Hill's garden at Wotton, and was supposed to have forsaken a life of sin under the influence of religion, was at length discovered to have been the perpetrator of several burglaries, and other daring robberies in the neighbourhood, though he had not, till caught in the fact, been even suspected. He was tried at Gloucester, condemned and executed. It need scarcely be said that his employer visited him in gaol. During his interviews with him there, he confessed the many crimes of which he had been guilty. "How was it, William," he inquired, "that you never robbed me, when you had such abundant opportunity?" "Sir," replied he, "do you recollect the juniper on the border against the dining-room? I have many times hid under it at night, intending, which I could easily have done, to get into the house and plunder it—but, Sir, I was afraid; something said to me, he is a man of God, it is a house of prayer; if I break in there, I shall surely be found out—so I never could pluck up courage to attempt it." In another conversation he told him, "Sir, I well knew that old Mr. Rugg was in the habit of carrying a deal of money in his pocket; times and times have I hid behind the hedge of the lane leading to his house—he has passed within a yard of me, when going home from the prayer meeting, again and again—I could not stir—I durst not touch such a holy man. I was afraid. I always began trembling as soon as he came near me, and gave up the thought altogether, for I knew he was a holy man." This is a fact which well assures us that God our *sun* is a *shield* too.

It is a common saying that "cleanliness is next to godliness;" and whatever exceptions there may be to a general rule, it is observable that filthiness of external habits, and extreme pollution of mind, are frequently yoke-fellows.

One who was very neat in his dress observed, that "cleanliness of the body and the clothes ought to put us in mind of keeping all clean within." The well-known Rowland Hill, in urging upon the poor the necessity of every possible adornment of the Christian character, would particularize cleanliness; and consider a slovenly person, or a dirty house, an evidence that religion had effected no salutary change in the character.

ROWLAND HILL.—"A gentleman of his acquaintance once met him at Brighton, where he heard him preach a sermon, in which there was such a mixture of the humorous, that the congregation were excited by it to a considerable degree of laughter. This was followed by such an awful address to their consciences, and a pathos so deep and melting, that there was scarcely an individual present who did not weep. In the evening, the conversation at the house in which he was visiting was of a very lively nature. After Mr. Hill retired, the gentleman before alluded to, thought he heard some one in the passage, and on going out, found him at the bottom of the stairs. He feared he was unwell; but on inquiring the reason of his remaining there, discovered him to be in deep agony of mind, to which he gave vent in confessions of sorrow at having been such a trifler, and mourned over his unreasonable drollery with the simplicity of a child. Before he went to his

room, he said—"I never wish to say a single word to excite a smile, which would prevent an immediate approach to God, in all the solemnity of spiritual prayer." The scene was most affecting, and was a striking proof of his contrition when he reflected that by giving way to the natural sprightliness of his disposition, he might have prevented his real usefulness, or have forgotten, for an instant, the character of a messenger of the gospel."

Blessed is he that considereth the poor ; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive : and he shall be blessed upon the earth ; and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing : thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness. PSALM xli. 1, 2, 3.

It has been found by persons disposed to distribute of their substance, that they have supposed themselves more liberal than has really been the case. They have seemed to give frequently, and perhaps have done so ; and have at times feared that they were exceeding proper bounds, when at last resolving to set apart a certain portion of their income for the specific object, they have been surprised at the end of the year to find their funds not exhausted, even though their applications seemed as numerous, as urgent, and as liberally attended to as before.

Let it be remembered that the sums which some give, however large, may be given without the self-privation of a single worldly comfort, or even of the luxurious enjoyment of the good things of this life, and thence

be as *sacrifice that cost nothing*. The Christian had need to inquire in his closet concerning the faithful discharge of his stewardship.

Wealth may seek us, but wisdom must be sought :
 Sought before all ; but (how unlike all else
 We seek on earth !) 'tis never sought in vain.

But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth. That thine alms may be in secret ; and thy father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly.—MATT. vi. 3, 4.

In thy works of charity guard against ostentatious parade (the fruit of pride and vain glory) and an *over-scrupulous* regard to secrecy, the *natural offspring of misconception*. If with King David thou canst say, "Of thine own have I given thee," the simple performance of thy duty will not lift thee up, but thy "light" may *shine before men*, and they seeing thy good works may glorify thy *Father which is in Heaven*.—MATT. v. 16.

Virtue the tribute scorns of vulgar eyes
 And in herself her richest portion lies ;
 With solid beams and native glory bright,
 She neither darkness dreads, nor covets light.

The very essence of charity is disinterested good-doing ; and although we may like it the better for its returns of benefit, we must obey its impulses from delight itself. Where we fail in this, our charity fails, although our deeds of beneficence may still be abounding.

Wherever the affections are set on earthly treasure,

or the energies of the mind are set on carnal indulgence, the judgments of God are sooner or later made manifest.

A hatred of sin, and an ardent desire after holiness, must ever mark the disposition and conduct of the Lord's children. If David could say—*Oh, how I love thy law ! it is my meditation all the day ; thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage for ever ; for they are the rejoicing of my heart*—the follower of Jesus, in every age, ought surely to breathe in the same spirit, and to burn with the same ardour. If the ancient Israelites were commanded to talk of the Lord's precepts when they set in their houses, or walked by the way, and when they lay down, and when they rose up ; to teach them diligently to their children ; to bind them for a sign upon their hand, and for frontlets between their eyes ; to write them on their door-posts and on their gates—much more is the Christian bound by every tie of gratitude, to love and obey them—to guard and cherish them as his dearest treasure.

The soldiers of Christ too often contend about the weapons of their warfare, instead of using them in the common cause of the Captain of their salvation.

Poverty of spirit, with her virtuous attendants, humility and meekness, is, under Divine influence, the groundwork of Christian experience, a safeguard through the steps of time, and a token of blissful immortality.

What can be more feeble than the ivy, the jessamine, or the vine ? yet these, by the assistance of their ten-

drills or claspers, rise and are supported till they sometimes mount as high as the trees or the wall that sustains them; so the weak believer laying hold on Christ, by faith, not only can grow, but may become as a fruitful vine upon the wall of a house.

Ah! why by passing clouds oppress'd,
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast?
Turn, turn to Him, in every pain,
Whom never suppliant sought in vain;
Thy strength in joy's ecstatic day,
Thy hope when joy has pass'd away.

BISHOP HALL.—“I have learnt more of God and myself in one week's affliction, than all my whole life's prosperity had taught me before.”

The mind grows firm by weathering the tempest,
But in success, dissolving sinks to ease,
And loses all her firmness.

All those who hope hereafter heaven to share,
Troubles and sorrows here should calmly bear,
And with collected spirits undergo
The sad variety of human woe,
While the bright prospects of approaching joy
Creates a bliss no troubles can destroy.

That faith is called *precious* which receives the rich provisions of the Gospel. We think the man sick who has lost his appetite, and so it is with our souls: they languish, and are in an evil state as long as they are without spiritual hunger for that food which cometh

from God. The worst want is to be without a sense of our wants.

A Christian that lives amongst his enemies should never stir out without his armour.

JOHN NEWTON.—“If I am lawfully called into the company of the profligate, I am too much shocked to be in great danger of being hurt by them. I feel myself in the situation of the traveller, when assaulted by the north wind. The vehemence of the wind makes me wrap my cloak the faster about me. But when I am with good sort of people, I am like the same traveller when under the powerful beams of the sun; the insinuating warmth puts me insensibly off my guard, and I am in danger of voluntarily dropping the cloak, which could not be forced from me by downright violence. The circle of politeness, elegance, and taste, unless a higher spirit and principle predominate, is to me an enchanted spot, which I seldom enter without fear, and seldom retire from without loss.”

The goodness of an ever-present ever-ruling God, is joyfully traced by the *believer* in little circumstances, as well as in great events. How often, during the course of our pilgrimage, have we reason to bless Him for that special providence, by which our sufferings are alleviated, and our wants supplied! How many are the minute turning points in our lives—the mere accidents, as some persons would call them—which are afterwards found to have been fraught with important consequences, both for our temporal and spiritual welfare!

“ Oh ! who shall say how great the plan
Which this day's incident began ?
Too small, perhaps, the slight occasion,
For our dim-sighted observation ;
It passed unnoticed, as the bird
That cleaves the liquid air unheard,
And yet may prove, when understood,
The harbinger of endless good.”

Many are busy about shaking the tree of *knowledge* and scrambling for the fruit, but neglect the tree of *life*.

Cleanse your hands, ye sinners ; and purify your hearts, ye double-minded. Be afflicted, and mourn, and weep : let your laughter be turned to mourning, and your joy to heaviness. Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and he shall lift you up. JAMES iv. 8, 9, 10.

It is related of the eminent and virtuous Sir Matthew Hale, that in early life he was fond of company, and fell into many levities and extravagancies. But this propensity and conduct were corrected by a circumstance, that made a considerable impression on his mind during the rest of his life. Being one day in company with other young men, one of the party, through excess of wine, fell down, apparently dead at their feet. Young Hale was so affected on this occasion, that he immediately retired to another room ; and shutting the door, fell on his knees, and prayed earnestly to God, that his friend might be restored to life, and that he himself might be pardoned for having given countenance to so much excess. At the same time he made

a solemn vow, that he would never again keep company in that manner, nor "drink a health" while he lived. His friend recovered, and Hale religiously observed his vow. After this event, there was an entire change in his disposition; he forsook all dissipated company, and was careful to divide his time between the duties of religion, and the studies of his profession. He became remarkable for a grave and exemplary deportment, great moderation of temper, and a religious tenderness of spirit; and these virtues appear to have accompanied him through the whole of his life. He continued to enjoy the free use of his reason and senses to the latest moment, a favour he had often earnestly prayed for, and when, as he drew near the end, his voice was so sunk that he could not be heard, his friends perceived, by the almost constant lifting up of his eyes and hands, that he was still aspiring after that blessed state of which he was now to be speedily possessed. He had no struggles, nor seemed to be in any pangs, breathing out his righteous and pious soul in peace.

The death-bed of the just-is yet undrawn
By mortal hand; it merits a divine;
Angels should paint it, angels ever there;
There on a post of honour, and of joy.

Let not trifles interrupt thy happiness. Cotton Mather advised with his son on this subject, he told him it would not be amiss to have two heaps; a heap of *unintelligibles*, and a heap of *incurables*. "Every now and then," said he, "you will meet with something or other that you cannot well understand, and will therefore distress your thoughts; you will also meet with

some unaccountable things in the conduct of some people that you are related to or acquainted with; throw them into your heap of *unintelligibles*, leave them there, trouble your mind no farther, hope the best, but think no more about them. You will meet with some unpersuadable persons, perhaps no reason, no advice, will do anything with them, especially as to being reconciled to some that they are at variance with; throw them into the heap of *incurables*, leave them there, and let not such crooked things as cannot be made straight, disturb your happiness."

If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day: and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shall thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy Father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. ISAIAH lviii. 13, 14.

SIR MATTHEW HALE.—"I have by long and sound experience found that the due observance of the Christian sabbath-day, and of the duties of it, have been of singular comfort and advantage to me. The observance of this day has ever had joined to it a blessing upon the rest of my time, and the week that hath been so begun, hath been prosperous and blessed to me; and, on the other side, when I have been negligent of the duties of the day, the rest of the week hath been unsuccessful and unhappy to my secular employments, so that I could easily make an estimate of my successes the week following by the manner of my passing this

day ; and this I do not write lightly or inconsiderately, but upon a long and sound observation and experience.

We spend much time in learning useless things, but not enough in opening the folds and doubles of the heart.

Nor let soft slumber close your eyes,
Before you've recollected thrice
The train of actions through the day :
Where have my feet chose out the way ?
What have I learnt where'er I've been ?
From all I've heard, from all I've seen,
What know I more that's worth the knowing ?
What have I done that's worth the doing ?
What have I sought that I should shun ?
What duty have I left undone ?
Or into what new follies run ?
These self-inquiries are the road,
That lead to virtue and to God.

How soft and sweet are those silken cords which the dear Redeemer twines and ties about the hearts of his children !

GURNEY.—Christianity is distinguished by nothing more strikingly than by the force and tenderness of its sympathies ; and those who are united to the same holy Head, ought surely to be ever ready, both to weep and rejoice in unison. If forbearance, gentleness, and courtesy, are due to all men, how plainly ought they to mark our conduct towards those who are of the household of faith ! If that charity, which shuns all rashness and unseemliness, and is ever ready to look upon others with a favourable eye, must be exer-

cised towards our neighbours *generally*, how ought it to live and abound towards the Lord's flock and family! If the tongue of detraction is unlawful, even when aimed against his enemies, how shameful does it become when it inflicts an injury on a Christian brother or sister!

And why behiddest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye; but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? MATT. vii. 3.

The Heathens would observe on this common failing of nature by the following imagery. "Every man (say they) carries a wallet, or two satchels or bags with him; the one hanging before him, and the other behind him; into that *before*, he puts the faults of others; into that *behind*, his own; by which means he never sees his own failings, whilst he has those of others always before his eyes." Now a proper knowledge of ourselves will teach us to turn this wallet; and place that part which contains our own faults, before our eyes, and that which contains those of others, behind our back. A very necessary regulation *this*, if we would behold our own faults in the same light in which *they* do. For we must not expect that others will be as blind to our foibles as we ourselves are. They will carry them before their eyes, whether we do or no. And to imagine the world takes no notice of them, because we do not, is just as wise as to fancy others do not see us because we shut our eyes.

TWO ITALIAN PROVERBS.—"A civil *answer* to a rude speech costs not much, and is worth a great deal."—

"One mild word quenches more heat than a whole bucket of water."

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! PSALM cxxxiii. 1.

"The kindred links of life are bright,
Yet not so bright as those
In which Christ's favoured friends unite,
And each on each repose.
Where all the hearts in union cling,
With him the centre and the spring."

CECIL.—If a man will look at most of his prejudices, he will find that they arise from his field of view being necessarily narrow, like the eye of the fly. He can have but little better notions of the whole scheme of things, as has been well said, than a fly on the pavement of St. Paul's Cathedral can have of the whole structure. He is offended, therefore, by inequalities, which are lost in the great design. This persuasion will fortify him against many injurious and troublesome prejudices.

The Christian member of a Christian household has this heavenly and solacing influence, "that so strong, so unearthly become the bonds which unite those who have long lived together in the unity of the spirit, no less than community of blood, that they undoubtedly enjoy, even in absence, a certain, though undefinable fruition of each other's presence, they hear each other's voices speaking in the depth of their bosoms, dissuading, approving, comforting, rejoicing, and thus realize to its fullest extent, that blessed privilege, alas! how sel-

dom enjoyed, or even understood, of the communion of saints."

It is cause enough for humility to know that we are not humble.

Every step we take in the kingdom of grace, we necessarily sink so much lower in our own esteem.

When Paul was a Pharisee, he thought himself blameless, but when a Christian he called himself the *chief* of sinners.

Those that walk in pride he is able to abase.—Daniel iv. 37.

The world cannot exalt a proud man so high, but God can bring him low; neither can the world so debase an humble man, but God can exalt him.

The world may strive to pull him down,
But God can raise him to a crown.

Learn to stand more in awe of thyself than of others.

We should more often judge cautiously if, on hearing a sentiment opposed to our own, we were to remember the bias of education and interest; asking ourselves how would it be with us under similar circumstances?

We should weigh general sincerity, integrity, merit, and usefulness, against partial blemishes or deficiencies.

Watch and *pray*, are two monosyllables which easily

slip off the tongue, and yet they contain the great rule of Christianity as given by its great Author.

Whoever examines the wants of his own heart, and the appropriate assistance which the Gospel furnishes, will find them to be two tallies which exactly correspond—an internal evidence, stronger perhaps than any other, of the truth of revelation.

How cross soever the winds and tides of providence at any time seem to us, yet nothing is more certain, than that they all conspire to hasten sanctified souls to God, and fit them for glory.

Who would not, with a heart at ease,
Bright eye, unclouded brow,
Wisdom and goodness at the helm,
The roughest ocean plough?

What tongue can tell, what heart conceive, the joy which is reserved in heaven for those who have here, by the work of grace, been *assimilated* to Jesus Christ? *Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.* 1 JOHN iii. 2.

Father, Redeemer, Comforter Divine!
This humble offering to thy equal shrine
Here thy unworthy servant grateful pays
Of undivided thanks, united praise,
For all those mercies, which at birth began,
And ceaseless flowed thro' life's long lengthen'd span;
Propp'd my frail frame through all the varied scene,
With health enough for many a day serene;

Enough of science clearly to discern
 How few important truths the wisest learn;
 Enough of arts ingenious to employ
 The vacant hours, when graver studies cloy;
 Enough of wealth to serve each honest end,
 The poor to succour, or assist a friend;
 Enough of faith in Scripture to descry,
 That the sure hope of immortality,
 Which only can the fear of death remove,
 Flows from the fountain of REDEEMING LOVE.

But and if ye suffer for righteousness' sake, happy are ye; and be not afraid of their terror, neither be troubled. 1 PETER iii. 14.

Many wintry blasts will meet you in the most inoffensive way of religion, if you keep straight to it. Suffering and war with the world is a part of the godly man's portion here, which seems hard; but take it altogether it is sweet; none in their wits will refuse that legacy entire—*These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.*

Traveller through this vale of tears,
 Art thou tried with doubts and fears?
 Does the tempter still assail,
 Till thou think he must prevail?
 Do the clouds that intervene
 Dim the light thou once hast seen?
 Dost thou fear thy faith is gone,
 And that thou art left alone,

A wanderer, on life's dreary coast?
Thy guide and comfort nearly lost?

Hear a fellow-traveller's lay—
One who has trod the painful way;
Who in the journey he has past,
Has met with many a bitter blast:
Upon whose head the storm has beat,
While many a thorn has pierced his feet;
But matchless mercy hitherto
Has interposed, and helped him through,
And e'en enabled him to raise,
Ofttimes the joyful song of praise.
In patience, then, possess thy soul;
Stand still; for while the thunders roll,
Thy Saviour sees thee through the gloom,
And will to thy assistance come.
Trust, humbly trust in his defence;
Preserve thy hope and confidence;
To him apply in fervent prayer;
On him, in faith, cast all thy care;
Then will the tempest pass away,
Then will the night give place to day;
And thou, rejoicingly, shalt find
These trials wisely were design'd
To subject every wish of thine
Completely to the will divine;
To fix thy heart on things above;
To fill thy soul with heavenly love;
And, through the power of mighty grace,
To fit thee for that glorious place
Where saints and angels round the throne
For ever sing, "Thy will be done."

Ignatius, who lived within the first hundred years after Christ, and was torn in pieces of wild beasts at Rome, for his true faith in Jesus, left this, among other things, behind him: "There is nothing better than the peace of a good conscience;" intimating, there might be a peace to wicked consciences, that are past feeling anything to be evil, but swallowed up of the wickedness of the world. And in his epistle to the churches at Ephesus, Magnetia, Trallis, and Rome, upon his martyrdom, saith: "Now I begin to be a disciple; I weigh neither visible nor invisible things; so that I may gain Christ." O, heavenly-minded man! A blessed martyr of Jesus indeed!

That which is taught by the silent, ever-influencing language of general example, is often too much overlooked, even by those who recommend *religion* to their children, as a thing of the first importance. He who habitually drives it into a corner, who urges the extreme desirableness of laying up *treasures* in heaven, while his *dearest ones* are evinced by his conduct to be on earth; who insists on the excellence and importance of meekness, patience, and charity, while he is no way remarkable for the exercise of those graces himself; who descants on the vanity of the world, while he is seen to be a slave to its opinions and fashions, can hardly expect much success from his labours.

I know him that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord. GENESIS xviii. 19.

"Religion (says a popular writer) is the only thing in which we seem to look for the end without making

use of the means ; and yet it would not be more surprising if we were to expect that our children should become artists and scholars, without being bred to arts and languages, than it is to look for a Christian without a Christian education."

Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it. PROV. xxii. 6.

If our condition here be as prosperous as we could wish or imagine, it is but for a *little season*. The rich man in the Gospel talked of many years, but, *Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee*, was the longest period.

They who the longest lease enjoy
Have told us with a sigh,
That, to be born, seems little more
Than to begin to die.

The *hardest* and the *best* arithmetic we can learn is this—so to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom ; but this we must learn of a Divine Teacher.

PARISIAN LIFE.—An anecdote, furnished by Hannah More.—“ A lady who very properly attended her husband to France, who went in an official character, soon after her arrival wrote to a friend how very painful everything she saw and heard was to her ; the levity, the round of pleasure, the desecration of the Sabbath ;—in short, the whole frivolous and vicious routine ; her life was such that she longed to return home. About a year after they were recalled to London. Before her departure she wrote to the same friend, that

she was grieved to be forced to quit a place so truly delightful, and that she could not leave without the deepest regret, those amiable people whom, perhaps, she might see no more! This very lady had frequently said, that English women were held in such abhorrence by the Parisians, that she was obliged to dress like a French woman to escape insult. So it is when we cultivate familiarity with sin

Sin is a monster of such frightful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar grows its face,
We first despise, then pity, then embrace.

CHESTERFIELD.—I have run the silly rounds of pleasure, and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world, I appraise them at their real worth, which is in truth very low; those who have only seen their outside always overrate them, but I have been behind the scenes, I have seen all the course pullies and dirty ropes which move the gaudy machines, and I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decoration to the astonishment and admiration of the ignorant audience. When I reflect on what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle of pleasure in the world had any reality; but I look upon all that is passed as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions, and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose.

Pleasure's the fatal rock which most have split on ;
For men, bewitched by the cursed syren's voice,
Sail on regardless till they strike on ruin.

Religious duties are often neglected upon more consistent grounds than the friends of religion are willing to allow. They are often discontinued, not as repugnant to the understanding, not as repulsive to the judgment, but as hostile to a licentious life. And when a prudent man, after having entered into a solemn convention, finds that he is living in a constant breach of every article of the treaty he has engaged to observe, one cannot much wonder at his getting out of the hearing of the heavy artillery which he knows is planted against him, and against every one who lives in the allowed infraction of the covenant into which every Christian has entered.

One of the most infallible arts by which the inexperienced are engaged on the side of irreligion, is that popular air of candour, good-nature, and toleration, which it so invariably puts on. While sincere piety is often accused of moroseness and severity, because it cannot hear the doctrines on which it founds its eternal hopes, derided without emotion ; indifference and unbelief purchase the praise of candour at an easy price, because they neither suffer grief, nor express indignation at hearing the most awful truths ridiculed, or the most solemn obligations set at nought. They do not engage on equal terms. The infidel appears good-humoured from his very levity ; but the Christian cannot jest on subjects which involve his everlasting salvation.

Eyes dazzled long by fiction's gaudy rays,
In modest truth no light nor beauty find.

To endeavour to gain the perfect happiness promised
in the next world, is the surest way to gain the greatest
happiness this world can bestow.

God often touches our best comforts, and calls for
that which we most love, and are least willing to part
with. Not that he always takes it utterly away, but
to prove the soul's integrity, to caution us from ex-
cesses, and that we may remember Him, the author
of those blessings we possess, and live loose to them;
the way to keep our enjoyments is to resign them;
and though that be hard, it is sweet to see them re-
turned, as Isaac was to his father Abraham, with more
love and blessing than before.

Our hearts are fastened to this world
By strong and tender ties;
But every sorrow cuts a string,
And urges us to rise.

An hour shall come, (you question this,)
An hour when you shall bless,
Beyond the brightest beams of life,
Dark days of your distress.

JOHN FLETCHER.—This distinguished man, although
conspicuously lowly in heart, was by nature a man of
strong passions, and prone to anger in particular, inso-
much that it is said he has frequently spent the greater
part of the night bathed in tears, imploring victory
over his own spirit; and he did not strive in vain, for
so thoroughly was nature subdued by Divine grace,

that for many years before his death it is believed neither friend nor foe could charge him with being out of temper on any provocation whatever.

When we fix our hope, and our heart, on the only true and dependable support, all is safe, and the soul treads firm while the globe trembles. Let eternal things be borne this way or that, there is peace within; nor, when all methods have been examined, can any other be found for the establishment of the mind, than that it should lay all its stress upon the one immovable and immutable rock.

The Lord is my strength and my shield; my heart trusted in Him, and I am helped: therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth; and with my song will I praise Him.
PSALM xxviii 7.

Those who are already members of the Church of Christ, can indeed require no labour of love on our parts to their conversion. But Christians are called upon to be fellow-helpers one of another in their spiritual course. They must individually endeavour to build up their brethren in that holy faith which was *once delivered to the saints*; they must provoke to love and to good works, by joint and reciprocal efforts, the whole church must "edify itself in love." How often are Christian pilgrims cheered on their way, by the help and encouragement which they derive from each other; how often do they find, to their joy and comfort, that as "iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend!" And what ought to be our conduct towards those who love the Lord Jesus, but are nevertheless overcome for a season, by the

enemy of their souls? Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted. *Bear ye one another's burden, and so fulfil the law of Christ.*

Beyond the dark and stormy bound
That guards our dull horizon round,
A lovelier vale extends;
MESSIAH rules in mercy there,
And o'er his altar bright in air,
The morning star ascends.

Oh! holy seat of love and peace,
The sounds of war and conflict cease,
Within thy quiet reign;
And every flower of fairest hue,
That once in favoured Eden grew,
Shall rise and bloom again.

When once poisoned with prejudice, we can find faults in the *best* characters, and if disposed to compare them with *ourselves*, by holding the balance in *our own hands*, we can make them preponderate as we please.

If once to prejudice the soul's resigned,
If prepossession gains the unwary mind,
In vain prefers poor innocence her plea,
For as our passions dictate we decree;
Justice no more suspends her *equal* scale,
But spite or faction over truth prevail.

Those who by grace keep a *good conscience*, may cheerfully trust God with keeping their *good name*.

Paul did this when he said the Lord was able to keep that which he had committed unto him. 2·TIM. i. 12.

But he knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold. JOB xxiii. 10.

Ridicule and raillery, especially in religious matters, are the weapons of pride, ignorance, and envy.

Although the infirmities of human nature should not be sported with, yet it would be well for mankind if ridicule would confine itself there, but it extends its baneful influences over the best of mental qualities, for perhaps there is not a virtue to be named but ridicule can, through some false medium, distort into a vice. The glass of ridicule reflects things not only darkly, but falsely also, for it always discolours the objects before it ventures to represent them to us; thus, for instance, it will clothe prudence in the garb of avarice, call courage rashness, cleanliness or emulation pride; it will brand generosity with the name of prodigality, and cheerfulness with that of levity; it will laugh at the compassionate for his weakness, at the serious man for his preciseness, and the pious man for his hypocrisy; indeed it never seems so happy as when it can stamp the marks of deformity and guilt upon innocence and goodness.

It is impossible to be sincere, and especially to support the Christian character, if we always assent to and comply with our connections, and the company we happen to be in; indeed it is not only a vice, but the parent of many more. Temporizing overthrows all steadiness of principle, and produces that sinful conformity

to the world, which taints the whole character; nay, indeed it is criminal on various occasions, if we do not oppose the world though we should stand alone, or suffer in so doing.

GURNALL says to the Temporizer—"O Professor, be open and plain-hearted with God and man, *keep the King's highway*, the plain, honest way of Christian doctrines, and holy obedience."

More are inclined to believe than to investigate; and many turn aside to the error that is next at hand, rather than take the pains to find out the truth.

Seize upon truth where'er 'tis found,
Amongst your friends, amongst your foes,
On *Christian* or on *Heathen* ground;
The flower's divine where'er it grows.

A man may preserve his probity, but it is not in the power of the best to keep his reputation, as human nature is so depraved, and there is so much envy and policy in the world; he is therefore in a wretched case who depends upon the judgment of other persons in his happiness; if any speak evil of us, we should make use of it as a caution, and reason thus: "If I am innocent, the Lord will protect me; if not, I will endeavour to alter my conduct."

R. Hill, when once scurrilously attacked in one of the public journals, was urged by a zealous friend to bring a legal action in defence; to this he replied with calm, unruffled dignity—"I shall neither answer the libel, nor prosecute the writer, and that for two rea-

sons : first, because, in attempting the former, I should probably be betrayed into unbecoming violence of temper and expression, to my own grief, and the wounding of my friends ; and in the next place, I have learned by experience, *that no man's character can be eventually injured but by his own acts.*"

COWPER ON PILGRIM'S PROGRESS :—

O thou whom, borne on fancy's eager wing
 Back to the season of life's happy spring,
 I pleas'd remember, and, while memory yet
 Holds fast her office here, can ne'er forget ;
 Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale
 Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail ;
 Whose humorous vein, strong sense, and simple style,
 May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile :
 Witty, and well employed, and, like thy Lord,
 Speaking in parables his slightest word :
 I name thee not, lest so despised a name
 Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame :
 Yet e'en in transitory life's last day,
 • That mingles all my brown with sober grey,
 Revere the man whose *Pilgrim* marks the road,
 And guides the *Progress* of the soul to God.

Envy is glad to injure a good man because grudging him the esteem in which he is held ; she will take a jaundiced view of what he does and endeavour that others shall see through the same perverted medium.

How sweet the words of Truth breathed from the lips of Love !

Who loves his God aright, his brother loves.

If the Christian labourer meet with success he may expect clamour and threats from the world, and a little venom now and then from its children. These bitter herbs often prove correctives when the heart is too much lifted up. The greater the encouragement, the greater the opposition: but *the Lord sitteth upon the flood; yea, the Lord sitteth king for ever.* PSALM xxix. 10.

When adverse storms obscure my sky,
Oh! let me feel that thou art nigh;
Or if prosperity be mine,
That all which I possess is thine.

As rivers cannot rest till they come into the sea, so renewed souls cannot be fully satisfied till they come to Heaven.

My soul is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in Thee.

The principal spiritual trade of a Christian is his *home-trade*, such as meditation, self-examination, supplication, and praise; this is more than enough to employ all his time without looking at others' faults.

The growth of a Christian is not like a mushroom, but like an oak, which increases slowly but surely; many suns, showers, and frosts pass upon it before it comes to perfection, and in winter, when it seems dead, it is gathering strength at the root.

The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed, which a man took and sowed in his field; which indeed is the least of all seeds; but when it is grown

it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof. MATT. xiii. 31, 32.

Holy society is a part of the felicity of Heaven.

The communion of saints on earth, though pleasing, commonly is transient. Different employments and services call them to different places, but under the influence of the same spirit, they will all serve their generation, and then they will meet before the throne, to part no more, but to join in unceasing praises to their Lord and Saviour.

I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. REV. vii. 9, 10.

To be able to bear provocation is an argument of wisdom, and to forgive injuries proves a great mind, for a more glorious victory cannot be obtained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should be begun and continued on ours.

HALL.—“There is not so much need of learning as of grace to apprehend those things which concern our everlasting peace, neither is it so much our brain that must be set to work, but our hearts. However excellent the use of scholarship in all the sacred employments of divinity may be, yet in the main act of

salvation, skill must give place to faith and love. The most learned will find one touch of Christ more worth to their souls than all their deep and laborious disquisitions: if you know all learning, and cannot by grace say, 'I know in whom I have believed,' (and die in that state) you will be completely miserable."

Thy triumphs, Faith, we need not take
Alone from the blest martyr's stake
In scenes obscure no less we see
That faith is a reality;
An evidence of things not seen,
A substance firm whereon to lean.

Go, search the cottager's lone room,
The day scarce piercing through the gloom;
The Christian on his dying-bed,
Unknown, unlettered, hardly fed;
No flattering witnesses attend,
To tell how glorious was his end;
Save in the book of life, his name
Unheard. He never dreamt of fame
No human consolation near,
No voice to soothe, no friend to cheer;
Of every earthly stay bereft,
And nothing—but his SAVIOUR left.

Fast sinking to his kindred dust,
The word of life is still his trust;
The joy God's promises impart
Lies like a cordial at his heart;
Unshaken Faith its strength supplies,
He loves, believes, adores, and dies!

Sometimes one believer hears another pray with great freedom, and sees others abounding with joy in the Lord, while he has no liberty, and very little joy; perhaps it is necessary for such a saint at such a time to be kept humble, but perhaps shortly he may be lifted up also.

Shake from my soul, o'erwhelm'd, deprest,
Th' encumbering load that galls its rest;
That wastes her strength with bondage vain;
With courage break the enslaving chain!
Let faith exert its conquering power;
Say, in thy fearing, trembling hour—
"Father! thy pitying aid impart!"
'Tis done; a sigh can reach his heart.
Yet if more earnest plaints to raise,
Awhile his succors he delays;
Though his kind hand thou canst not feel,
The smart let lenient patience heal;
Or if corruption's strength prevail,
And oft thy pilgrim footsteps fail,
Lift for his grace thy louder cries,
So shalt thou cleansed and stronger rise.

The following among other wise sentences are selected from the papers of the Countess of Warwick, who was accounted an eminent pattern of zeal for the glory of God, and who died in the exercise of prayer, according to a petition she had often preferred, "if allowed to choose the manner and circumstance" of her departure.—

"He who takes up Christ's cross aright, shall find it such a burden as wings to a bird, or sails to a ship."

"It is a great honour to be almoner to the King of Heaven."

“To be libelled for Christ is the best panegyric.”

“The best shield against slanderers is to live so that none may believe them.”

Those who go on with vigour and zeal in the work of the Lord, must expect to meet with hindrances, both from the groundless disaffection of their enemies, and the mistaken affections of their friends, and have need to stand upon their guard against both.

ALEXANDER CRUDEN.—It is stated respecting this esteemed Author of the *Concordance*, that “he had no lingering illness. Having gone to his room as usual, the maid, ringing in the morning, found no answer. She went to his room; he was not there—to his bed-chamber; he was not there—into his closet, where he had an easy chair; here she found him, kneeling in the chair, his hands lifted up to heaven—quite dead!”

No one can be qualified to feed the sheep and lambs of Christ, who does not love the good Shepherd more than any earthly advantage or object.

HALL.—Upon the sight of a tree full-blossomed.—“Here is a tree overlaid with blossoms; it is not possible that all these should prosper; one of them must needs rob the other of moisture and growth. I do not love to see an infancy over-hopeful; in these pregnant beginnings one faculty starves another, and at last leaves the mind sapless and barren. As, therefore, we are wont to pull off some of the too-frequent blossoms that the rest may thrive, so it is good wisdom to moderate the early excess of the parts or progress of over-forward childhood. Neither is it otherwise in our

Christian profession; a sudden and lavish ostentation of grace may fill the eye with wonder, and the mouth with talk, but will not, at the last, fill the lap with fruit.

LEIGHTON.—Some one said to him, "You have been to hear a sermon." "I met a sermon," was his answer, "a sermon *de facto*, for I met a corpse; and rightly and profitably are the funeral rites observed when the living lay it to heart."

Let us fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it.
HEB. iv. 1.

Self-love blinds the eyes of the mind, so that we cannot see our real state and condition. This was the case with the declining church of Laodicea. She fancied herself *rich and increased with goods*, and as having need of nothing; when in the eye of the all-searching Jesus she was *wretched and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked*. Of Ephraim it was said: *gray hairs are here and there upon him, yet he knoweth it not*. Of Ephesus: *thou hast left thy first love*. Of Sardis: *thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead*. So blind are we to our spiritual declensions! All are not believers who believe themselves to be such. The Divine touchstone is: *By their fruits ye shall know them*.

What begins in vanity, must end in vexation of spirit; indeed, it does not wait for the end, but travels with it through its whole course, robbing its progress of enjoyment, and its end of consolation.

'Tis the humble God protects,
'Tis the meek his light directs,
'Tis the mourner sings his song,
'Tis the weak he renders strong,
'Tis the simple who are taught
Wisdom passing human thought—
Lowly, mourning, simple, weak—
These his glorious praises speak.

ADAM'S PRIVATE THOUGHTS.—For a great part of my life I did not know that I was poor, and naked, and blind, and miserable. I have known it for some time without feeling it. Thank God, I now begin to be pinched with it. Stand aside, Pride, for a moment, and let me see that ugly thing, myself.

All our removes from this world are but from one wilderness to another. Upon any change that is before us, we are apt to promise ourselves a *Canaan*, but we shall be deceived, it will only be a *wilderness*.

We are apt to indulge in too sanguine hopes of enjoyment from the blessings we *expect*, and permit too much indifference for those we *possess*. We scorn many sources of satisfaction, which we might have had in the interim, and permit our comfort to be disturbed, and our time to pass unenjoyed, from impatience for some imagined pleasure at a distance, which we may perhaps never obtain, or which, when obtained, may change its nature, and be no longer pleasure.

Doubtless thou art our Father, though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not: thou, O Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer: thy name is from everlasting. ISAIAH lxiii. 16.

A child is truly like his father, when not only his image resembles him, but still more so his mind and inward disposition; thus are the true children of God like their heavenly Father. It is no matter though the profane world (which so hates God that it cannot endure his image) do mock and revile; it is thy honour to be, as David said, (2 Sam. vi. 22,) thus *more vile*, in growing still more like unto him in holiness. What though the polite man count thy fashion a little odd and too precise, it is because he knows nothing about that model of goodness which he hath set himself, and therefore approves of nothing beyond it; he knows not God, and therefore does not discern and esteem that is most like him. When courtiers come down into the country, the home-bred people possibly think their habit strange; but they care not for that, it is the fashion at court. What need then that the godly should be so tender-foreheaded, as to be put out of countenance because the world looks on holiness as a singularity; it is the only fashion in the highest court, yea, of the King of kings himself.

LEIGHTON.—It was observed of this pious man that he discovered a judgment equal to his modesty, and exemplified the saying of Solomon, that “with the lowly is wisdom.” Being once interrogated about the saints reigning with Christ, he tried to elude the question by merely replying, *If we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him.*

A proper consideration of the infinite holiness of God will humble us to the dust. When Isaiah saw the glory of the Lord, and heard the seraphim cry, *Holy, holy, holy*, he cried out of his own and the peo-

ple's unholiness, *Woe is me, for I am undone, for I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips; for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts.* ISAIAH vi. 5.

Holy patience is not the natural growth of the human heart, yet in that frame of mind we can alone find our resting place in a trying hour. We must be *still*, that we may know the Lord our God.

Be silent, O all flesh, before the Lord; for he is raised up out of his holy habitation. ZECH. ii. 13.

CECIL.—“ My own mind is frequently tossed about in the view of present affairs, (I mean of a religious kind, for I pay but little regard to politics); sometimes I despond, at other times I am for pursuing, then again I sink, till I take up the Bible, or go into the sanctuary and see the end of these men, and the stability of Divine truth. I feel also that a Christian must be a man of faith every step of the way, and one whom the world knows not, though he so well knows the world.”

THE WILD PALM TREE.—

'Mid rocks, and sands, and barrenness,
How beautiful to see
The wild Palm in its desert dress—
The solitary tree.

Alone amid the silent wild,
It rears its spreading crest;
The boundless desert's favoured child,
In constant verdure drest.

An emblem of that faith which cheers
The pilgrim on his road,
Through life's dark vale of care and tears,
Beneath this earthly load.

For, like the faith alone it stands,
A bright oasis in the sands,
With hand-like leaves against the sky,
Pointing to Immortality !

They who dare to confess the Lord, and to appear openly on his side, in the midst of this sinful and perverse generation, shall find to their comfort, that he will confess them, and appear on their behalf, before the holy angels. It will be seen *there*, who acted the wisest part *here*.

The Lord preserveth all them that love him, but all the wicked will he destroy. PSALM. cxlv. 20.

It happened at Port Royal, in Jamaica, that two young men were at dinner with Jonathan Dickinson and divers other people of account in the world, and they were speaking about earthquakes, there having been one in that place formerly, which was very dreadful, having destroyed many houses and families. These two young men argued that earthquakes, and all other things, came by nature, and denied a supernatural power, or Deity; insomuch that many, surprised at such wicked discourse, and being ashamed of their company, left it; and at the same time the earth shook and trembled exceedingly, as though astonished at such treason against its Sovereign and Creator, whose foot-stool it is; and when the earth thus moved, the com-

pany which remained were so astonished, that some ran one way and some another, but these two atheistical young men staid in the room, and Jonathan Dickinson with them, he believing that the providence of Almighty God could preserve him there if he pleased, and if not, that it was in vain to fly; but the hand of God smote these two young men, so that they fell down; and as Jonathan said, he laid one on a bed and the other on a couch, and they never spoke more, but died soon after.

SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON—a little before his death.—“It is deservedly accounted a piece of excellent knowledge to understand the law of the land, and the custom of a man’s country; how much more to know the statutes of heaven, and the laws of eternity; those immutable and eternal laws of justice and righteousness! To know the will and pleasure of the great Monarch, and universal King of the world! *I have seen an end of all perfection; but thy commandment is exceeding broad.*

In the experience of good men, there is an *universal oneness*, and yet a beautiful *variety*.

Those who represent religion as gloomy, are like the spies who brought a false report of Canaan which discouraged the people; but those who show us the joy and cheerfulness that attend real goodness, are like the spies bringing a good report, and also the cluster of grapes, by which they invite others into the pleasant and fruitful country.

It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
Against the law of love, to measure lots
With less distinguished than ourselves; that thus
We may with patience bear our moderate ills,
And sympathise with others suffering more.

Godliness with contentment is great gain. 1 TIM.
i. 6.

As it frequently happens that many persons in easy circumstances (or who have many comfortable things) are notwithstanding very discontented, it would be well for some friend thus to reason with them; "Have you ever compared your situation with those who labour in the golden mines of Peru, or with those in your own country who have hardly ever seen the sun, but live confined in tin mines, stone quarries, and coal-pits? before you think yourself miserable, take a survey of the gaols in which debtors are confined, and some even for life; walk through the wards of an hospital; think of the hardships of a common soldier or sailor; think of the galley slave, and the day labourer; reflect upon the condition of many large poor families who have continual distress or sickness. Many are often witnesses to scenes even more wretched than these, where to poverty, cold, and nakedness, are added the languors of lingering and loathsome diseases, and the torments of excruciating pain." Now let those who are miserable amongst many mercies, return as it were from these sad scenes to their closets, and gratefully acknowledge the goodness of God in exempting them from so many *real* ills, which so many labour under, and instead of spending their hours in brooding over their own

imaginary evils, let them be continually cheerful, happy, and thankful.

Happy, oh happy he, who not affecting
The endless toils attending worldly cares,
With mind reposed, all discontents rejecting,
In silent peace his way to heaven prepares.
Deeming his life a scene, the world a stage,
Whereon man acts his weary pilgrimage.

The way to bliss lies not on beds of down:
He that hath borne no cross, will ne'er receive a crown.

*What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say
he hath faith, and have not works? can faith save him?
If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily
food,*

*And one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be
ye warmed and filled: notwithstanding ye give them not
those things which are needful to the body: what doth it
profit*

*Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being
alone.* JAMES ii. 14, 15, 16, 17.

JOHN THORP'S LETTERS.—“One evening when I lived in London, as I passed by rather a retired corner of a street, a poor woman sat (I think with a child in her arms) and very modestly asked charity. I felt pity strongly raised in my heart, and a language like this was feelingly suggested, the Lord help thee; but I passed by, and it very livingly arose in my heart, by what means?—by putting it into the hearts of such as can feel as thou now dost, to relieve her. I turned back and gave her something.”

That sort of self-denial, which is the least practised, is the denying ourselves lawful things for the good of others.

God looks upon his beloved flock as one, in whom, as one, he designs to move and act and bring forth the blessing of his kingdom. Why do they not know one another? Why are they so shy and estranged one from another? Why do they contend or divide from one another? No, rather in that charity ye profess, run to embrace each other. Bear, forbear, forgive, suffer, condescend, submit, anything: God has resolved to make you one for ever. The righteous Job could defend himself well enough against what his friends could charge him with, and so stood much upon his own vindication and innocence. But when God comes to charge him, and show him his more deep and hidden defects, which he was not aware of, he is then constrained to lay down the plea of his own righteousness, and cry out, "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Even so the most nearly perfect of us will have need enough to do when God comes to sift, and try, and touch us to the quick in the relics of our corrupted nature, and the secret hold of the enemy yet therein. It is those that know themselves the least that are most forward to censure, accuse, and judge their brethren.

What can more effectually frustrate the grand object, which we all ought to have at heart, of assisting to reform the world, than that those who in their different stations *should be* aiming at this only, should ever be found suspecting and traducing each other? What should we think of soldiers who, when one corps

was stationed for the defence of a particular town, and another sent out to attack a post, or to scour the country, if instead of attending to their distinct appointments, they should be engaged in weakening and betraying each other, and thereby the cause itself, into the hand of the common enemy? But it is the common enemy who has a chief hand in these divisions of heart; and which those who are really intent on the success of the common cause should reprobate and watch against, as one of his deepest devices. Oh! may that charity which suffereth long and is kind, and which is opposed to evil surmisings and perverse disputings, be more completely in exercise, then would discord cease to mar the services of those who but for this alloy would be distinguished and effectual labourers in the vineyard of our Lord!

Green as the leaf, and ever fair
 Shall his profession shine;
 While fruits of holiness appear
 Like clusters on the vine.

The more diligent we are in private communion with God, the more conspicuously shall we bear the mark of his spirit upon us in our whole demeanour and conversation among men.

GURNALL.—“Grace is of a stirring nature, it will show itself in holiness and good works; it will walk with you and talk with you in all places and companies; it will buy with you, and sell with you, and have a hand in all your actions. It is a sad thing when believers are off their guard, when they profess to have

been on the mount as Moses really was, and yet like him they no sooner come down than they turn and break the commandments. A Christian should let us see his graces walking abroad in his daily conversation and if such guests are in the house, they will often look out at the windows, and be publicly seen abroad in all duties and holy actions."

SIR MATTHEW HALE.—"They that truly fear God, have a secret guidance from a higher wisdom than what is barely human, namely, the spirit of truth and goodness; which does really, though secretly, prevent and direct them. Any man that sincerely and truly fears Almighty God, and calls and relies upon him for his direction, has it as really as a son has the counsel and direction of his father; and though the voice be not audible, nor discernible by sense, yet it is equally as real as if a man heard a voice, saying, "This is the way, walk in it." Though this secret direction of Almighty God is principally seen in matters relating to the good of the soul—yet it may also be found in the concerns of this life;— which a good man, that fears God and begs his direction, shall very often, if not at all times, find. *I can call my own experience to testify that even in the external actions of my whole life, I was never disappointed of the best guidance and direction, when I have, in humility and sincerity, implored the secret direction and guidance of the divine wisdom.*"

True religion is not a matter of mere feeling and strong emotion, but a matter of judgment, and conscience, and practical principle. You must recollect that the minds of men are variously constituted as regards susceptibility of emotion. Some persons are possessed

of far livelier feelings than others, and are far more easily moved; we see this in the common subjects of life as well as in religion. One man feels as *truly* the affection of love for his wife and children as another whose love is more vehement, though he may not fondle, caress, and talk of them so much; he may not even suffer those paroxysms of alarm when anything ails them, nor of frantic grief when they are taken from him; but he loves them so as to prefer them to all others, to labour for them, to make sacrifices for their comfort, and really to grieve when they are removed. His love and grief are as sincere and practical, though they are not boisterous, passionate, and noisy; his principle of attachment is as strong, if his passions be not so ardent. Passion depends on constitutional temperament, but principle does not. Mere emotion, therefore, whether in religion or other matters, is no test of the genuineness of affection.

To weep with those that weep, is as much a duty as to rejoice with those that rejoice, while there is a secret consolation that it flows from the mind of Christ within us; for when the family of his friend Lazarus partook of the cup of human woe, *Jesus wept*.

If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink; for thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee. PROV. XXV. 21, 22.

It was the opinion of the well known Lavater, that "he who has not forgiven an enemy has never yet tasted one of the most sublime enjoyments of life."

Is there a man who, if he were admitted to stand by

the death-bed of his bitterest enemy, would not be inclined to stretch forth the hand of friendship, and to wish for a perfect reconciliation before he left the world? Who is there that, when he beholds the remains of his adversary deposited in the dust, feels not some relentings at the remembrance of those past animosities which mutually embittered their life? Upon this occasion let us suppose him speaking thus to himself:—"There lies the man with whom I contended; he is gone and I must follow him; how poor is the the advantage which I now enjoy! where are the fruits of all our contests? how many mistakes may there have been betwixt us? had not he his virtues and good qualities as well as I? When we shall both appear before the judgment seat of God, shall I be found innocent and free of blame for all the enmity I have borne to him?" Should not the force of such sentiments tend to correct the inveteracy of prejudice, the heat of anger, and the fierceness of resentment? How unnatural is it for animosities so to possess our hearts, that nothing but the cold hand of death can extinguish them. When a few suns more have rolled over our heads, friends and foes shall have all retreated together. Let us then not harass one another, and fill the valley of our pilgrimage with the baneful monuments of our contentions, but, on the contrary, endeavour to cheer the road by natural kindness, forbearance and forgiveness.

Many of the persecutors of the Church of Christ have come to an untimely end. Thus Nero and Severus killed themselves; Domitian, Trajan Maximinius, Decius, Gallus, Valerian, Dioclesian, and Julian the Apostate, were killed by others. God's church has always been

very dear to him, and the judgments he has shown those who persecute it, not only prove his just indignation against those who attempt to destroy it, but are so many testimonies of special love to his people, and should encourage them.

The Church hath sometimes been brought to so low and obscure a point, that if you can follow her in history, it is by the track of her blood, and if you would see her, it is by the light of those fires in which her martyrs have been burnt; yet hath she still come through, and survived all that wrath, and still shall, till she be made perfectly triumphant.

What is a Church? Let truth and reason speak—
They would reply—"The faithful, pure, and meek
From Christian folds, the one collected race
Of all professions, and in every place."

The enemies of God, of morality, of human nature, occupy one's thoughts and one's conversation almost too much; and while we exhaust upon them the indignation which their crimes excite, we should never forget that we partake with them of the same corrupt nature; and that only religion and the restraining grace of God preserve us from the same enormities.

In visiting condemned prisoners, Rowland Hill used to exhibit much feeling, and contrast his own situation: "Condemned to die!" he would ejaculate in a solemn whisper—"O, my God, what a mercy to be kept from sin by the restraining grace of thy Holy Spirit!"

Sincerity is an essential attribute of personal religion; it consists in acting from good motives and with uniform integrity in our commerce with the world; it is produced by faith in Christ, supported by Divine love and filial fear, and generally distinguished by an amiable self-diffidence and a firm reliance on the free grace of God; all other virtues derive not only their lustre, but their very existence, from this excellent principle; the consciousness of godly sincerity is the grand support of true courage, and will bestow more substantial and durable happiness in trouble than anything else within the whole world. All who profess the gospel, and have not sincerity, are as clouds without water, trees without fruit, or lamps without oil; but those who love God with undivided hearts participate a constant succession of pleasures in his approbation and in their own minds.

Our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have had our conversation in the world. 2 COR. i. 12.

Worldly joy generally ends in sorrow, but godly sorrow ends in joy, and as it sometimes rains when the sun shines, so there is frequently joy in the saint's heart when there are tears in his eyes.

For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. ISAIAH liv. 7.

He whose eye no sleep can seal,
He whose arm can help reveal,
He whose word is faithful yet,
Neither can nor will forget.

The Lord sometimes feeds his people with hunger,
and makes them spiritually fat with want and distress.

*I know both how to be abased, and I know how to
abound: everywhere and in all things I am instructed
both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to
suffer need.* PHIL. iv. 12.

Who best

Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first
Well hath obeyed.

Dark even at noon-tide is our mortal sphere,
But let us hope—to doubt is to rebel;
Let us exult in hope—that all shall yet be well.

Happy the man who sees a God employed
In all the good and ill that chequer life!
Resolving all events, with their effects
And manifold results into the will
And arbitration wise of the Supreme.

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. MATT. vi. 34.

We may not live to be troubled by the evil we fear.
He who knows our state, our infirmities, and our trou-
bles, may graciously take us to himself before the evil
may reach us.

God bids the sun ascend the skies,
And heaven and earth rejoice;
He speaks, the rushing whirlwind flies,
Obedient to his voice.
Through the dull eve, the blithesome morn,
He leads the changing seasons on;

And still those smiling seasons tell,
That He who rules them, rules them well.

Thus over life's wide darkling plain,
Unheeded as we roam,
Through many a path of joy and pain
He leads his children home.
And though sometimes in prospect viewed,
The winding may seem dark and rude ;
Ah ! who the backward scene hath scanned,
Nor blessed his Father's guiding hand !

It is *criminal* to be kept by the fear of man from doing anything which God commands, or that we see is our duty ; he that is *restrained* in this manner, acts very inconsistently ; he should do his duty, trust himself in God's hands, and fear not what man can do unto him.

The more we fear God, the less shall we fear man.

It is the best and longest lesson, to learn how to die, and of surest use, which if we do not avail ourselves of, it were better not to have lived. Oh vain studies of men—how to walk through Rome's streets all day in the shade ; how to square circles ; how to correct mis-written copies, to fetch up old words from forgetfulness, and a thousand other like points of idle skill ; whilst the main care of life and death is neglected !

While endeavouring to follow the good example of Christians, be very careful to avoid their falls and infirmities.

Let the afflicted remember that the darkest moment in the whole *Nucthemeron*, is just before the break of day.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from our's.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand drest in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

O ! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise ;
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unclouded eyes !

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er ;
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

LEIGHTON.—Travelling with a friend in the vicinity of Dumblane, he was suddenly arrested by a cry of distress. On looking towards the quarter from which it came, he saw, at some little distance, a man who implored his assistance, and pointed to another man who was stretched on the ground, apparently in the last

agonies. Leighton instantly quitted his carriage and advanced to the spot, when the wretch who seemed at the point of death, but was only feigning, started up from the ground, and joined in robbing the compassionate bishop. Having accomplished their nefarious project, they allowed him to return to his carriage. But hardly had he set off again, when the man he had first encountered came running after him, with the air and voice of distraction, to return to his assistance, as his comrade was indeed expiring. The travellers were naturally suspicious of some new villany; but observing the genuine terror imprinted on the features of the suppliant, they complied with his request, and on reaching the spot, found the other footpad actually dead—a monument of the righteous judgment of Heaven.

The Christian parent ought to be a living exemplification of Christianity. His house, his habit, his family, his associates, his pursuits, his recreations, ought all to be so regulated, as to evince that religion is, indeed, the parent of order, the inspirer of good sense, the well-spring of good humour, the teacher of good manners, and the perennial source of happiness and peace.

HANNAH MORE.—During a time of public distress, a friend of mine called on one poor woman who was nearly famished, and asked her how she bore up. “Madam,” said she, “when I feel very faint I go up and pray two or three times a-day, and I come down *so refreshed*.” How many fare sumptuously every day, and never pray at all!

In one of the Newcastle collieries, thirty-five men and

forty-one boys died by suffocation, or were starved to death. One of the boys was found dead with a bible by his side, and a tin box such as colliers use ; within the lid he had contrived to engrave with the point of a nail this last message to his parent and brother : " Fret not, my dear mother, for we are singing the praises of God while we have time. Mother, follow God more than I did. Joseph, think of God, and be kind to poor mother."

I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. ROM. viii. 38, 39.

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated ; whence it is that old Jacob numbered his life by days ; and Moses desires to be taught this holy arithmetic, to number not his years but his days. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day, are dangerously prodigal ; those that dare misspend it, desperate.

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth : because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it : surely the people is grass. ISAIAH xl. 7.

Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.

Those who defer their gifts till their death-bed, do as good as say, " Lord, I will give thee something when I can keep it no longer."

Be not proud of thy riches, but afraid of them, lest they be as silver bars to cross thy way to heaven.

Give freely what thou giv'st; harsh chidings spare,
Nor blemish thy good deeds with words severe;
Thy love's defective, if to deeds confined;
A word—a look—may, with the ingenuous mind,
Outweigh the gift; prevent the heartfelt dread
Of modest want, when forced to ask for bread.

It seems to be a prevalent error to reduce all religion into benevolence, and all benevolence into alms-giving. The wide and comprehensive idea of Christian charity is compressed into the slender compass of a little pecuniary relief. An aged woman of the world, once lamenting over the depression of her husband's spirits as he sat weeping near her, comforted herself "that he would be better next week, because he had ordered a stated sum for the benefit of the poor of the parish!"

Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. 1 COR. xiii. 3.

If we look around and mark the excesses of luxury, the costly diversions, and the intemperate dissipation in which numbers of professing Christians indulge themselves, can any stretch of candour, can even that tender sentiment by which we are enjoined "to hope" and to "believe all things," enable us to hope and believe that such are actuated by a spirit of Christian benevolence, merely because we see them perform some casual acts of charity, which the spirit of the world can contrive to make extremely compatible with a voluptuous

life; and the cost of which, after all, bears but little proportion to that of any one vice, or even vanity!

O Luxury! thou curst by heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are charities for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!

There is a great danger lest a constant attention to so right a practice as an invariable economy should incline the heart to a love of money. One great mean of counteracting this natural propensity would be to adopt the Christian habit of devoting those retrenched expenses to some good purpose; and then economy, instead of narrowing the heart, would enlarge it by inducing a constant association of benevolence with frugality.

There is a small chance of truth at the goal, where there is not a child-like humility at the starting-post.

HALL.—It is no small commendation to manage a little well. He is a good waggoner that can turn in a little room. To live well in abundance, is the praise of the estate, not of the person. I will study more how to give a good account of my little, than how to make it more.

Those fruits that run up very much into leaves and stalks, sometimes die at the root; so some men's religion runs up all into talk and profession.

One of the poor Hottentots who came over with Kitchener, said, "Me tink all English real Christians before me came; me 'fraid now"—a severe rebuke
(34*)

from such a quarter, that should teach us the great importance of exhibiting in our example the force of the precepts we inculcate upon others.

Pleasure which cannot be obtained but by unreasonable or unsuitable expense, must always end in pain; and pleasure which must be enjoyed at the expense of another's pain, can never be such as a worthy mind can delight in.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring,
His heart from cruel sport estranged, would bleed
To work the woe of any living thing.

In weighing any commodity, its weight is determined by some generally allowed standard; and if the commodity be heavier or lighter than the standard weight, we add to, or take from it; but we never break or clip or reduce the weight to suit the thing we are weighing; because the common consent of mankind has agreed that the one shall be considered as the standard to ascertain the value of the other. But in weighing our principles by the standard of the gospel we do just the reverse. Instead of our bringing our opinions and actions to the balance of the sanctuary, to determine and rectify their comparative deficiencies, we lower and reduce their standard till we have accommodated them to our own purposes; so that instead of trying others and ourselves by God's unerring rule, we try the truth of God's rule by its conformity or nonconformity to our depraved notions and corrupt practices.

LEIGHTON.—FOOD AND RAIMENT.—Our perverse,

crooked hearts turn all we use into disorder. Those two necessities of our life, *food* and *raiment*, how few know the right measure and bounds of them ! Unless poverty be our carver, and cut us short, who, almost, is there that is not bent to something excessive ! Far more are indebted to the lowliness of their estate, than to the lowliness of their mind, for sobriety in these things ; and yet, some will not be so bounded neither, but will profusely lavish out upon trifles, to the sensible prejudice of their estate. To a sincere and humble Christian, very little needs be said. A tender conscience and a heart purified from vanity and weaned from the world will be sure to regulate these and other things, and will be wary, first, of lightness and fantastic garb in apparel, which is the very bush or sign hanging out, that tells a vain mind lodges within ; and, second, of excessive costliness, which both argues and feeds the pride of the heart, and defrauds, if not others of their duties, yet the poor of thy charity, which, in God's sight, is a due debt too. Far more comfort shalt thou have on thy death-bed to remember that such a time, instead of putting lace on my own clothes, I helped a naked back to clothing, I abated somewhat of my former superfluities to supply the poor's necessities—far sweeter will this be, than to remember, that I could needlessly cast away many pounds to serve my pride, rather than give a penny to relieve the poor.

The trimming of the vain world would clothe the naked.

“One night more,” said a pious and very poor man,* when suffering grievously from a mortification of the leg, “one night more, and I shall be beyond the

* See Memoir of Thomas Hogg.

clouds." "I am afraid you are very ill," said his kind friend at another time, "but I trust you have no fears respecting your future happiness, should it please God to summon you to appear before him?" He opened his eyes and distinctly said:—

"Fed by his hand, supported by his care,
I scarce can *doubt*: why then should I despair?"

It was remarked to be an inconceivable blessing to have the Son of God for our friend! "It is, it is," said he, in a tone and manner that indicated that he was accustomed to look to God through that Divine Mediator, and that he was practically acquainted with the truth of that Scriptural declaration, *To them that believe, Christ is precious.*

And along that vale of tears
Which his humble footsteps trod,
Still a shining path appears,
Where the mourner walk'd with God,

Till his Master from above,
When the promised hour was come,
Sent the chariot of his love
To convey the wanderer home.

Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. MATT. xiii. 43.

It is a delightful and animating reflection to the sincere Christian, that every occurrence of his life is under the immediate notice and subject to the control of his heavenly Father. He contemplates him as an ever-present and almighty friend, whom no difficulties can baffle, nor unforeseen accidents surprise, whose counsel

is proffered to guide him safely through all the intricate and perplexing mazes of life, to sanctify his afflictions, to moderate his joy in prosperity, and so to control the course of his personal concerns, as that "all things shall work together for his good."

HALL.—I have learnt more of God and myself in one week's affliction than all my whole life's prosperity had taught me before.

Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of the old man, and fear thy God. LEVIT. xix. 32.

The experience and gravity, the judgment and wisdom, frequently found in old age, demand veneration; and even when these are in some measure wanting, the infirmities and inquietudes of that state, call upon people of younger years to abound in compassion towards them.

SERLE.—"To this day, I cannot meet an aged person, especially if he be infirm, without feeling some kind emotions of heart towards him; and these are always heightened by an anxious pity, if it appear that he hath not yet felt any true concern for himself. All this may be mere nature; but, however, I do not wish to suppress it."

An aged Christian, in giving general counsel to her descendants, warned them of the sorrow she had experienced from the reading of unprofitable books in her early life, saying, that although she had for many years relinquished the vain amusement, she still continued to witness the evil consequences of it, her mind

being often filled with ideas and images of things she wished she had never entertained.

Oxenstiern, Chancellor of Sweden, was a person of the first quality and ability in his country; being visited in his retreat from business, by the English ambassador (Whitlocke), in the conclusion of their discourse, he said to the ambassador: "I have seen much of this world, but I never knew how to live till now; all the comfort I have, and what is more than the whole world can give, is feeling the good Spirit in my heart, and reading in this good book, the Bible. You are now in the prime of your age and vigour, and in great favour and business; but all this may leave you, and you may one day better understand and relish what I say to you, and then you will find that there is more wisdom, truth, comfort, and pleasure in retiring and turning your heart from the world to the good Spirit of God and in reading the Bible, than in all the courts and the favours of princes."

Abstain from all appearance of evil. 1 THESS. v. 22.

O what a mercy is it when the creature is helped rightly and timely to consider the great advantage it will be to him when the case *seems doubtful*, to incline to the safest side of abstaining, and not only then, but to abridge himself in the extent of his liberty, not coming near to the utmost bounds of what is lawful!

Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes. CANT. ii. 15.

If Jesus is to be adorned and followed, self must be

dethroned and trampled under foot. The terms of his discipleship are, *If any man will come after me, let him deny himself.* MATT. xvi. 24.

The greatest evil we can fear,
Is to possess our portion here.

If our affections and feelings are moved in social exercises, and are cold and insensible when we are alone with God, we have great reason to suspect our state.

A natural will ploughed up is the best soil for producing luxuriant crops.

Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground: for it is time to seek the Lord, till he come and rain righteousness upon you. HOSEA x. 12.

Not more necessary are constant supplies of water to the growth of vegetation in the sultry regions of the East, than the influences of Divine truth to the existence of human happiness. If a tree planted by the margin of a refreshing river is proof against the heat of the sun, or the unfavourableness of the seasons, he also who, into a well prepared heart, receives continual infusions of religious wisdom, is flourishing and happy amidst all the inconveniencies of life.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper. PSALM i. 3.

However frequently thou art injured, if real penitence and contrition follow the offence, thou art always bound to forgive.

ROWLAND HILL.—In once addressing the people at Wotton, he raised himself to his full stature and exclaimed—"Because I am in earnest, men call me an enthusiast; but I am not. When I first came into this part of the country, I was walking on yonder hill; I saw a gravel pit fall in and bury three human beings alive. I lifted up my voice for help, so loud, that I was heard in the town below, at a distance of a mile; help came, and rescued two of the sufferers. No one called me an *enthusiast* then; and when I see eternal destruction ready to fall upon poor sinners, and about to entomb them irrecoverably in an eternal mass of woe, and call aloud on them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast now? No, sinner, I am not an enthusiast in so doing; I call on thee aloud to fly for refuge, to the hope set before thee in the gospel of Christ Jesus."

We read in our books of a delicate Athenian being entertained by one much given to hospitality. Finding anon that another was received with like courtesy, and then a third, he grew very angry. "I thought," said he, "I had found a *friend's* house, but I am fallen into an inn, to entertain all comers, rather than a lodging for some private and especial friends." On this story, the admirable Hales thus expresses himself: "Let it not offend any that I have made Christianity rather an inn, to receive all, than a private house to receive some few; for so doth precept and example teach us to extend our good offices, not to this man or

to that man, but to mankind : like the sun which riseth not on this or that nation, but on all the world. Julian observes of the fig-tree, that above all trees it is most capable of grafts and scions of other kinds, so far as that all variety will be brought to take nourishment from one stock. Beloved, a Christian must be like unto Julian's fig-tree, so universally compassionate, that so all sorts of grafts, by a kind of Christian inoculation, may be brought to draw life and nourishment from his root.

Two religious parties unacquainted with each other's language, happened to meet on the continent of Europe without an interpreter, and inclining to converse, hit upon this expedient. One of the company opened a Bible in his own language, and pointing to a text, was answered by reference to another, and replies being made in like manner, a conference of considerable length was carried on with lively sensation, and much to the satisfaction of the company. The remembrance of this singular occurrence has suggested the idea that this would be a better way of inquiring into and investigating each other's religious opinions than any other. For as the professors of Christianity all lay claim to Scripture authority for their respective tenets, a simple reference to the texts on which they depend, would leave the combatants to judge of their suitability, unobscured by contradictory comments, or the irritations of controversy.

HORNE.—The note of the cuckoo, though uniform, always gives pleasure, because we feel that summer is coming ; but this pleasure is mixed with melancholy, because we reflect that it will so soon be going again.

This is the consideration which embitters all sublunary enjoyments. Let the delight of my heart, then, be in thee, O Lord and Creator of all things, *with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.*

Be pitiful, be courteous.—The roots of plants are hidden under ground, so that themselves are not seen, but they appear in their branches, and flowers and fruits, which argue there is a root and life in them; thus the graces of the Spirit planted in the soul, though themselves invisible, yet discover their being and life in the tract of a Christian's life, his words, and actions, and the frame of his carriage.

*What manner of communications are these, that ye have one to another as ye walk and are sad? * * * Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures? LUKE xxiv. 17. 32.*

How precious is that heart-glowing feeling often produced by religious intercourse one with another, and pious contemplation on heavenly things! When the risen Saviour joined himself to the two disciples on their journey to Emmaus, they were conversing on scenes of deep interest, scenes which had astonished them, and filled their hearts with sorrow. But the presence of their Lord, though unknown to them at the time, caused their hearts to burn within them, while he talked with them by the way, and while he *expounded unto them in all the Scriptures, the things concerning himself.*

Are there not moments in our lives, when we experience feelings similar to those of the two disciples, moments when our hearts are sorrowful, and our coun-

tenances sad? But in seasons like these, it is good and salutary to abide in patience, and give the mind to holy contemplation, in a fervent breathing of soul to the Father of mercies, that he may be pleased to help our infirmities. In such moments the blessed Saviour, of whom it is said, "In all their afflictions he was afflicted," joins himself to us, cheers our drooping spirits, and speaks to the heart in accents full of instruction, grace, and love. The pilgrim, thus refreshed, goes on his way rejoicing; his faith strengthened and his heart burning within him, he says to his celestial visitant, as the disciples did, *Abide with us. And he went in to tarry with them.*

When thus favoured with precious visitations of a Saviour's love, how important it is to lend an attentive ear and an obedient heart to the whispers of the Shepherd's voice, which is gentle, powerful and divine. How important to promote that communion with God in spirit, which calms the mind in trouble, strengthens the character of the Christian, and enables him to perform all those relative duties required of him, both in his habits of comparative solitude, and in his more active course in contact with the world. When the spirit is seasoned with grace, good resolutions grow stronger, and evil passions weaker; those things are made plain which before appeared obscure; doubts and fears are chased away by faith and hope; and spiritual slothfulness gives place to holy zeal and perfect love.

The true believer is a new creature. He is surrounded by a holy atmosphere, in which the trifler cannot live. As his motives are elevated, so his conversation is pure. The giddy and the vain avoid his society, not because he

is repulsive in manner, but because his views and feelings are so spiritual and heavenly. He is ridiculed as *the saint*, and taxed with pride and self-conceit. But his heart is known unto God, with whom he holds sweet converse in the midst of a naughty world. Such is the Christian. His character is little understood by the thoughtless multitude, whose time is occupied and whose affections are absorbed in the trifles of the day ; but ere long he shall shine as the sun, in the kingdom of his Father.

On hearing the word "Saint" scornfully applied—

A SAINT ! Oh would that I could claim
The privileged, the honoured name,
And confidently take my stand,
Though lowest in the saintly band !

Would though it were in scorn applied,
That term the test of truth could bide !
Like kingly salutations given
In mockery to the KING OF HEAVEN.

A Saint ! And what imports the name
Thus bandied in derision's game ?
"Holy, and separate from sin ;
To good, nay e'en to GOD akin."

Is such the meaning of a name,
From which a Christian shrinks with shame ?
Yes, dazzled with the glorious sight,
He owns his crown is all too bright,

And ill might son of Adam dare
Alone such honour's weight to bear ;

But fearlessly he takes the load,
United to the SON OF GOD.

A Saint! Oh give me but some sign,
Some seal to prove the title mine,
And warmer thanks thou shalt command,
Than bringing kingdoms in thy hand.

Oh! for an interest in thy name,
When hell shall ope its jaws of flame,
And scorners in their doom be hurled,
While scorned Saints "shall judge the world!"

How shall the name of Saint be prized,
Tho' now neglected and despised,
When truth shall witness to the word,
That none but "Saints shall see the Lord!"

The soul of the believer must be habituated to action; it must maintain a steady energy towards the sovereign object of its desire; no false rest must be taken up—it must always be moving forwards in that holy way which leads to God, and happiness, and heaven. Then, indeed, the work of religion will prosper in our experience. Although the first blaze of fervour, which often distinguishes the new convert, may subside into a calm, the pure affection of love to God will be settled in our souls—it will imbue and characterize our new nature with a perpetual increase of true brightness—it will burn for ever!

We read that in certain climates of the world, the gales that spring from the land, carry a refreshing smell out to sea; and assure the watchful pilot that he is approaching to a desirable and fruitful coast, when

as yet he cannot discern it with his eyes. And, to take up the comparison of life to a voyage, in like manner it fares with those who have steadily and religiously pursued the course which Providence has pointed out to them. We shall sometimes find by their conversation towards the end of their days, that they are filled with peace, and hope, and joy; which like those refreshing gales and reviving odours to the seamen, are breathed forth from Paradise upon their souls; and give them to understand with certainty, that God is bringing them unto their desired haven.

The merchant, who towards spicy regions sails,
Smells their perfume far off, in adverse gales;
With blasts which thus against the faithful blow,
Fresh odorous breathings of God's goodness flow.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast,
(The storms all weathered and the ocean cross'd)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected here below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou with sails how swift! hast reached the shore,
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar."

The Christian owes and pays a general charity and good-will to all; but peculiar and intimate friendships he cannot have, except with such as come within the compass of that fraternal love, which, after a special manner, flows from God, and returns to Him, and abides in Him, and shall remain unto eternity.

When the temple of Solomon was to be erected, all the materials were, in the first instance, hewn into shape, and polished for their uses; and when afterwards they had been put together, without a sound in the house of any tool of iron, beautiful was the harmony which resulted from the *fitness*. So would it be with Christians, were they fully subject to that Divine power which would level their pride, abate their prejudice, and polish down their roughness. Their junction with him, on whom depends the security of the whole building, and their union with each other, would be more *complete* than it is at present. The holy temple would arise and spread in its true beauty and harmony; and the inextinguishable flame of *love* would diffuse a generous glow of warmth and brightness through the whole sacred edifice.

“No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung, is
Majestic silence!”

In a bed of tulips or a knot of pinks, we perceive there are no two turned or tintured alike; so it is with respect to the differences among real Christians. There are modes in religion, which admit of variation without prejudice to sound faith, or real holiness; just as the drapery in these flowers may be found, after a great variety of patterns, without blemishing their beauty or altering their nature. Be it so then, that in some points of inconsiderable consequence, several of our brethren dissent, yet let us all live amicably and sociably together, for we harmonize in principles, though we differ in punctilios. If any strife subsists, let it be to follow

our Divine Master more closely in humility of heart and unblameableness of life; let it be to serve each other most readily in all the kind offices of cordial friendship. Thus shall we be united, though distinguished; united in the same grand fundamentals, though distinguished by some small circumstantials; united in one important band of brotherly love, by Christian candour, though distinguished by some slighter peculiarities of sentiment, or different modes of worship.

PARTY SPIRIT.—Party spirit envenoms and contracts many hearts, separates many families, divides many societies, undermines real religion, incapacitates for sweet communion with God, and encourages self-confidence, and other evil passions.

If thy servant be faulty, strive rather to convince him of his error than discover thy passion; and when he is sensible, forgive him.

Remember he is thy fellow-creature; and that God's goodness, not thy merit, has made the difference between thee and him.

If thou wouldest be obeyed, being a father; being a son, be obedient.

There is a troublesome humour some men have, that if they may not lead, they will not follow; but had rather a thing were never done, than not done their own way, though otherwise very desirable. This comes of an over-fulness of ourselves, and shows we are more concerned for praise, than the success of what we think a good thing.

O let us the secret joy partake,
To follow virtue e'en for virtue's sake.

God promiseth mercy unto penitent sinners ; but he doth not promise them they shall have so much time as to-morrow for their repentance.

The day approacheth, O my soul,
The great decisive day,
Which from the verge of mortal life
Shall bear thee far away !

A man under some serious impression from the near prospect of death, being assured by his medical attendant that he would recover, relaxed into his usual evil course. And afterwards when spending an evening with an idle card party, fell down speechless ; and before the night closed, ceased to be numbered with the living.

Green as the bay-tree, ever green,
With its new foliage on,
The gay, the thoughtless, I have seen ;
I passed, and they were gone.

Read, ye that run, the awful truth,
With which I charge my page ;
A worm is in the bud of youth,
And at the root of age.

Ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? it is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." JAMES iv. 14.

In the midst of life we are in death.—*Ha*, is the interjection of laughter. *Ah*, is an interjection of sor-

row; the difference betwixt them is very small, consisting only in the transposition of what is no substantial letter, but a bare aspiration. How quickly! in one minute, in the very turning of a breath, is our mirth changed into mourning.—Thus it was with upwards of seventy (mostly females) who were burned to death in the sudden conflagration of the theatre at Richmond in Virginia. “Ah!” said the narrator of the dreadful catastrophe, “how little thought the fair one whose curls were adjusted, whose garments, costly and elegant, were disposed so as to produce on the spectator the most impressive effect, that those curls were that same night to be crisped with the devouring flame, and those garments to be denied the service of a winding sheet!”

In the occurrences of time the same event often happeneth unto the righteous and the wicked. The roof may fall in, or the floor may give way, while men are engaged in the solemn worship of their Maker; but what has that man to fear in the prospect of eternity, who is *devoting himself* to the honour and service of God? he is everywhere, and ever safe, safe in the most extensive sense of the term: yea, *Though the heavens pass away with a great noise, and the elements melt with fervent heat, though the earth also and the works that are therein be burned up*, he is still safe.

It will be no easy task to persuade the professors of religion who love the stage, that it has produced a baneful effect upon them; for apostacy from the purity and simplicity of the Gospel is a disease, which, while it strikes every eye besides, is concealed from

the miserable patient himself. If a person professing to be regulated in his spirit and conduct by the pure morality of the Gospel, can be gratified with amusements which are pursued with avidity by the vicious and the vain, in exact proportion as he derives pleasure from those amusements, he must be departing from the spirit of Christianity; "the salt has lost its savour," the peculiar features of Christianity will gradually soften till they disappear.

Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?
 Were spirits of celestial kind
 Made for a jest—to sport and play,
 To wear out time, and waste the day

If the stage gave lessons of virtue, vicious men would abhor it.

A modern writer observes—"I am as sensible as any man of the wonderful talents of that poet, Shakespeare! For force of language—for exhaustless invention—for an insight into human nature—for a power to touch and rend the heart, he is unequalled, and stands amongst dramatists as a diamond among pearls; but while I honour his intellectual capacities, I must deeply lament their miserable abuse. So far from having a moral end before him, he has frequently its opposite, and seems indifferent to moral results. His licentious witticisms, his corrupt allusions, many times repeated, render many parts of his works, in a *moral* light, the objects of indignation and disgust.

Religion has found some of her worst enemies in those who have been the most distinguished and admired for their genius and talents.

A frequent, and even respectful, mention of religion may be made by those who are not religious.

Though the Christian, in one sense, must be in the world; and put his best hand to its business and affairs, according to his lot from God's providence; yet in another sense, he must come out from the world, and be separate, lest his soul be hindered and defiled. He cannot enter into the spirit of the world, without injury and loss; and it is the spirit, not the lawful business of the world, which contains the evil. In his calling and concerns, a believer is to glorify God; and he is enabled to do this, first by the prayer of faith over them, and then by the life of faith in them.

The only way to eternal life is through the all-sufficient atonement of a dying Saviour, and the only evidence of our interest in his blood, a heart sanctified by his Spirit, and a life dedicated to his glory

If a man live many years, and rejoice in them all: yet let him remember the days of darkness: for they shall be many. All that cometh is vanity. Rejoice, O young man in thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment. ECCLES. xi. 8, 9.

When the Saviour was born into the world, there was no room for him in the inn. Just so it is with our depraved hearts. Yet wonderful condescension! Jesus stands at the door and knocks, saying, *If any man*

hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him and he with me.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom ; a good understanding have all they that do his commandments. PSALM cxi. 19.

Mind not the difficulties of thy march ; great and good things were never enterprized and accomplished without difficulty ; which does but render their enjoyment more pleasant and glorious. For though there be no affliction that is not grievous for the present, yet what says the man of God ? “ It works a far more exceeding weight of glory in the end.” This has been both the faith and the experience of those that in all ages have trusted in God, who have not fainted by the way ; but, enduring have obtained an eternal diadem.

My home, henceforth, is in the skies,
Earth, seas, and sun adieu !
All heaven unfolded to my eyes,
I have no sight for you.

So speaks the Christian, firm possessed
Of Faith’s supporting rod,
Then breathes his soul into its rest,
The bosom of his God.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain : for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain. DEUT. v. 11.

ANECDOTE OF WINDHAM.—Nothing so highly offended him as any careless or irreverent use of the name of the Creator. “ I remember,” says his biog-

rapher, "that on reading a letter addressed to him, in which the words 'my God!' had been made use of on a light occasion, he hastily snatched a pen, and before he could finish the letter, blotted out the misplaced exclamation."

It is said that Sir Isaac Newton, and Dr. Clarke, never mentioned the name of God without a solemn pause.

Could we perceive him, God he could not be ;
A God alone can comprehend a God.

God's hand unseen sustains the poles,
On which the huge creation rolls ;
The starry arch proclaims his power,
His pencil glows in every flower ;
In thousand shapes and colours rise
His painted wonders to our eyes,
While beasts and birds with labouring throats
Teach us a God in thousand notes ;
The meanest pin in nature's frame
Marks out some letters of his name ;
Where sense can reach or fancy rove,
From hill to hill, from grove to grove,
Across the waves, around the sky,
There's not a spot, or deep, or high,
Where the Creator has not trod,
And left the footstep of a God.

They that deny themselves for Christ, shall enjoy
themselves in Christ.

Christ is compared to a great rock in a weary land. (ISAIAH xxxii. 2.) He bore the heat that we might sit in the shade.

The "poor in spirit" are those who desire no earthly distinction, covet no earthly riches, are thankful for what they have, and think it more than they deserve.

LEIGHTON.—The more the children of God walk like their Father, and their home, the more unlike must they, of necessity, become to the world about them, and therefore become the very mark of all their enmities and malice. And thus indeed the godly, though *the sons of peace*, are the improper causes, the occasion of much noise and disturbance in the world; as their Lord, the Prince of peace, avows it openly of Himself in that sense, *I came not to send peace, but a sword, to set a man at variance with his father, and the daughter against the mother, etc.* (MATT. x. 34.) If a son in a family begin to inquire after God, and withdraw from their profane or dead way, oh, what a clamour rises presently! "Oh, my son, or daughter, or wife, is become a plain fool," etc. And then all is done that may be, to quell and vex them, and make their life grievous to them. The exact holy walking of a Christian really condemns the world about him; shows the disorder and foulness of their profane ways. The life of religion, set by the side of dead formality, discovers it to be a carcass, a lifeless appearance; and for this, neither grossly wicked, nor decent, formal persons can well digest it. There is in the life of a Christian a convincing light, that shows the deformity of the works of darkness, and a piercing heart, that scorches the ungodly, and stirs and troubles their con-

sciences. This they cannot endure, and hence rises in them a contrary fire of wicked hatred, and hence the trials, the fiery trials of the godly.

Hear what God the Lord hath spoken,
O ! my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you ;
Thorns of heart-felt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways ;
You shall name your walls Salvation ;
And your gates shall all be Praise.

There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow ;
For the Lord your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow ;
Still in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see ;
But your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me :
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night ;
He the Lord shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

When the holy Jesus saith, "If the world hate you," he does not add by way of consolation, that it may some time or other cease its hatred, or that it will not always hate them ; but he only gives this as a

reason for their bearing it, "ye know that it hated me, before it hated you;" signifying, that it was He, that is, his spirit, that by reason of its contrariety to the world, was then, and always would be, hated by it.

In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world. JOHN xvi. 33.

The Apostle Paul was a chosen vessel, and dearly beloved of the Lord; but the Lord did not say concerning him, what great things he was to do or enjoy, (though nobody perhaps ever did more for Christ, or enjoyed more of him upon earth,) but, "What great things he must suffer for my name's sake." The flesh shrinks at this; but grace can enable the soul to count it all joy when it falls into divers temptations; not for the grief that is in them, for that would be unnatural, but for the peaceable fruits of righteousness which they shall produce in the end.

My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever. PSALM lxxiii. 26.

When pining sickness wastes the frame,
 Acute disease and weakening pain;
 When life fast spends her feeble flame,
 And all the help of man is vain:
 Joyless and dark all things appear,
 Languid the spirits, weak the flesh:
 Med'cines can't ease, nor cordials cheer,
 Nor food support, nor sleep refresh.

Oh ! then to have recourse to God,
To pray to Him in time of need ;
To feel the balm of Jesus' blood,
This is to find a friend indeed.
O, Christian ! this thy happy lot,
Who cleavest to the Lord by faith ;
He'll never leave thee, doubt it not,
In pain, in sickness, or in death.

When flesh and heart decays and fails,
He will thy strength and portion be,
Support thy weakness, bear thy ails,
And softly whisper, "Trust in me."
Himself shall be thy tender friend,
Thy kind Physician and thy stay,
To make thy bed will condescend,
And chase thy burning tears away.

How animating the example of the aged Christian
whose whole demeanour is dignified by the influence
of gospel principles ; he cometh to the grave in a full
age, *like as a shock of corn cometh in his season !* JOB
v. 26.

The soul's dark cottage battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made ;
Stronger by weakness pious men become
As they draw near to their eternal home ;
Thus our past life, when virtuously spent,
Must to our age its happy fruits present.

What though the almond-tree be silver'd o'er,*
And trembling stand the keepers of the door ;

* ECCLES. 12th chap.

The strong men bow themselves ; the grinders cease ;
 And fears alarm, when all abroad is peace ;
 Though yon bright sun no longer can delight ;
 Unfelt its influence, as debarred its sight ;
 Though the light grasshopper a burden grows,
 And the small wren can rob thee of repose ;
 Desire all fled ; music no joy afford ;
 Just broke the golden bowl ; just loosed the silver
 cord ;
 Yet patience, resignation, still are thine ;
 Through the dark eye-ball heaven-born faith may
 shine,
 A lamp to lighten others on their way,
 And cheer them onward to the realms of day ;
 Too late the rules of living to supply,
 The hoary head should teach us how to die.

*We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle
 were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house
 not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. 2 COR.
 v. 1.*

And shall we mourn to see
 Our fellow prisoner free—
 Free from doubts, and griefs, and fears,
 In the haven of the skies ?
 Can we weep to see the tears
 Wiped for ever from his eyes ?

Through clouds and storms a summer breaks,
 To shine on the resigned.

*And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you
 another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever.*
 JOHN xiv. 16.

Reader ! art thou desolate and afflicted because an earthly friend is taken from thee, remember, " If the Comforter could make up for the loss of *Christ's* bodily presence ; yea, make it even expedient that *He should go away* ; how much more can he supply the place of every creature ! "

Fear not, Zion's sons and daughters !
Perfect love should cast out fear,
When you pass through deepest waters,
I, your Saviour, still am near.

Overwhelm'd by waves of sorrow,
Place your trust in Zion's King ;
Thence fresh comfort ye shall borrow,
Thence memorial stones shall bring.

In the furnace of affliction,
I will save you from despair ;
Love divine shall bring conviction
That my arm is round you there.

Never shall you be forsaken,
Nothing shall have power to harm,
While your faith remains unshaken
In Jehovah's outstretch'd arm.

Heights nor depths shall from me sever
Those whom Christ hath brought to me,
I will keep them safe for ever,
And their God and Saviour be.

What are these which are arrayed in white robes ? and whence came they ?—These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and

made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. REV. vii. 13, 14, 15.

At the Creation, amidst the darkness of chaos, Jehovah said, *Let there be light, and there was light.* When veiled in human flesh, he commanded the raging winds and waves, saying, *Peace, be still; and immediately there was a great calm.* To his tempest-tossed people he now speaks these composing words: *Be still, and know that I am God*—and they find rest unto their souls.

In violent public commotions, “God can still the madness of the people;” and in inward mental agonies he can calm the agitated spirit. *When he giveth quietness, who then can make trouble? and when he hideth his face, who then can behold him? whether it be done against a nation, or against a man only. JOB xxxiv. 29.*

Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air. for they sow not, nor gather into barns: yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? MATT. vi. 25, 26.

* * * * *

Think not, when all your scanty stores afford
Is spread at once upon the sparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While on the roof the howling tempest bears;

What farther shall this feeble life sustain;
And what shall clothe these shivering limbs again—
Say, does not life its nourishment exceed?
And the fair body its investing weed?
Behold! and look away your low despair—
See the light tenants of the barren air:
To them, nor stores, nor granaries belong,
Nought but the woodland and the pleasing song;
Yet, your kind heavenly Father bends his eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky;
To Him they sing when spring renews the plain,
To Him they cry in winter's pinching reign;
Nor is their music, nor their plaint in vain:
He hears the gay, and the distressful call,
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.
Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race;
They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow,
Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!
What regal vestments can with them compare!
What King so shining! or what Queen so fair!
If ceaseless thus the fowls of Heaven He feeds,
If o'er the fields such lucid robes He spreads,
Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say?
Is He unwise? or are you less than they?

*If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is,
and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much
more clothe you, O ye of little faith? MATT. vi. 30.*

In youth we are prone to form apprehensions that when we have attained more advanced years we will yield more of our affections, and our faculties, to drawing near unto God, and to the promotion of his right-

eous cause. But this assuredly is a snare of the enemy; it is not that perfect dedication which is often enjoyed and typified, under the law, by a sacrifice of the first year without blemish. Great indeed and invariable are the advantages attending an early dedication.

Piety is the brightest *ornament*, and the best *safeguard* of youth:

As under the law the first-fruits were to be consecrated to God, so ought the first and best years of life.

"Early religion," observed the pious Doddridge, "lays the foundation of happiness both in time and eternity."

When we read the sacred page, and mark its character, we find that among the most eminently dignified in the Lord's service, are some who in very youth were given up to promote his righteousness. Joseph, Moses, Joshua, Samuel, David, Josiah, and Daniel, were among these; the strength of their days was yielded to holy requirings, and their lives were honourable.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.—
ECCLES. xii. 1.

Men may differ from us in their opinions as well as their expressions, and nevertheless be partakers of the like precious faith. It is possible they may not have a distinct apprehension of the very blessings which they

enjoy, their ideas may not be so clear, and yet their experience may be as sound as ours.

If thou wouldst be extensively useful, waste not thy strength upon those things which are of a disputable nature; but testify against open, notorious vice; and promote real essential holiness. Leave disputable points to those who have no better business than to toss the ball of controversy to and fro.

These six things does the Lord hate; yea, seven are an abomination unto him: A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood, an heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief, a false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren.—(PROV. chap. vi. 16, 17, 18, 19.)

The latter evil Matthew Henry defines as “making mischief between relations and neighbours, and using means, not only to alienate them one from another, but to irritate them one against another. Those who by tale-bearing and slandering, by carrying ill-natured stories, aggravating everything that is said and done, and by suggesting jealousies and evil surmises, blow the coals of contention, are preparing for themselves a fire of the same nature.”

“Let us then,” continues the commentator, “shun all such practices, and watch and pray against every propensity to them, and avoid, with marked disapproval, all who are guilty of them, whatever may be their rank in society.”

Some professors pass for very meek good-natured people till you displease them; they resemble a pool or a pond; while you let it alone it looks clear and limpid,

but if you stir towards the bottom, the rising sediments soon discover the impurities that lurk beneath.

When the spirit of Christianity shall exert its proper influence over the minds of individuals, and especially over the minds of public men in their public capacities, war will cease throughout the Christian world.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace.—
ISAIAH lii. 7.

ADAMS.—*God be merciful to me a sinner*, said the Publican. If I were to hear you wishing to be the man, I should hope well of your case; if you say you are, it is a hundred to one you are mistaken.

How often do men work earnestly, and do and suffer much, for the uncertain wages of glory and thanks amongst men! and how many of them fall short of their reckoning, either dying before they come to that state where they think to find it, or not finding it where they looked for it, and so they live but to feel the pain of their disappointments. Or, if they do attain their end, such glory and thanks as men have to give them, what amounts it to? Is it any other than a handful of nothing, the breath of their mouths, and themselves much like it, a vapour dying out in the air?

*God is love: and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.—*1 JOHN iv. 16.

Oh when shall the loud and harsh noises of debate be turned to the sweet sounds of united prayer for the blessing of peace! Truly devout supplications to the God of peace will assuredly reach his ear who delighteth

in peace. The badge of discipleship is not of a doubtful character; if we are the followers of Jesus Christ we shall love one another. To attain to this happy state, all Christians should unite their endeavours, and instead of looking out for and insisting upon points of difference and distinction, seek for those only in which they *do* or may agree. They may, at least, *sow* the seeds of peace and unity, though they should not live to *reap* the fruits of it in this world. *Blessed are the peace-makers*, says the Prince of Peace, *for they shall be called the children of God.*

When joined to that harmonious throng,
That fills the choirs above;
Then we shall tune our golden harps,
And every note be—Love.

But the end of all things is at hand: be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer. And above all things have fervent charity among yourselves: for charity shall cover the multitude of sins. 1 PETER iv. 7, 8.

Doddridge says—"Happy shall that disciple of our compassionate Lord be, whom he shall most eminently own, in healing the breaches which the artificers of the tempter, too often abetted by the infirmities of God's faithful servants, have already made in the church, and which the great enemy is continually endeavouring to multiply and to widen; happy he who, reverencing and loving his master's image wherever he sees it, shall teach others so to do, and who being himself an example of yielding (so far as he conscientiously can), and of not taking upon him to censure others where he cannot yield to them, shall do his

part towards cementing in the bonds of holy love all the children of God, and the members of Christ; how unsuccessful soever his efforts may be, or by whatever suspicions and reproachful names his moderation may be stigmatized, his Divine Master will neither fail to consider it in its true view, nor to honour it with proportionable tokens of his acceptance and favour.

Ye different sects, who all declare,
 "Lo, here is Christ!" or "Christ is there!"
 Your stronger proofs divinely give,
 And show me where the Christians live.
 Your claim, alas! ye cannot prove;
 Ye want the genuine mark of love;
 Thou only, Lord, thine own canst show;
 For sure *thou hast a church below.*

There is a special debt of pity to those whom we love as brethren in our Lord Jesus Christ: they are most closely linked to us by a peculiar fraternal love; an helping hand is due to all, but especially to these, and if we ought to discharge this debt in regard to outward distresses, how much in their soul afflictions! —the rather because they are most heavy in themselves, and least understood, and therefore least regarded; yea, sometimes rendered yet heavier by natural friends, possibly by their bitter scoffs and taunts, or by their slighting, or at least by their misapplying of proper helps and remedies, which, as unfit medicines, do rather exasperate the disease; therefore they that do understand and can be sensible of that kind of wound, ought so much the more to be tender and pitiful towards it, and to deal mercifully and gently with it. It may be, very weak things some-

times trouble a weak Christian; but there is in the spirit of the godly, an humble condescension learned from Christ, who *broke not the bruised reed, nor quenched the smoking flax*. The least difficulties and scruples in a tender conscience should not be roughly encountered; they are as a knot in a silken thread, and require a gentle and wary hand to loose them.

Let none say, "If I betake myself to the way of godliness, I must bid farewell to gladness;" no, on the contrary, never a truly joyful day till then, yea, no days at all, but night to the soul, till it entertain Jesus Christ, and his kingdom, which consists in *righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost*.

Be not conformed to this world.—Every command in Scripture can be evaded, and every doctrinal assertion perverted, plausibly and handsomely, if we set about it in good earnest. Many there are who praise the principle of self-denial in general, and condemn it in its peculiar applications as too minute, scrupulous, and severe, but let not any think that small which has a bearing upon the kingdom of Christ. The severest part of self denial consists in encountering the disapprobation, the envy, the hatred of one's dearest friends. All who enter the strait and narrow path in good earnest, soon find themselves in a climate extremely uncongenial to the growth of pride. How strikingly obvious is the truth that Christ has never honoured the leaders of worldly fashion (while they remained such) by appointing them leaders in his cause!

Wherefore, come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord. 2 COR. vi. 17.

JUDSON.—What is the real motive for wearing ornamental and costly apparel? Is it not the desire of setting off one's person to the best advantage, and of exciting the love and admiration of others? Is not such dress calculated to gratify self-love; to cherish the sentiments of vanity and pride? And is it not the nature of those sentiments to acquire strength from indulgence? Do such motives and sentiments comport with the meek, humble, self-denying religion of Jesus Christ?

Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel: but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. 1 PETER iii. 3, 4.

“Here” (says Leighton) “the Apostle pulls off from Christian women their vain outside ornaments; but is not this a wrong, to spoil all their dressing and fineness? No, he doth this, only to send them to a better wardrobe: there is much profit in the change.”

It may fairly be considered in some sort that a parent's life is a child's copy, and also be accounted no small mercy when children have patterns of holiness before them. *Those things which ye have both learned, and received, and heard, and seen in me, do: and the God of peace shall be with you.* (PHIL. iv. 9.) *Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ.* (1 COR. xi. 1.) The neglect of Eli forms an affecting contrast to that of Abraham; his sons *made themselves vile, and he restrained them not*; wherefore God being

displeased with him, put his family out of the priesthood, and declared as a sign of his displeasure, that Hophni and Phinehas should *both of them die in one day*.

What sadder tidings can ever reach the ear of a pious parent than that a child has been cut off in his sins; or what but the reflection of duty discharged, can afford comfort in that day!

HANNAH MORE.—“When we are upon the brink of eternity, how do all earthly things shrink into their merited littleness!”

Where are thy hopes of better things?
Where are thy riches that have no wings?
Where are thy treasures without alloy,
Which rust and moth cannot destroy?
Where is thy refuge from grief and care?
Canst thou point to Heaven, and answer “There!”

How sweet a life might Christians live, could they but bring their hearts to a full subjection to the disposing will of God! to be content not only with what he commands and approves, but also with what he allots and appoints! It was a sweet reply a woman once made upon her death-bed to a friend that asked whether she were more willing to live or die? She answered, “I am pleased with what God pleases.” “Yea,” said her friend, “but if God should refer it to you, which would you choose?” “Truly,” said she, “if God would refer it to me, I would refer it to him again.” Ah, blessed life, when the will is swallowed up in the

will of God, and the heart at rest in his care and love,
and pleased with all his appointments !

Lord, I would, I do submit,
Gladly yield my all to thee ;
What thy wisdom sees most fit,
Must be, surely, best for me.

Only when the way is rough,
And the coward flesh would start,
Let thy promise and thy love
Cheer and animate my heart.

When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren.
LUKE xxii. 32.

The conversion of a soul is an inestimable gain ; it is a high trading and design to go about it. Oh ! the precious soul, but how under-valued by most ! Will we believe Him who well knew the price of it, for He paid it, that the whole visible world is not worth one soul, the gaining of it all cannot countervail that loss ? (MATT. xvi. 26.) This, wives, and husbands, and parents, and friends, if themselves converted, would consider seriously, and apply themselves to pray much that their unconverted relations, in nature dead, may be enlivened, and that they may receive them from death ; and they would esteem nothing, rest in no natural content or gain without that, at least without using incessant diligence in seeking, and their utmost skill and pains.

A soul redeemed demands a life of praise.

The ungodly *are like the chaff which the wind driveth away*. Am I an empty professor who wants the pith and substance of real godliness? Then am I but chaff in God's account, though I grow among his corn. The eye of man cannot discern my hypocrisy; but when he comes, whose fan is in his hand, how plainly will it be detected! Angels and men shall discern it, and say, *Lo, this is the man that made not God his strength*. How shall I abide the day of his coming? Things shall not be carried then by names and parties, as they are now; every one shall be weighed in a just balance, and a *Mene Tekel* written upon every false heart. Is there such a fanning-time coming? Why do I not sift my heart every day by serious self-examination? No work more important than this; and yet how much have I neglected it! O my soul, how much happier his condition who, however humbled in spirit, can endure the coming day of sifting, and will be found among the wheat, the weighty wheat, which will be gathered into the heavenly garner!

Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called. But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in his presence. 1 COR. i. 26, 27, 28, 29.

In the first planting of Christianity in the world, by what weak instruments was it done! Christ did not choose eloquent orators, or men of authority in the courts of kings and emperors, but twelve poor mechanics

and fishermen ; and these not sent together in a troop, but some to take one country to conquer it, and some another—the most ridiculous course in appearance that could be imagined ; and yet in how short a time was the gospel spread, and churches planted by them in the several kingdoms of the world !

Lord, I would rather stand
 A keeper at thy gate,
 Than on the King's right hand,
 In tents of worldly state ;
 One day within thy courts, one day,
 Is worth a thousand cast away.

The Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended. ISAIAH lx. 20.

Christian ! Whatsoever thy troubles, wants, or fears, remember for thy encouragement the condition of the children of Israel ; when they came near the Land of Promise there was a swelling Jordan betwixt it and them, which seemed to forbid their further passage : but it is said in JOSHUA iii. 17 : *The priests that bore the ark of the covenant of the Lord, stood firm on the ground in the midst of Jordan ; and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground, until all the people were passed clean over Jordan.*

With the blast of thy nostrils the waters were gathered together, the floods stood upright as an heap, and the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea. EXODUS xv. 8.

O how delightful it will be, to behold at one view, the whole design of Providence, and the proper place

and use of every single act, which we could not understand in this world! All the dark, intricate, puzzling providences, at which we are now sometimes so stumbled and sometimes amazed, which we can reconcile neither with the promises nor with each other, nay, which we so unjustly censure and bitterly bewail as if they had fallen out quite cross to our happiness, we shall then see to be unto us, as the difficult passage through the wilderness was unto Israel, the right way to a city of habitation.

What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.—JOHN xiii. 7.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye can-

not bear them now. Howbeit when he, the Spirit of Truth is come, he will guide you into all truth : for he shall not speak of himself ; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak : and he will show you things to come.—JOHN xvi. 12, 13.

Though hearing and reading are the usual means of convincing serious minds of the religious experiences of the faithful, such aids alone cannot turn the strong tide of our propensity to evil. That wonderful change doth not consist in a mere assent to truths proposed to the understanding, but in a conversion of the will by the operation of the Spirit of Truth, which alternately enlightens the mind, and mortifies the will, till the point of entire passiveness is attained ; when the balm of healing mercy is poured into the soul, and produces such a determined preference of good in the mind and affections, as fully sets it free from the dominion and torment of corrupt nature. During this strife of the two seeds of grace and evil in the soul, the disposition and conduct of the patients are wavering and inconstant, and, to inexperienced and superficial observers, utterly incomprehensible. They are supposed by such, and sometimes perhaps by themselves, to be subjects of the heavenly kingdom ; whereas they are yet only approaching it ; and, not having entered its strait gate, are still too much strangers to its laws and ordinances, perfectly to keep them. In this preparatory state, we are taught by our frequent miscarriages, the insufficiency of man to direct his own steps ; and not being yet wholly weaned from human dependence, Divine wisdom sees meet to make use of instrumental helpers for our aid and encouragement, gradually less-

ening and removing these, as we are able to endure the deprivation:—till, at length, all these props being struck away, we appear to ourselves as utterly destitute and forsaken. Thus what was said of typical Israel, is spiritually experienced by the Christian traveller; *He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness: He led him about; He instructed him; He kept him as the apple of his eye; and what follows is fulfilled, to his unspeakable and everlasting comfort. As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, and beareth them upon her wings, so the Lord alone did lead him, and (now) there is no strange God (or inferior object of dependence) with him.*

If, in thy journey through life, thou overtake or art overtaken by any one who is seeking truth for its own sake, thou needest not inquire from whence he came, or from which particular tribe he sprang, but frankly give him thy hand; for be assured, thou hast found a safe and instructive companion.

To act continually with integrity of heart, above all narrow or selfish motives, is a sure token of our being partakers of that salvation which God hath appointed for walls and bulwarks, (ISAIAH xxvi. 1,) and is beyond all contradiction, a more happy situation than can ever be promised by the utmost reach of art and power united, not proceeding from heavenly wisdom. A supply to nature's lawful wants joined with a peaceful, humble mind, is the truest happiness in this life; and if here we arrive at this, and remain to walk in the path of the just, our case will be truly happy. And though herein we may part with, or miss of some glar-

ing shows of riches, and leave our children little else but wise instructions, a good example, and the knowledge of some honest employment; these, with the blessing of Providence, are sufficient for their happiness, and are more likely to prove so, than laying up treasures for them, which are often rather a snare, than any real benefit; especially to them, who instead of being exampled to temperance, are in all things taught to prefer the getting of riches, and to eye the temporal distinctions they give, as the principal business of this life. These readily overlook the true happiness of man, as it results from the enjoyment of all things in the fear of God, and, miserably substituting an inferior good, dangerous in the acquiring, and uncertain in the fruition, they are subject to many disappointments, and every sweet carries its sting.

It is the conclusion of our blessed Lord and his apostles, as appears by their lives and doctrines, that the highest delights of sense, or most pleasing objects visible, ought ever to be accounted infinitely inferior to that real intellectual happiness suited to man in his primitive innocence, and now to be found in true renovation of mind; and that the comforts of our present life, the things most grateful to us, ought always to be received with temperance, and never made the chief objects of our desire, hope, or love; but that our whole heart and affections be principally looking to that "city which hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God." Did we so improve the gifts bestowed upon us, that our children might have an education suited to these doctrines, and our example to confirm it, we might rejoice in hopes of their being heirs of an inheritance incorruptible.

They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil: which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows. 1 TIM. vi. 9, 10.

In holy writ the Divine Being saith of himself, "I am the Lord, which exercise loving-kindness, judgment and righteousness in the earth; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord." (JER. ix. 24.) Again, speaking in the way of man, to show his compassion to Israel, whose wickedness had occasioned a calamity, and then being humbled under it, it is said His soul was grieved for their miseries. (JUDGES x. 16.) If we consider the life of our blessed Saviour when on earth, as it is recorded by his followers, we shall find, that one uniform desire for the eternal and temporal good of mankind, discovered itself in all his actions. If we observe men, both apostles and others, in many different ages, who have really come to the unity of the spirit, and the fellowship of the saints, there still appears the like disposition, and in them the desire of the real happiness of mankind has outbalanced the desire of ease, liberty, and many times, life itself.

If upon a true search, we find that our natures are so far renewed, that to exercise righteousness and loving-kindness (according to our ability) towards all men, without respect of persons, is easy to us, or is our delight; if our love be so orderly and regular, that he who doeth the will of our Father, who is in heaven, appears in our view, to be our nearest relation,

our brother, and sister, and mother; if this be our case, there is a good foundation to hope, that the blessing of God will sweeten our treasures during our stay in this life, and our memory be savoury, when we are entered into rest.

It is a truth most certain, that a life guided by wisdom from above, agreeable with justice, equity, and mercy, is throughout consistent and amiable, and truly beneficial to society; the serenity and calmness of mind in it affords an unparalleled comfort in this life, and the end of it is blessed. And no less true that they, who in the midst of high favours, remain ungrateful, and, under all the advantages that a Christian can desire, are selfish, earthly, and sensual, do miss the true fountain of happiness, and wander in a maze of dark anxiety, where all their treasures are insufficient to quiet their minds: hence from an insatiable craving, they neglect doing good with what they have acquired, and too often add oppression to vanity, that they may compass more.—*O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!*—DEUT. xxxii. 29.

In all our concerns, it is necessary that nothing we do may carry the appearance of approbation of the works of wickedness, make the unrighteous more at ease in unrighteousness, or occasion the injuries committed against the oppressed to be more lightly looked over.

NEWTON.—There is but one thing worth living for; that we may live to him who died for us; that we may live to show forth his praise, by obedience, by submis-

sion, by usefulness to others, in visiting the afflicted, assisting them by our sympathy, counsel, prayers, or purse, as the case requires; in supporting the cause of the gospel, and forwarding whatever bids fair for the good of society. These aims ought chiefly to engage our time, talents, and influence. O! what an honour to be the instruments of the Lord, in diffusing his benefits around us! to be the followers of him who went about doing good!

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

Thy neighbour? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart, or burning brow,
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door;
Go thou and succour him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis that weary man,
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, cares, and pain;
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour? 'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem,
Widow and orphan, helpless left;
Go thou and shelter them.

Thy neighbour? Yonder toiling slave,
Fetter'd in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave;
Go thou and ransom him.

Whene'er thou meet'st a human form
 Less favour'd than thine own,
 Remember, 'tis thy neighbour worm,
 Thy brother, or thy son.

Oh! pass not, pass not heedless by,
 Perhaps thou canst redeem
 The aching heart from misery;
 Go share thy lot with him.

In thy light shall we see light.—PSALM xxxvi. 9.

Of outward testimony it is said, every word shall be established by two witnesses. (MATT. xviii. 16.) But truths presented to the mind in the Divine light, require no such evidence: they produce a distinctive assent, and leave no more room for doubt and conjecture, than when in the clear sunshine we see any person or thing with which we are well acquainted.

To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice.—JOHN xviii. 37.

Men commonly read and hear, and may possibly preach, of the sufferings of Christ as a common story, and in that way it may a little move a man, and wring tears from his eyes. But faith hath another kind of sight of them, and so works another kind of affections; and without that, the very eye-sight of them had availed the apostles nothing; for how many saw him suffer as they did, who reviled, or at least despised him. But by the eye of faith to see the only begotten Son of God, as *stricken and smitten of God, bearing our*

sorrows, and wounded for our transgressions, Jesus Christ the *righteous*, reckoned amongst the unrighteous and malefactors; to see Him stripped naked, and scourged, and buffeted, and nailed, and dying: and all for us; this is the thing that will bind upon us strongly, all the duties of Christianity and of our particular callings, and best enable us, according to our callings, to bind them upon others.

Surely the righteous shall give thanks unto thy name: the upright shall dwell in thy presence.—PSALM cxl. 13.

Those who maintain that holy exercise which enables them to walk in the presence of God, exhibit true simplicity of spirit; they aim at setting the Lord before them in all they do, seeking neither their own interest, their own gratification, or their own pleasure: they resemble the magnetic needle which points always toward the north, turning neither to the right hand or to the left: and if by some strange violence, it is for a moment in the slightest degree moved aside, it is incessantly agitated until it regains its right position.

BISHOP HALL.—O blessed Saviour, what strange variety of conceits do I find, concerning thy thousand years' reign! What riddles are in that prophecy, which no human tongue can read. Where to fix the beginning of that marvellous millenary, and where the end? and what manner of reign it shall be, whether temporal or spiritual, on earth or in heaven, undergoes as many constructions as there are pens that have undertaken it. And yet, (when all is done,) I see thine apostle speaks only of the souls of thy martyrs reign-

ing so long with thee, not of thy reigning on earth so long with those martyrs. How busy are the tongues of men ; how are their brains taken up with the indeterminate construction of this enigmatical truth ; when, in the mean time, the care of thy spiritual reign in their heart is neglected ! O my Saviour, while others weary themselves with the disquisition of thy personal reign here upon earth for a thousand years, let it be the whole bent and study of my soul to make sure of my personal reign with thee in heaven to all eternity.

And when he was demanded of the Pharisees when the kingdom of God should come, he answered them and said, The kingdom of God cometh not with observation ; neither shall they say, Lo here ! or lo there ! for behold the kingdom of God is within you. LUKE xvii. 20, 21.

AUGUSTINE.—I went out of the way like a wandering sheep, seeking that externally which was within me ; I traversed the street and the ways of this great world, looking after thee, my God, and I found thee not, because I sought thee not aright, and therefore did not arrive at the spot where thou art to be found ; I sought thee without and thou art within me, I sought thee afar off and thou art near at hand ; I should have met with thee at once had I sought thee where thou art.

God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is the Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands ; neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things : and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined

the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us. ACTS xvii. 24, 25, 26, 27.

LEIGHTON.—“Oh what a weariness is it to live amongst men, and find so few men; and amongst Christians, and find so few Christians; so much talk and so little action; religion turned almost to a tune and air of words; and amidst all our pretty discourses, pusillanimous and base, and so easily dragged into the mire, self and flesh and pride and passion domineering, while we speak of being in Christ and clothed with him, and believe it, because we speak it so often and so confidently.”

Thou know'st who only bows the knee;
And who in heart approaches Thee.

WHITE ON PRAYER, (ABRIDGED).—“But there is one feature in the Christian character, in which I cannot but fear that there has not been an advance at all proportioned to the progress discernible in so many others; and yet one of such paramount importance, that on it, above every other, the progress of Divine life in the believer's soul is suspended; nothing can compensate for its neglect, which will assuredly be followed and chastised by a decline and decay in every spiritual grace, and, if *persevered in*, by every appalling symptom of approaching spiritual death. I mean the habit of private prayer, of devout communion, in retirement with the Father of our spirits, entering into our chamber and shutting the door, and praying to our Father in heaven, who heareth in secret; coming before him

in all the confiding and grateful affection of children, in whose hearts the spirit of adoption has been shed abroad, whereby we are privileged to cry, Abba, Father; approaching a reconciled God through his dear Son, in such a spirit; to spread out before him all our wants and wishes; to pour all our griefs and anxieties into his compassionate ears; to confess to him all our sins, and confide to him all our sorrows; seeking to be supported by his strength, sanctified by his spirit, guided by *his* counsel, and gladdened by his consolations. There has not, I fear, been a progress in this department of the Christian system, at all proportionate to that discernible in many others. We live in an age of decidedly increased knowledge, zeal, exertion in Divine things—yea, and increased *social* prayer; but do we live in an age of increased *secret* prayer? I fear not, and to this single fact may be, I think, mainly attributed the many glaring inconsistencies and blemishes that disfigure the aspect of the professing Church of Christ. Prayer is the Divinely appointed means of sustaining spiritual life in a believer's soul, and by shedding on all within, the influence of Divine grace, imparting to all without, the impress of the Divine image. It is the gathering of the celestial manna—the feeding on the living bread which came down from heaven, to nourish the soul to everlasting life; and for the Divine nourishment thus obtained, nothing can be safely substituted.”

I will be as the dew unto Israel. (HOSEA xiv. 5.)
As the dew falls when all is still, when all is wrapt in silence; so it is in the silence of all flesh with its noisy workings, that this sacred unction distils upon the soul

and causes it to grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon.

He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth. PSALM lxxii. 6.

A sedate and composed mind is necessary in order to know ourselves and to know God, as it is stated in PSALM xlv. *Be still and know that I am God!* Such wisdom both deserves and demands a vacant soul: it will not, as it were, thrust itself into a corner, nor inhabit a polluted or unquiet breast. God was *not in the whirlwind, nor in the fire, but in the still small voice.* (1 KINGS xix. 12.) The Holy Spirit is peaceful and serene, but wicked men are turbulent and stormy, driven *like the sea*, whose waves are tossed about, and *throw up continually mire and dirt.* Impurity is the inseparable attendant of this inquietude; *but the wisdom that is from above, is first pure, then peaceable* (JAMES iii. 17); and in that blessed country to which it teaches us to aspire, there is the most perfect and everlasting union of purity and peace.

Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. PSALM xxiii. 4.

At death the saints are engaged in the last and one of the most eminent works of faith, even the committing of themselves into the hands of God, when they are launching forth into a vast eternity, and entering into that new state which will make so great a change upon them in a moment. But O with what encouragement may a Christian throw himself into the arms of that

God, with whom he has long conversed and walked in this world ; whose visits have been sweet and frequent, with whom the soul hath contracted so intimate acquaintance ; to whom he has committed all his affairs, and still found him a faithful God, and now has no reason to doubt, but that he shall find him so in his last conflict and exigence also !

One is your Master, even Christ ; and all ye are brethren. MATT. xxiii. 8.

The true church of Christ consists of members of all visible churches, who in the sincerity of their hearts are endeavouring to know and to perform the will of God. These will be finally accepted, whatever denomination they may have borne among men, and will, in a glorified state, form part of that company which no man can number, gathered from every nation, kindred, tongue, and people, which the evangelist John, in the vision of God, saw surrounding the throne, and uniting in the UNIVERSAL HALLELUJAH.

PSALM LXXII.

(From "*Songs of Zion.*")

Hail to the Lord's anointed !
Great David's greater Son ;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To let the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

By such shall He be feared,
While sun and moon endure,
Belov'd, obey'd, revered ;
For He shall judge the poor,
Through changing generations,
With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations,
Or moons renew their youth.

He shall come down, like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth :
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace the herald go ;
And righteousness in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert-ranger,
To Him shall bow the knee ;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see ;
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
 And gold and incense bring ;
 All nations shall adore Him,
 His praise all people sing ;
 For He shall have dominion
 O'er river, sea, and shore,
 Far as the eagle's pinion,
 Or dove's light wing can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows, ascend ;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end :
 The mountain-dews shall nourish
 A seed in weakness sown,
 Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
 And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,
 He on his throne shall rest,
 From age to age more glorious,
 All blessing and all blest ;
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove ;
 His name shall stand for ever ;
 That name to us is—Love.

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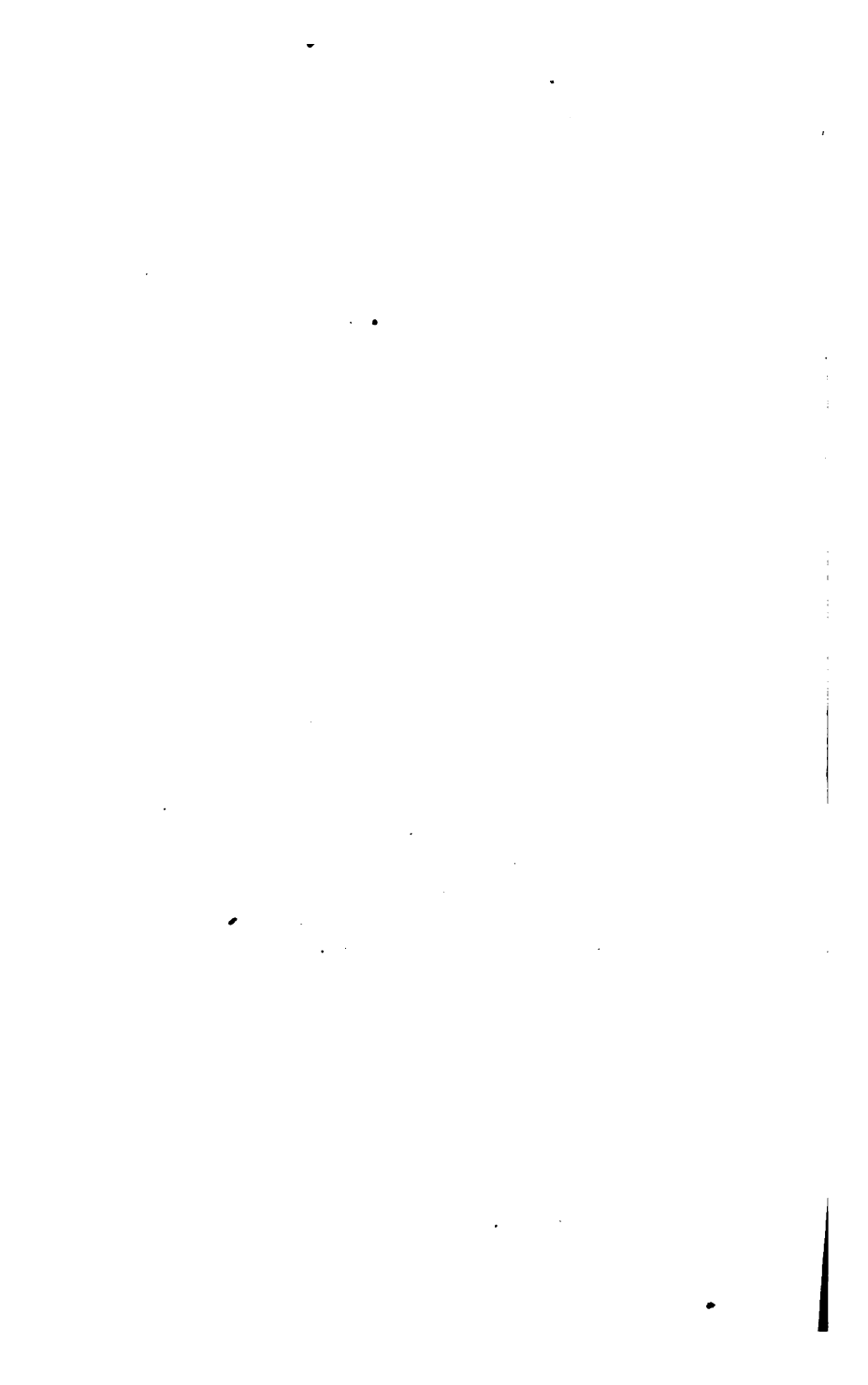
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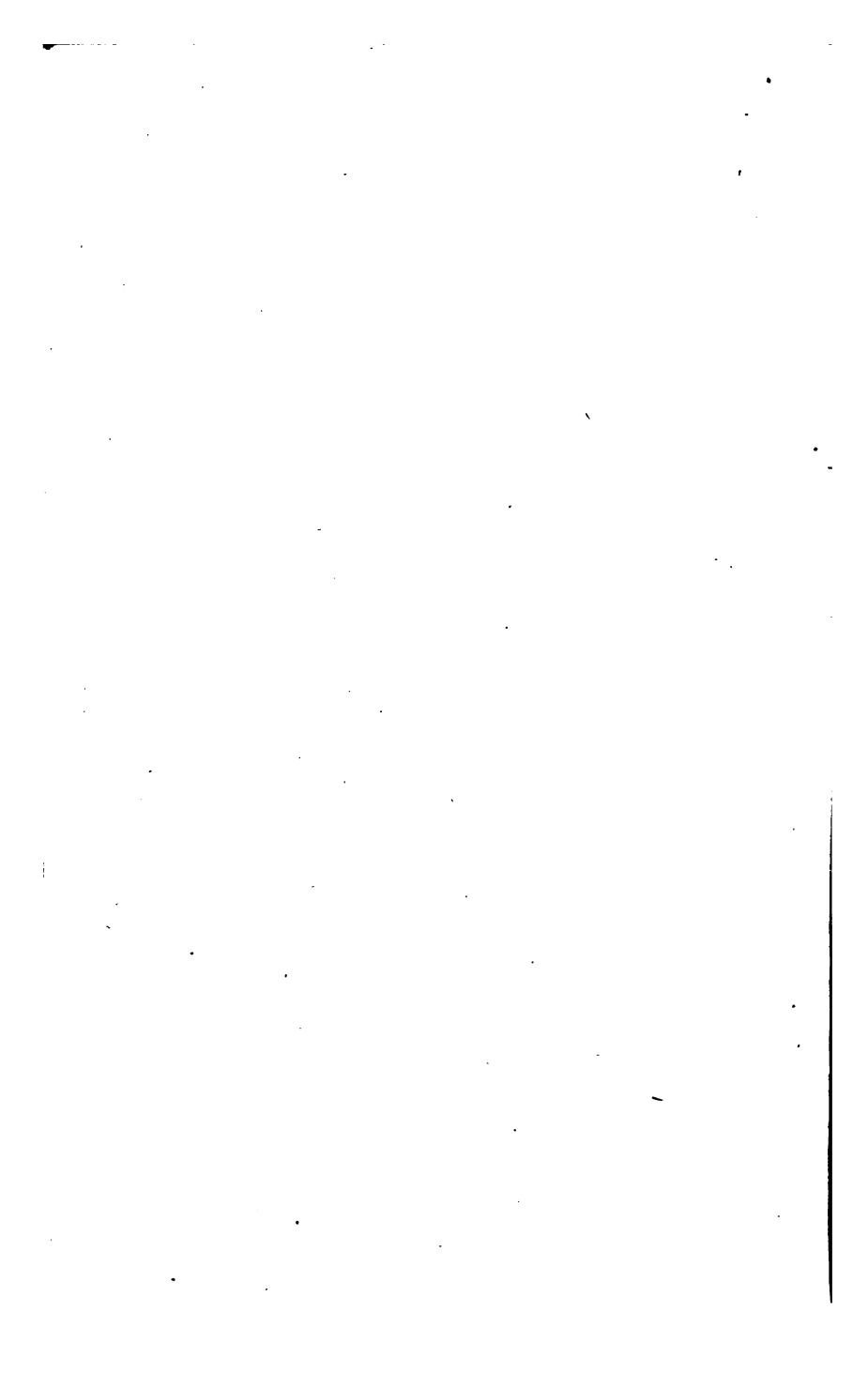
ploughed up; 407. Rowland Hill; A Christian ought to be universally compassionate; 408. An expedient for conversing by a reference to texts; 409. Be pitiful, be courteous; The two disciples on their journey to Emmaus; 410. The true believer is a new creature; 411. A saint! Oh would that I could claim; 412. The soul of the believer must be habituated to action; Approaching the heavenly shore; 413. The merchant, who towards spicy regions sails; Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast; Intimate friendships; 414. The temple of Solomon; No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung; We may harmonize in principles, though we may differ in punctilios; 415. Party spirit; 416. In the midst of life we are in death; 417. Love of the stage; Can laughter feed th' immortal mind? The poet Shakspeare; 418. A Christian cannot with impunity enter into the spirit of the world; As in the inn there was no room for our Saviour, so neither is there room for him in our depraved hearts; 420. Mind not the difficulties of thy march; Anecdote of Windham, irreverent use of the sacred name: 421. Leighton—the children of God; 423. Hear what God the Lord hath spoken; If the world hate you, 424. The Apostle Paul: When pining sickness wastes the frame; 425. The example of the aged Christian; 426. Reader! art thou desolate and afflicted; Fear not, Zion's sons and daughters; 428. "Be still and know that I am God;" Think not, when all your scanty stores afford; 429. Early dedication; 431. "These six things does the Lord hate;" 432. Uncertain wages of glory and thanks amongst men; Peace-makers; 433. Doddridge on the healing of breaches; 434. Ye different sects, who all declare; Scruples of conscience should be tenderly treated; 435. Godliness the beginning of joyfulness; Be not conformed to this world; 436. Judson on dress; Leighton on the better wardrobe; The sons of Eli; 437. To be pleased with what God pleases; 438. The conversion of a soul; 439. The fanning time, the day of sifting; 440. The Gospel spread by fishermen; The children of Israel; 441. The passage through the wilderness; Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take; 442. Strife between good and evil; 443. We may give our hand to the real inquirer after truth; Integrity of heart; 444. On the improvement of our gifts; 445. A desire for the real happiness of man; A good foundation for hope; 446. The selfish, the earthly, the sensual; 447. Who is my neighbour; 448. In thy light shall we see light; The sufferings of Christ; 449. True simplicity of spirit; Bishop Hall; 450. Augustine after traversing the ways of the world; 451. Leighton on finding so few Christians; White on private prayer; 452. "I will be as the dew unto Israel;" 453. Wicked men are turbulent and stormy; Engagement of the saints in their last conflict; 454. The true church; Psalm lxxii. ("From Songs of Zion"), 455.

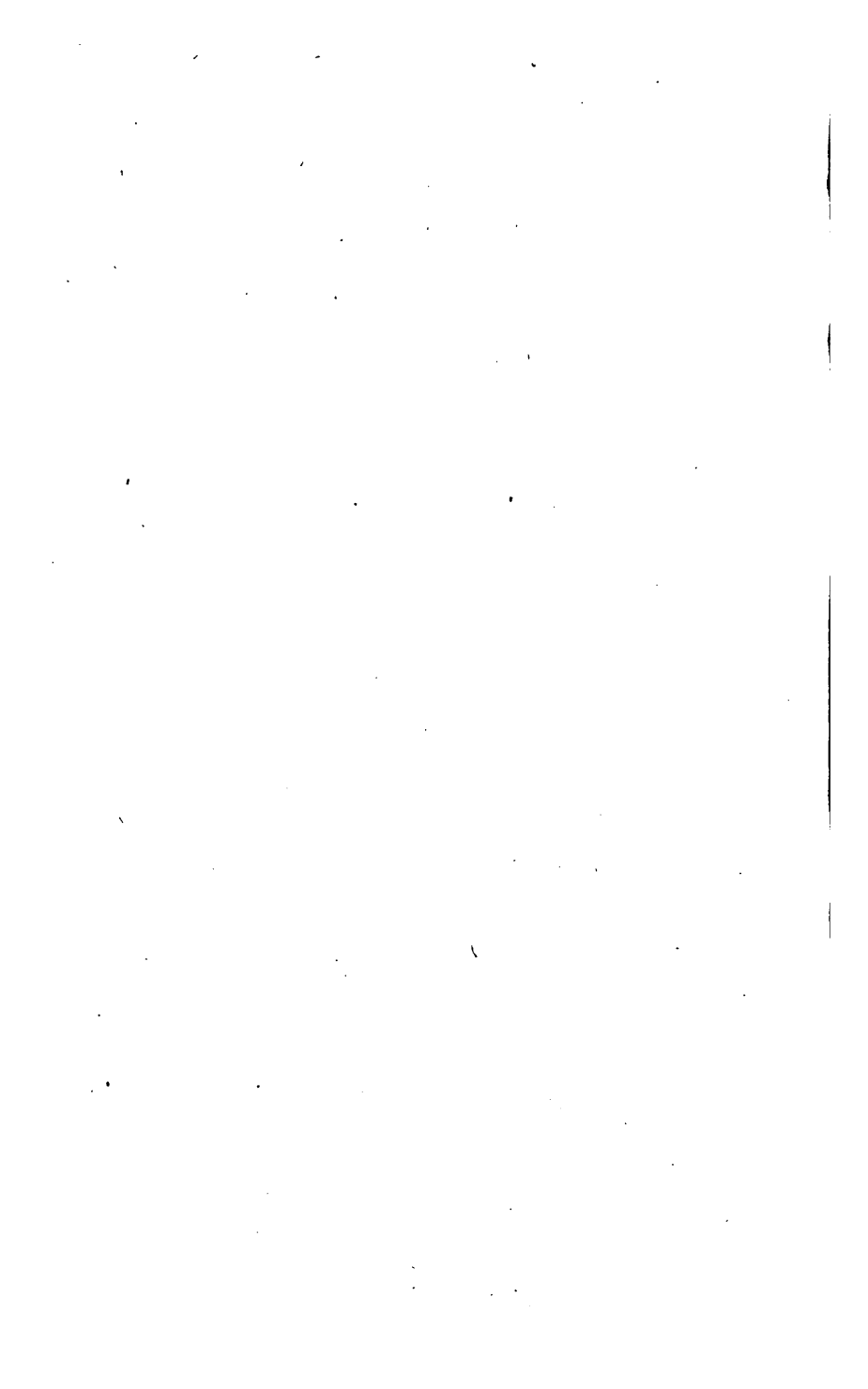






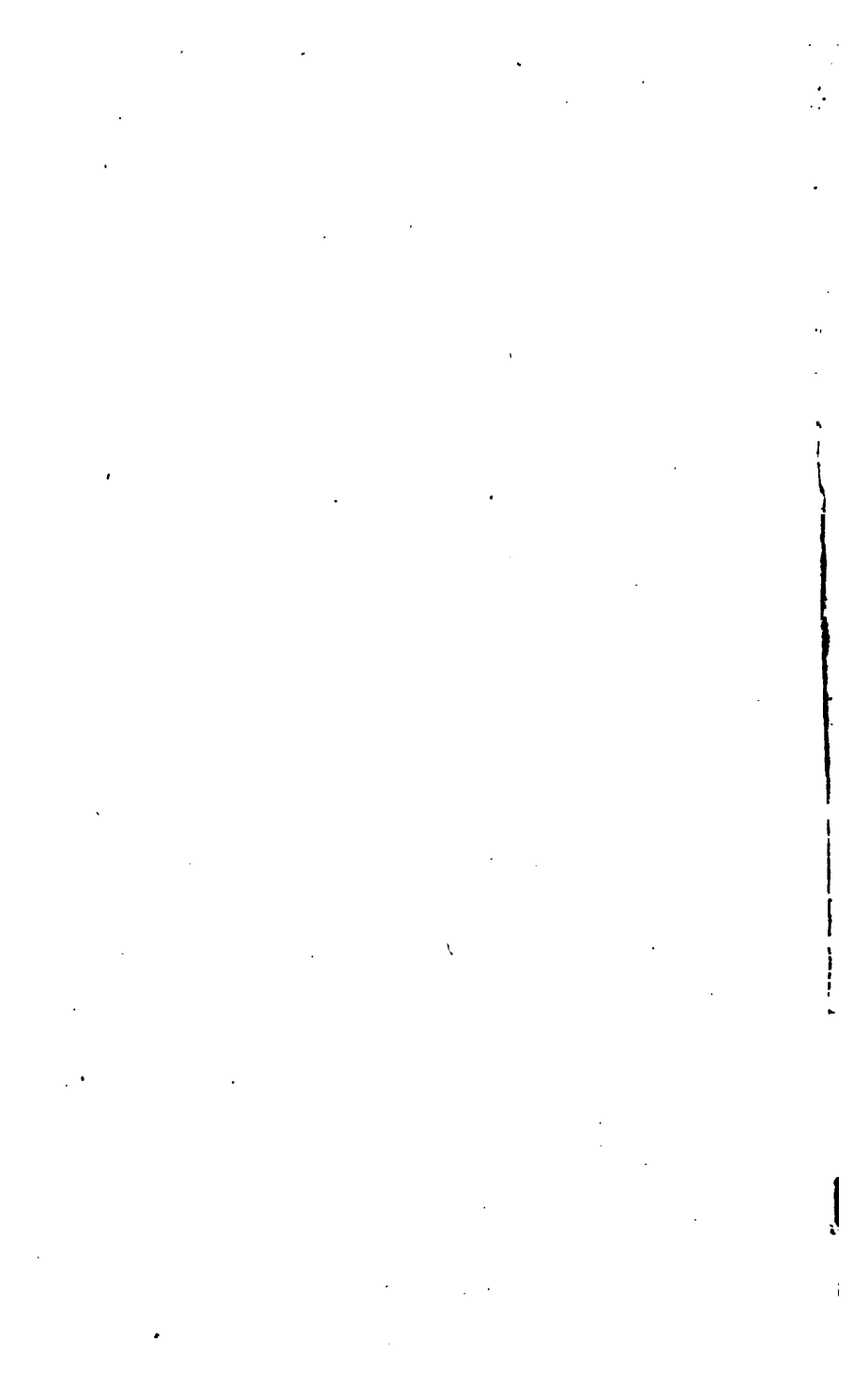








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